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THE ART
of
LIVING IN WARTIME

by

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Once We Had Leisure

Once we had leisure, handsome, high, and wide,
And every day was long enough for two.
We needed social wizards to decide
What folks so very rich in time should do
To fill with living all the shining sweep
Of empty hours betwixt work and sleep.

But now Death holds a mortgage on our time.
Our energies of hand and head are set
To squeeze each moment like a hard-earned dime
Hoarded to pay the interest on the debt
Which threatens hourly to obliterate
Our equity in all we had of late.

Yet must we keep some tokens of the grace
Of living through these sacrificial hours.
So shall we meet Death with a gallant face.
So shall we save the seed of vanished flowers
To plant beneath the blue of sunnier skies
The gardens of a safer Paradise.

M. B. G.

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The Art of Living in Wartime

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INTRODUCTION

When There Is No Peace

PEACE in our time is something that our generation seems destined not to know. Some day human life may settle down and become placid and cozy again, but when that day comes you and I are going to be a lot older, if not positively decrepit. Just picking up the pieces after the war will take a long time and use many hands. And meanwhile you and I must live and keep our sanity and count these stormy hours not altogether lost.

Peace will never bring us back to this present year of our lives and let us live it again under more benign conditions. It will not give us again our youthful love or the babyhood of our children or the full powers of our maturity. Whatever we count dear now we must make the most of, however the shrapnel may fall. There is an integrity of the intimate life, a poise of the spirit, which we must set ourselves to keep in the midst of mass propaganda that seems to pull us asunder and scatter our minds and sympathies all over this disordered planet. In our homes, in our social life, in the fragments of leisure that we can still salvage we must build for ourselves our personal shelters against devastation from abroad.

Most of the arts by which we may fabricate these personal shelters for the soul are wartime adaptations of those pleasant employments which we were wont to call, in easier times, our arts of leisure. But even to breathe the word "leisure" seems frivolous at a time when most of us seem to have an indefinite sentence to hard labor. The gospel of the hour is not leisure but work, and work it will have to be for years to come if this

generation is not to end its days on the junk pile of its smashed civilization. We are well out of those daisy fields in which we were inviting ourselves to linger a few years ago. We have to step lively now on a steep and rocky path. If there is some quiet plateau where we may again loaf and invite our souls, we shall have to get to it by crawling on our hands and knees.

Yet for each person there remains his necessary area of leisure—greatly shrunk but worth considerably more per square inch. Great as is the present need for work, the opportunities in it for each individual remain limited. Over every useful employment is hung a sign, "No amateurs need apply." The only thing anyone seems to want you to do is what you already do well. And even so you have to keep hustling to see that someone who can do it better does not push you out of the rapidly marching line.

Even in civilian defense and in voluntary war services, there is a systematic weeding out of applicants. The chance to drive a motorcar for the Red Cross, to roll a bandage, to knit, to act as air-raid warden goes to those who can really qualify. And if you can't qualify with one of the national or local organizations that has established almost professional standards for volunteer work, you are out of luck. For, persistently and quietly, amateur volunteers are discouraged by public opinion.

This steady, ruthless organization of life is going on in every quarter. This undoubtedly improves the efficiency of our performance, but it decidedly limits its scope. What most of us have to settle down to as work is doing better and better what we already do well and leaving to other efficient people the public activity in many other fields in which, in a less exacting age, we might have found scope for at least some of our minor talents.

Beyond a competent performance as a cog in the social machine, we make our best contribution simply by civilized personal living. To each of us, within our personal, domestic,

and intimate life, is given our little piece of civilization to preserve and to enrich. How we live within ourselves determines the springs of vitality on which we may draw for useful public performance—our health, our vitality, our balance, our judgment, our charity.

2

At a time when there is such a stirring and milling about of people as there is at present, old and settled patterns of civilized living are difficult to maintain. One must improvise relief and amusement in whatever situation one finds oneself. One must carry one's fun, one's arts, one's means of inspiration, and one's mental refuges with one on the march. It is not routine for the working hours which one needs most, or courage to get through whatever has to be done at the moment. It is protection against the letdown. It is something to fall back on when the energy dies, the light fades, and the green ghost of worry comes out and sits down by your side. In this embattled world, pressed as we are by malign influences on all sides, one dare not leave any moments as a prey to despair or terror or those false illusions which betray the weary and the hopeless—the illusion that there is a pickup in this glass or love and comfort in those arms, or truth in words or promises which, in braver moments, we knew to be lies. There must be a pattern for all one's moments, a pattern clear, careful, and resolute, if only a pattern for sleeping.

Life in a disturbed society is full of negatives. "And to think," said a young girl wistfully, "that we must do without so many of our harmless little pleasures here that men over there may die!" One must do without silk stockings or a new car or a new bathroom or tulip bulbs from Holland. Every time one reaches for some accustomed grace or comfort, it isn't there. What, then, do you do with your leisure hours? You make a fine art of doing without!

Then there is the situation which lifts one out of the place

or job in which one was somebody and plunges one down in a new crowd as an absolute nobody. What do you do with the empty and lonesome leisure that faces you in a place where you have no friends, nor any way of making yourself known or important? You are just another worker in a new defense factory, another girl in the office, or another stranger in this hole of a town. What do you do then? You spend your spare time trying to find out how to be nobody gracefully and even entertainingly, or else you get busy and use your superfluous moments in the art of becoming Somebody soon.

If there are any resources in the amiable art of making friends, one must use them now. If there are any secrets in the art of snaring love, they ought to be known to the girls at a time when He is marching rapidly by in uniform, and to the lads when She, back home, is dancing in the arms of someone rejected in the draft.

There are special arts of living for the family, too, in times like these. Just to keep the home fires burning safely and usefully, at a time of general conflagration, is truly an art—art being by definition the application of skill, acquired by patient practice, and directed to a specific end. We must make ingenuity serve us a feast while half of our bread and butter goes to feed the starving abroad. We must make hammer, needle, and paint take the place of materials absorbed in defense production. We must learn to go places without gas or tires, or stay at home of an evening and rediscover the lost joys of the hearth. We must find a new relation to our growing and grown-up children, in a world which snatches them from us into army camps, into new jobs, into strange places, and introduces them to experiences and to ideas which make our parental hair stand on end. And under it we must maintain as never before the fundamental art of love.

In times of stress and strain the fine arts and social diversions have new values. In London the theaters performed to crowded audiences while the building rocked under the

bombs. Musicians sped on motorcycles from factory to factory to entertain the workers. Children in air-raid shelters were assembled in groups for games. Rose gardens were planted in airfields from which the bombers took off for Germany. The fact is that the fine arts and the social arts have now become as useful as food and drink. To maintain our individual and collective morale, we must conscript every grace and comfort of civilization. It is only if we keep the drums beating and the bands playing and the banners flying bright overhead that we shall have the courage to keep plodding through these deserts to the green valleys of the Promised Land.

3

There was a time not so very long ago when one could be soft and slack in the way one ran one's personal life because society stood so safe and solid all around one. If you individually fell from grace, you could very likely fall on a cushion. That time is now gone. Society is in ruins in every part of the world except the Western Hemisphere, and it is rocking on its foundations here. There isn't anything sound or whole left in the world except the courage and wisdom and staying power of individual men. We must have men and women now who can stand firm though the heavens fall, and around these men and women we must slowly rebuild our world. If we love life enough to fight for it, we must love it enough to use it fully, richly, on all fronts, so long as there is breath in our bodies.

For what we are facing is nothing new on this tempest-tossed planet. And there is nothing new, either, in the courage and the grace by which the spirit of man can ride the whirlwind and the storm.

There was a man once who lived and died and was buried in a great tomb. His name was Tih, and his tomb in Egypt, with all the doings of Tih's life painted on the wall, is one of the earliest records of civilized living on this globe. "Tih's

life," remarks Robert Hichens, "must have been passed in a round of serene activities, amid a sneering, though doubtless admiring, population. . . . Tih must have loved life; loved prayer and sacrifice, loved sport and war, loved feasting and gaiety, labor of the hands and of the head, loved the arts, the music of flute and harp, singing by the lingering and plaintive voices which seem to express the essence of the East, loved sweet odors—do we not see him sitting to receive offerings with his wife beside him—loved the clear nights and radiant days that in Egypt make glad the heart of man. He must have loved the splendid gift of life and used it completely."

This was said of Tih, who lived in the probably dark and bloody year 4500 B.C. Can as much be said of us as through blizzards and black-outs we plunge toward the year 1944?

The Gallant Art of Facing It

THERE is something aristocratic in the gallant art of facing it, or in being what Shakespeare calls "the breed to brave" death and disaster. But this something has nothing to do with social class. Joe, who keeps a public house in the East End of London, knows how to face it. But so, too, does Lady Carolyn in her great hall.

On the morning following an air raid which had practically pulverized one of the poorer districts of London, Mr. Priestly, a social worker, made his way to a public house kept by a man named Joe. Mr. Priestly found Joe's building partly wrecked, but already Joe had boarded up the windows of his own shop and across the boards had scrawled in wobbly red capital letters: "They broke our windows. But they can't break our *spirits*."

"Looks as if Joe were carrying on business as usual," thought Mr. Priestly, peering into the dark interior. It reeked with the fumes of mixed drinks which still soaked walls and floor.

There, sure enough, was Joe. He was standing behind the bar, dispensing the undamaged remnant of his spirits to his neighbors and former customers as "drinks on the 'ouse." And while he imperturbably poured the drinks, he was discoursing on the war. "The way I sees it," he was saying, "is that we're fighting this fellow 'Itler, and we're goin' to keep on fighting 'im, because we intends to live our lives as we blinkety blime well likes."

Lady Carolyn had been a great beauty and a great international hostess, born and bred to wealth and hereditary

position. In her seventies, with her property destroyed, her husband killed, her sons far away, and her head wounded by a blow which destroyed the sight of one eye, she was up and around, wearing dark glasses and a head bandage smartly and becomingly camouflaged as a turban. She insisted on knowing the worst that had befallen for miles around and doing something about it herself. She inquired about the sick; she inquired about housing; she inquired about the children. She mobilized everything and everybody in sight. Though she groped a little in an unaccustomed place because she was nearly blind and paused now and then to steady herself when pain made her faint, much of the time she just breezed along, with the sunny smile and ready laugh and the kind, amusing, but inherently authoritative manner that had been hers in her prime as a great lady.

"But do you never give out? Is it never too much for you?" asked a friend.

"Sometimes," answered Lady Carolyn. "Sometimes I am overwhelmed by a complete black-out."

"What do you do then?"

"I put my hand in God's, and I walk straight forward-- into the dark."

2

So we must all be ready to face it, with Joe's imperturbability or Lady Carolyn's dynamic force and faith, or with whatever else we can muster in the way of skill or temperament or the grace of God. For all of us the plot thickens. The most routine news is raw red melodrama, and the only thing of which we can be really sure is that what will happen tomorrow is something of which our imaginations, tamed in the drama of yesterday, cannot even conceive.

This gives to our lowliest duties and our most casual pleasures a kind of heroic importance. Whether we work or whether we play, we must have the breed to brave whatever may

happen—suddenly, luridly, and without warning. Total war makes chivalry at home in every bungalow. It gives to lathe and hammer, to stove and sewing machine, the dignity of the sword. If you can roll a bandage, cook a hot meal, drive a car, or stick to a switchboard better than the next one, who can tell what service it may be yours to perform?

Since June, 1940, when the poor French people demonstrated the meaning of their own word *morale* by not having it, we have called the gallant art of facing it *morale*. Morale is the sum total of our techniques for saving our necks without losing our souls. It is a last-ditch battle line whose left flank is anchored in the people's *mores*, or social customs, and its right in the people's *morals*, or standards of ethical behavior. It is a complete assemblage of all that makes life good, stripped for action, and strengthened to endure. For what we are all fighting for is not only to survive, but to survive on our own terms—which means as civilized persons who take their final orders only from God.

What we have to face calls on us for total war, and this means that you face it with everything you have—with a flower in your cap and food in your bin and a bayonet in your hand and a song on your lips. Since everything enters into the maintenance of morale, everything might be discussed under this heading, and so we might write all the chapters of this book as one and title it merely *Morale*. But aside from some twenty-odd other skills, attitudes, and precautions, there remains something which we think of as morale par excellence—something that is the peculiar business of the morale division of the army, for example. This is the employment of our diversions and comforts, and sometimes even our amiable vices, as a kind of polish for our steel.

3

The behavior and social philosophy of the British under some of their worst personal and civilian ordeals have popular-

ized a certain conception of morale. Morale in this sense is what our homely forefathers called *guts*. But it is guts camouflaged in grace, the resolute maintenance of intestinal fortitude behind a smartly streamlined middle.

Such morale turns the customary gestures, the decorations and amusements of life, into war whoops and war paint. The British are past masters at this. Faced with any situation, however ghastly, they seize upon some little social conventionality to which they are accustomed, like dressing for dinner or drinking tea in the afternoon, and hold it up and wave it as a battle standard. Often in so doing they are absurd, but they don't care for they know it works. A British lady, serving hot tea to the victims of an air raid, insisted on sitting down at an improvised table and pouring it from a small china teapot, though a large pail and a dipper would have been more efficient. "We must not surrender the gracefulness of living," she said. And indeed the sight of this good matron, composedly pouring tea and materializing, in every movement, the decorum and quiet security of the tea hour in a substantial home, did all persons who finally got a sip of her brew a great deal of good.

The reason why these little social acts have an extraordinary utility in rallying courage and skill and in inculcating orderly behavior in times of crisis is as simple as Mother Goose. Ever since we first learned that, before being shown off to strangers, we must have our face washed and a clean bib on, we have associated the gestures of social life with being on our very best behavior behind our tidiest front. We are all conditioned with our mother's milk to the idea that on social occasions we behave pretty and put our best foot forward and never, never let anyone suppose that we might be a sneak or a crybaby or a selfish pig. Just as the sight of a piece of pink candy makes our good collie, Bruno, sit up on his hind legs and try to grin and be a little more than a dog on four legs, so some of our luxuries and indulgences have the effect of

automatically making us try to fool the world into believing us ladies of poise and he-men of discretion and infinite resource.

Hence it is to the little things, to our graces and comforts and conventionalities, that we stay our strength when the universe reels around us. Almost any social amusement or comfort, and even some forms of social vanity, will serve us in time of stress if they cloak and decorate a genuine resolution. To people besieged or cut off from succor, an old pack of cards has sometimes been as potent as a Bible in maintaining kindness and faith. The cigarette is a poisonous weed, and probably we should all do better without it. Yet there are many stories like the one which the Norwegian general, William Steffens, told me about the dreadful morning when he had to surrender the remnant of his brave little army in southern Norway to the Germans.

Having made such arrangements as he could for his people and having put it up to his soldiers and officers to get out of the country individually if they could and keep up the fight from outside, he himself took off in a plane with one young captain. The plane was one of fifty German machines which the Norwegian government had ordered from Germany just before the invasion. Rising swiftly, they passed over the German lines so high that the enemy could not see the Norwegian colors painted on the plane and, recognizing only the outline, would take it for one of their own. Then they swooped so low over the British lines that the British could see the Norwegian colors and let it go by.

After that they bore away toward the North Pole, to the land of the midnight sun, and of snow ten feet deep, thinking thus to avoid pursuit and to turn and come down over the British Isles. As the last spring green of the land faded away and the snow began to blaze beneath them, and they knew they had left behind them their own country and their wives and children and all that they loved, General Steffens took

out all that he had salvaged in the flight, a single package of cigarettes, and carefully divided it with his young captain. "Here is to Norway," he said, "and the day when we come back to deliver it." Cigarette for cigarette, the two fugitives in the sky smoked together, and in that social and homely fragrance which at that moment seemed all that was left to them of earth, they began even then to fashion some of those plans which later gave to the British commandos on the coast of Norway their intrepid Norwegian guides.

4

Among man's indulgences and frivolities, fine dress has always had a part in the gallant art of facing it, as all armies have recognized. A young naval officer appearing at a social gathering in Washington in the pride of his brass buttons, stars, and stripes, remarked: "This is the glory of war—that for once in my life I can come to a party looking as fine as you ladies."

South American tradition which makes much of the gaiety of heroism—recording how Bolivar sang with his men to the guitar around the campfires and danced all night with the ladies after a great battle—recognizes the gallantry of a woman's furbelows in one of the favorite stories of the war of liberation—the story of Polycarpa Sabarrieta.

Polycarpa was a beautiful and spirited girl who served as a courier and scout for Bolivar, riding in disguise through the Spanish lines to carry messages to the patriots in Bogotá, Colombia. Hemmed in and ground down by the Spanish troops, they were trying to open the way for Bolivar to come with his liberating armies over the Andes. Polycarpa was captured by the Spaniards and condemned to die in the public square in Bogotá, along with other criminals and revolutionaries.

The day before the date set for execution a priest came to the Spanish governor with a message from the condemned

woman. Polycarpa had made her peace with God and was ready to die. But would His Excellency, as a gentleman, grant a lady one last little request? Would he permit her to wear her own clothes to the scaffold so that she would not make her last appearance before men looking like a horrid frump in those dreadful black robes of penitence which the condemned have to wear?

The governor smiled at the request. He had seen the girl. She was young and beautiful. Strange are the ways of a woman. She will spoil her life but not her looks! "So," he said. "She thinks death is a fiesta, does she? Well, let her dress as she pleases. God who made me judge over her life can Himself take care of her vanity."

Somberly under the blue peaks of the Andes the patriot people of Bogotá gathered to watch the condemned as they came forth to die on the scaffold, walking with down-bent heads in black robes, accompanied on their death march by the priests. There, among the dark forms, walked Polycarpa, fair and radiant, in a bright full skirt and sash, a fine white blouse, with a red silk scarf around her neatly plaited hair. Proudly she walked, with head high, turning her eyes reassuringly to the crowds and flashing now and then a special glance at some patriot who she knew would recognize her. The patriots could not answer her or make a sign to let themselves be known. But they understood. "For what I did," the girl's bright clothes were saying, "I will not wear a penitent's dress. To death for the freedom of the people a patriot goes as to a fiesta."

And so, the story goes, a young woman, in death, made of her clothes a rallying flag for the discouraged patriots. Man after man rose boldly to Polycarpa's challenge, until the power of the Spaniards was broken and Bolivar rode into Bogotá in triumph and established the capital of the free republic of Greater Colombia in that very place where Polycarpa had made her gallant dress parade.

5

Stories like those of General Steffens and Polycarpa are the substance of truth behind a lot of froth and nonsense in the current advertisements and on the woman's pages—behind the exhortations of venders of amusements and luxuries to keep up your morale or the advice of the fashion industry to invest in such and such neat little models to keep up a husband's courage. The idea seems to be that to maintain one's follies and extravagances as usual has suddenly become a pious duty to God and country. This is naturally annoying to sensible and hard-working people, who feel that they can sustain their own morale very well without feeding it on baloney and applesauce.

The trouble with many of the official and unofficial efforts to make our vanities and diversions serve our morale is that they introduce an element of confusion into our efforts to pull together for our genuine self-protection. We know that, in some cases, the decorations of life do really matter, and in a good many other cases they don't. While we are trying to decide which case is which, we waste a good deal of time and energy needed for really important concerns. While Singapore was falling and the *Normandie* was burning and the Japanese were spreading themselves over the Pacific Ocean, we had the edifying spectacle of the Congress of the United States carrying on a heated public argument about the appointment of a blond young woman who had been a dancer as director of the physical fitness program for children for the Office of Civilian Defense. Somebody started the story that the defense money was being used for fan-dancing and the talk went on and on.

It would help to clear up such confusion and save time and energy for something that really matters if we could at least agree on a few general principles.

In the first place, no one should tolerate the appropriation

by idle and pampered people of the uniforms and battle decorations that should be kept for real work and real risk of life and limb. There is, for example, that starry shield that has appeared in the hairdressers' windows, inscribed with the words, "A woman's beauty is a woman's courage." This is one of the better contributions of the advertising profession to national morale. It is relatively unobtrusive and might conceivably help some women to bear up through a bad moment.

But before she appropriates to herself this inspiration, a woman who is genuinely a lady will ask herself whether she has a right to it. Obviously the right belongs to Dorothy, the young navy wife, who is waiting in Portland, Maine, for a brief glimpse of a young man who may or may not come back from his patrol of the stormy Atlantic. She has spent most of her small monthly allowance to get to Portland on the chance of seeing him. And if she spends at the hairdresser's what she can squeeze out of her meager lunches and her room rent, in order to look as well as possible during those few hours which Fate, relenting, may give her, her beauty may be indeed her courage. But for Mrs. Jones, going through the regular fortnightly routine of having her wave set, it is nothing of the sort. Mrs. Jones has nothing more serious on her mind than the problem of serving dinner without dessert and carving out of a sufficient monthly budget something for war bonds and for the Red Cross. She owes it to the women who really have to take it to go about her self-adornment with decent unobtrusiveness and a businesslike waiving of all fuss.

Again, we must all be pretty cold to persons with luxuries or comforts to sell who are trying to make personal profit out of a situation in which other people must give all and get nothing. For example, the city of Miami, Florida, is investing a substantial sum in elaborate publicity in six key defense areas in the North to persuade everyone not forced by his work for his country to encounter the daily danger of a snow-

storm to rent or sell his living space to someone who needs it and to come down and sit under a palm tree for the duration. Miami is also reminding the government at Washington that it stands ready to rebuild the health and morale of people who may be shattered in our wartime effort or who may be the victims of some special disaster. This is indeed a noble idea. It would be a fine thing if we could hide the poinsettia and the orange blossoms for a while from the economically wise and prudent and reveal them instead to some of the humbler babes in our economic order. For south Florida is not the preserve only of the real-estate owners of Miami. It is the gift of the Lord to the whole United States. And the very thought of the sunlit breezes down there can penetrate a bad cold or a depressed spirit like the thrice-mentholated airs of paradise. Still one would feel a lot better about the generosity of some of the good citizens of Miami if one were quite sure that they were trying to do something other than save the night-club and beach-cabana business.

From the gaudy lights of the tourist and amusement enterprises and from all the stars in our social skies, from debutantes to motion-picture actors, one must require in wartime a reasonable unselfishness. The fact is that they may still do us a little good in bad times, even when they are a little selfish. And who among us really dares throw a stone at their glittering show windows? However, those who have the divine gift or the means of making others happy must give willingly now, like the rest of us, at any cost of money, life, and strength. When they are truly unselfish, when gaiety is contributed by the children of joy at a real personal sacrifice, as it was by poor Carole Lombard, for example, and by many others, it may indeed be a contribution to the gallant art of facing it.

On the other hand, persons who don't have the luck to be born with beauty or talent are not thereby exempt from vanity. And one kind of vanity is the impulse that makes certain of us, whom fate has destined to crawl along in a humdrum way

in the dust, a little jealous of our more gauzy brethren and of their evolutions aloft in the sunshine of popular favor. We are sometimes tempted to make a time of national emergency an excuse to crush these creatures for no other reason than that they shine a little more brightly than ourselves. We even think that we might step over the footlights ourselves and give the soldiers, for example, a play of social significance staged by well-meaning amateurs, instead of the song-and-dance revue by professionals which they so incorrigibly prefer.

Now it is true that the extent to which we really need dancing and fun and the theater in our present embattled lives is a grave matter of public policy and private ethics. But to the degree to which we do really need them, there is nothing to be gained by letting amateurs step into the professional's business. "How can we expect people to take the war seriously when the management of defense is turned over to hootchy-kootchy and fan dancers?" asked an irate congressman in the debate regarding the Office of Civilian Defense. "Billions for defense, but not one buck for Donald Duck," said another, referring to the Treasury Department's enlistment of Walt Disney as a propagandist for taxpaying. It happened that there was good reason for turning over the physical training of children to another agency than that of Civilian Defense. Still, so far as physical fitness is concerned, the hootchy-kootchy dancer is forced by the very nature of her profession to give more real attention to that subject in one hour than most congressmen ever gave in their lifetime. And if one squawk of Donald Duck can draw more taxes than ten moans of a congressman, why not let Donald Duck do it? The congressman, if he is worth anything, has some business too that ought to be taking his undivided attention.

Withal, in this very complex and delicate problem of maintaining high spirits in times of stress, one must beware of blasphemy. This applies especially to the cheap and careless use of the great rallying cries of people at war and to the show-

ing of the national colors. How miserably the noble words of Churchill in offering his people, after Dunkerque, "blood, sweat, and tears" have been done to death by the purveyors of blah! It is a great moment when the hero goes to his rest under the trees of the National Cemetery at Arlington, wrapped in the flag of his country. It is an offense when a woman appears at a cocktail party with fingernails lacquered in the stars and stripes or arrays the rib chops at a buffet supper, in red, white, and blue petticoats.

6

When employed with discrimination, fine manners, fine dress, and all the fine arts of living are a symbol of that resolution by which we have lifted ourselves to that place in the sun where we intend at all costs to stand. There is no beauty or style or fun in life that does not represent a painfully acquired skill and that is not maintained by ever-renewed discipline. Even the elementary capacity to smile is a form of culture. I have seen Negritos, the tiny jungle people who live in isolated folds of those mountains in the Philippines which the stand of MacArthur has made famous, who were so low in the scale of culture that when one smiled at them there was no response. The first result of an encounter with civilization, in the shape of an encampment of the Filipino constabulary, was that they learned to answer a pleasant look with a cheerful grin. There was something strangely impressive in the first dawn of a smile on the wee, wizened face from the jungle. One so plainly saw in it the wakening of the dormant soul, the first stir of a mind which had never really moved before. The soul of man materializes itself as radiance, and to the extent that we are civilized we are literally children of light.

Now as, one by one, the lights of this world go out, we turn on the lights within our own souls. In this process there are some sputters and gaudy sparks. A certain amount of swank seems inseparable from the fighting spirit. It braces us up at

certain moments. It is the frothy expression of a purpose deeper and firmer and more desperate than most of us care to admit.

A wise American, when asked to list the various psychological items which enter into our conception of morale, wrote: "Courage to face disaster, intrepidity in disaster, physical, moral, and mental stamina, unselfishness, some fatalism, a recognition of the impotence of evil, and a touch of bravado." It is a peculiarity of the human being that he sometimes begins to act happy when he has nothing at all to be happy about. This has sometimes been called "whistling to keep up our courage." It is a question whether this is really what we do. Very often we are like the teakettle which sings when it boils. When our courage rises to a certain point we automatically begin to whistle. There is some psychic secret, some awareness of the real fountains of joy, which we discover every time fate knocks us on the head or our sins find us out. When the grinning death's-head looks at us, it has a way of saying, "Smile, damn you!" And we smile.

The need for crowning bravery with just a little bravado is a fact of human nature. And so also is the support which culture may give to fortitude. The many arts that we employ to make our moments of social sunshine now, in an otherwise harsh and tragic world, represent the tastes and skills that some of us were able to perfect in those many hours of our past which were not commandeered by necessity or duty. They were the product of an easy and fortunate life, such a life as most good, reasonably intelligent and diligent men have been able to enjoy in our successful and peaceful civilization.

But they need not make any man soft. On the contrary, they may be, in this crisis, the instruments of an invincible and unwearied toughness of spirit. Quietly and skillfully, they may be mobilized to break tensions, to ease falls, and to keep the personal soul impervious to the fear, anger, and repining that might break it down. The man who can throw over the granite force of character the light, shimmering, many-colored graces

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of an abundant culture has more than a double armor against the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. Three-fourths of these weapons need never touch or shake the central force of character at all. They fall diffused and helpless against the delicate folds of an external covering of good manners, social amusements, and diverse intellectual and artistic concerns.

It is for everyone to husband now this heritage of civilization and to employ it now unselfishly and without vanity, so that we may not

Spoil the bread and spill the wine
Which, spent with due, respective thrift,
Had made brutes men, and men divine.

The Heroic Art of Overtime

IN THE dear dead days before Dunkerque, we had arrived at what we can now see in retrospect was really a wonderful way of apportioning our time. In most forms of work, from forty to forty-eight hours a week was all the time that you had to give to the activity that kept you eating. The remaining time, amounting to the munificent sum of from 120 to 128 hours a week, was your free time, or your leisure.

According to this schedule, which we were beginning to take for granted as if it were some fundamental astronomical arrangement like having 365 days in the year, we worked—as so many of us paid our bills—on the installment plan. So many hours a day went for rent, food, and upkeep. The rest was your money in the bank of time, your fund to invest in more and better living, in health, in social acclaim, in knowledge, in increased working skill, in peace of mind.

A certain amount of this leisure was earmarked by biological or social necessity, but mainly the necessity was agreeable, or could be made so. There were, for example, the eight hours a day that one was supposed to spend in bed. There were also three meals a day, every one of which could be made a festive performance. And there was a deal of shaving, cold creaming, and miscellaneous locomotion, all of which might be a chore, a bore, or high entertainment, depending on how you took it.

After all that, there was a good deal of time left. For what! For intelligent people who really “employed” their leisure it was dedicated usually to a little more work. Only it was not work for other people, for money, but for oneself, for one’s own

satisfaction. And so we called the flower bed and the adult-education class and the hobby show leisure-time activities. One might give a party, and it was a lot of work in a way, but since it was for one's friends and there was no cover charge, it was a leisure-time activity.

This is the pattern and the basis of a whole philosophy of leisure. It is a good pattern and a better philosophy. It has enabled large numbers of people to meet the sudden demands of the Second World War with far more social discipline and personal serenity than their fathers met the First World War. On the skills, the habits, the ways of thought developed in the organized "leisure movement" within the last few years are founded most of our present patterns for keeping up the morale of both the civilian groups and the armed forces. Anyone who remembers the army camps and civilian activities of the First World War knows that we have all come a long way in sensible and serene living and in painless, if not cheerful, adjustment to disaster.

When the order comes to cease firing and the last debris of the Second World War is cleared away, we shall have a new pattern of work and play, stronger, more resilient, and probably more healthy and gay. But for the time being, leisure as we knew it before the war is gone. It survives only, like the sugar in our morning coffee or the rubber for our tires, in a form severely rationed, as a leftover from the time that was and as the hope and promise, perhaps, of the time that is to come.

2

For most people who perform an essential service, the work-time is now being rapidly extended. Workmen in factories are giving an average of a fifty-six-hour week, consisting of eight hours, seven days a week, at the machine, with time and a half for any overtime beyond the old standard for the job. Government officials, as Mrs. Roosevelt observed, put in a double

day, consisting of eight hours spent on conferences and interviews and a second six to eight hours in night work or homework, writing reports, assembling materials, and doing the real work of which the day's activities were only the preliminary. Office workers are having their time extended little by little. Early in 1942 Mayor La Guardia suddenly wiped out Saturday holidays and half holidays for employees of the New York City municipal government. Other municipal governments, especially those in key centers, have done likewise. The hours added to the work of some executives and office staffs in government offices of all kinds, in public service centers, and in business offices connected with defense industries are often limited only by the inability of the workers to stay awake. In Washington, D.C., many government girls have been working fifteen hours a day without Sundays for so long that practically everything else that they ever knew has receded into a dim dream. Now they know only the endless treadmill of office and of bus transportation, broken at intervals by the dead oblivion of sleep.

Farmers never had much leisure in planting and harvest time. But now they must wrench from the earth twice as much material with half as much help, and their schedule is determined only by the limits to which they can push their tired muscles. On those who keep some semblance of the old-time schedule, on businessmen, shopkeepers, professional men, clerks, and housewives, fall most of the innumerable extra tasks of civilian defense. Every time you turn around someone presents you with a card that reads: "I can do _____; I pledge _____ hours a week," which you are supposed to fill out. And so, more and more, you sign away the hours of your life.

Overtime that reaches the limits of fifteen hours a day, every day in the week, is bad enough when, as among some executives, it can be maintained against the orderly background of established home and family and social resources. At least,

sleep may be restful. There is something to come back to—the reassurance of old love and habitual comfort.

But to the majority of overtime workers even this psychic security is denied. They are uprooted beings, crowded into defense centers where, as individuals, they are frankly not wanted by the original community, and where their presence causes a breakdown of old community routines and established services, spreading discomfort and discontent. This is particularly true of some small towns in the South where large defense plants have recently been set up.

"We've got to bring in women to work, now that the men are going into the army," said a Southern industrialist to an agent of the Federal government who had stopped to inquire about the progress of the production program.

"How many girls do you want?"

"Six thousand."

"That will mean combing the villages and farms for girls for a hundred miles around."

"Ycs."

"It will mean getting girls who have never worked in your mills before—taking them out of villages and homes where they feel that they belong, where people accept them and are ready to share whatever they have, however little, on equal terms and in a friendly way."

"Well," said the industrialist, looking as if he considered this sentimentality quite beside the point, "however we get 'em, we've got to have six thousand."

"Let me tell you," said the Federal agent, "that you aren't going to get them—not unless you treat the next ones better than this town is treating the first ones that have come in. If girls are going to come here and work overtime to the limit of their strength, as we are going to ask them to do, the people of this town will have to see that there are decent quarters for them and decent food centers and see that they are accepted and treated in a friendly way by all you people here—not cold-

shouldered and looked down on and pushed around as being only so many 'mill girls.' The girls we'll have to ask to work won't take it. They won't work for you."

"Then," said the industrialist, "we'll have to make them. They've got to be drafted."

This brutal attitude is, of course, extreme. But milder forms of it are pretty universal and appear even in the relatively well-educated, well-organized, and well-disciplined towns of the Northeast, with their long tradition of industrial work. There the resentment of the workers who have come in—to the disturbance of everyone's peace and complacency—takes the form of a constant sniping at them both individually and as representatives of a bogey known as "the unions." Among small businessmen and white-collar workers there is jealousy of what are supposed to be the fabulous profits of overtime. This is founded in some ancient idea that doing things with white hands of itself deserves more money than doing things with grimy hands, even if the white hands are only arranging a bonnet on a mannequin in a store window and the grimy ones are making a gun that will prevent the clean hands, the mannequin in her bonnet, and the glass from being crushed by a bomb into so much indistinguishable debris. The alleged profits of overtime are frequently exaggerated in rumor. But often they are, in relation to the earnings of the white-collar wearers of the same age and degree of training, fairly large. Nevertheless, before he ventures an opinion on time-and-a-half pay for overtime, a decently honest and unselfish man will climb into a pair of greasy dungarees and himself take a turn at industrial overtime for at least two weeks without stopping.

The leisure that we used to have, the leisure that meant really living—fully, richly, and on one's own terms—one must be willing to surrender now, as one will surrender life itself—for a cause. But a brave man sells his life dearly, and a wise man is no more free with his leisure. He does not supinely permit the management, his clients, his customers, his govern-

ment, his family, or his neighbors to chisel into it. He pays it down freely, of his own accord, minute by minute, as it is really needed. And he has a right to know that what he and his people get for it is as precious as what he gives up.

Hence, in the rush to load extra burdens on all the backs that can carry them, we must do some pretty careful thinking about this matter of overtime. Merely lengthening the work-time by the clock does not necessarily mean more and better production. As a British industrialist says, "What overtime really means is that you give eight days' pay for six days of work." Badly managed, overtime may itself be a social and national hazard as great as that of military invasion. To melt down the golden moments of such leisure as we, the free people of America, once enjoyed into tanks, guns, and emergency services for war all over the world is a social process so complex and so fraught with myriad dangers that it would be collective suicide for us to leave the direction of it—on the personal and social side—to amateur enthusiasm or to the force of an ignorant boss's "You must." If overtime work is to be safe and fruitful, we must know just where the real springs of energy are in ourselves, as individuals, and in human beings in general. And we must use every psychological and social technique, every cultural resource, to keep them clean and to keep them steadily flowing.

3

Since we must not kill the goose that lays the golden egg, there is now emerging out of the tumult of war a new kind of leisure. Leisure is not now that opulent, that incredible sixteen hours a day, five days a week, with two extra days of rest a week thrown in, which we but lately enjoyed. Leisure now is a little stretch of time, a day, perhaps, even two or three days, which, after eons of working ceaselessly day and night, you are finally allowed to take off because it is plain that you cannot go on longer without it. President Roosevelt, who is the prince of

overtime workers himself, has given his blessing to this idea of leisure. The best thing, he says, is for everyone to work just as long and as hard as he can and then, at the point where he can no longer maintain his efficiency, to take off a little time and catch up.

To the overtime worker this release is infinitely precious. He can live on the prospect of it through weeks of drudgery and on the memory of it afterward through weeks of strain. And the stable, the intelligent, are putting into the shaping of their few golden hours a wonderful creative energy that is retained for a long time afterward to give power and assurance to their work.

This is obvious in the following two letters, one from a boy who is on the production line in our country and one from a girl who is on the fighting line in the Pacific. Normally the boy, Bob, would be in his senior year in college, with nothing more serious on his mind than ordering a corsage for his girl, Peggy. Now he has married Peggy and gone to work in a factory manufacturing arms. He and his young wife are using the kind of talents that in college they might have employed in running proms and athletic events or in participating in class politics, on the innumerable personal and morale problems of the defense workers—Bob working through the labor union with which the management of his factory has signed an agreement and Peggy through the local Council for Civilian Defense.

Bob writes: "I work fifty-six hours a week, eight hours a day, seven days a week, on the shift which starts at 3 P.M. and quits at 11 P.M. In addition, as one of the union stewards, I put in all the rest of my waking time on organizational activity, which is an integral part of winning the battle of production. How does my day go? Like this: I rise at 9:30, gulp down breakfast, linger over a cigarette, scan the headlines, and go down to union headquarters. There is so much that *must* be done that I keep going just as fast as I can, getting off press releases, sitting on committees, or hunting somebody to do something. Finally

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I have to tear myself away, and I rush home, gulp some lunch, hastily scramble into oily dungarees, make a mad dash for the factory in the car, get there just in time to punch the time clock at 2:59 P.M., and proceed to tighten and untighten bolts until 11 o'clock at night. Then home, to sit around and talk or read the paper till 1 A.M. And so to bed.

"Peggy is working just as hard. She's an air-raid warden—gets up at 6 o'clock on Friday mornings to sit at telephones. She's turning out posters all the time, heading various committees, conducting a class, and studying art and political science. She's a wonderful gal. When I am drafted, she is planning to go into the factory herself. . . . More and more men are going into the army all the time, and the women are coming right up to take their places. The men can feel confident that the country will be well taken care of in their absence.

"What do I think of it all? It has its moments—moments when a great speech like Nelson's comes over the radio, moments of reaction to the war news that are like an electric shock and a cold shower all in one. We must work fast, all of us. We straighten up with patriotism and pride in our responsibility. But more often, I must confess, despite the vital importance of what we are doing, work in the factory without letup gets me down. Not being able to see people, to be around in the evening, or even to read much gets me, makes me very restless. It is not good for morale. You become too dull—just like a machine yourself. This is why civilian defense absolutely must consist of some cultural activity.

"At the same time, being denied a thing heightens its value and makes you more aware of it. Once in about two months I take a whole day off. One day! I wish I could tell you what that day consists of. You cannot conceive of the magnificent, the unutterable succession of its moments. When you see the sun go down only once in two months, it becomes an exquisite pleasure. Just the city lights coming on, on the one evening

when you are free to stand at the window and look, is indescribably beautiful. And the luxury of lingering one evening over the dinner table! And listening to phonograph records afterward! And then the climax—the ride into the country in the moonlight, a ride with my girl, with my wonderful girl, my wife, out into the world, with all of night before us!

“When you have only one day of leisure in two months, all the little everyday things become so tremendous. Actually life is made up of these little human activities, and all our struggling and fighting and thinking now are just for the purpose of making these little things possible. The Russians are fighting for the right to be free to do just these little human things, and the Chinese and the British and we. And when Peggy and I can ride out in the moonlight on the one night in two months that is our own, we know what we are working for and killing ourselves for on all the other nights of the two long months when we can’t.”

So much for the “Soldier of Production,” as he proudly signs himself. And now for the girl soldier of the office, operating on the firing line. Before the attack on Pearl Harbor, when Leslie, a young American woman, was sent out to the Far East with a special British mission and was stationed in Singapore, all her friends looked upon her fortune as peculiarly enviable. What a job! What a glamorous and exciting job! But when Singapore was attacked, it became the duty of Leslie’s group to keep up the communications with London just as long as possible. During the last days of the siege of the city, she wrote to her parents: “We are now in the private home of Sir George, which we can no longer leave, and during the ten hours of night we work in complete darkness. I sleep on a cot in our office, waking every hour to take telegrams. But I feel unutterably fortunate in being able at this time to share in the home life of Sir George. Sometimes, in the dusk, we are able to slip down to take a dip in the pool, and I look up at the stars above the doomed city, and they say,

'This, too, will pass.' And since I have eyes in my fingers from working so much in the dark, I am able during our night watches to put on the phonograph one or the other of our two favorite records—Sir George's favorite, the *Fourth Symphony* of Brahms, and mine, the *Fifth Symphony* of Beethoven. And the music says, like the stars, 'This, too, will pass.' I have found that in a time like this you do not regret the pleasures which you can no longer have. You only enjoy with a poignant intensity the pleasures which still remain, and which you know you will soon have to give up."

4

It is not enough that such brief releases from work or fighting as Bob and Leslie are able to achieve should bring physical rest only. Physical rest is a comparatively simple matter. If the primary need of correct nutrition is met and the hours of sleep are not too greatly infringed upon, any physique that was fit at the outset for the job that was put upon it can adjust to pretty continuous work at that job for an almost indefinite period. What breaks down is the soul, the something within that keeps the whole man functioning. When the soul breaks, the body, however strong, will break too.

Already the psychic casualties of the war fill to overflowing such hospitals as St. Elizabeth's in Washington, D.C. They come in from the army camps, from the battleships, from the factories, from the offices—persons who had seemed to be healthy in body and of sound mind, but who cannot stand the psychological strain of wartime living. They come in weeping, raving, or sunk in complete stupor, according to their temperaments. They do not differ, either in their personal types or in their abnormal behavior, from the many people who break down in the softest and downiest conditions of peace. But the exigencies of the present moment precipitate their collapse or at any rate give them, one and all, a most impressive alibi.

These are the people who, because of some original de-

iciency in their nurture and training, usually in very early childhood, are unable to find such psychic reassurance as the well-nurtured and well-disciplined somehow extract from the worst situation. And what does this psychic reassurance consist in? Dr. Winifred Richmond, psychologist at St. Elizabeth's, says that it consists in the ability to find, in one's own habits, arts, ways of life, skills, and religious or philosophical thinking, a satisfactory support for three fundamental affirmations: *I am loved; I can do; I am free*. No soul that cannot say this, firmly and with complete conviction, can stand up straight under the burdens of life. And the greater the burden, the more solidly and firmly must the soul rest on its own private conviction of love, power, and liberty.

For the first affirmation—*I am loved*—the best and most obvious support is something that Bob and Peggy have found in each other. The need for love and the need for fellowship are enormously intensified by war. The soldier who has a buddy in camp and a loyal girl behind the lines goes forth to battle in a secret armor of triple brass. The great historic patterns of chivalrous friendship and romantic love all grew out of the exigencies of war—the Greek ideal of the partnership of heroes, like that of Achilles and Patroclus, which was later refined into the ideal of Platonic love, and the medieval ideals of the Round Table and of courtly love. These patterns fade in peacetime, but in wartime they come to life again, fresh as new roses on an old bush.

The primary recreation for young people in time of war is something that enables them both to find comradeship and love and to invest personal sentiment, which must often be sustained for long periods in the mind and memory alone, with the "consecration, and the Poet's dream." This is well understood by those who are doing the best job in organizing recreation both for young men in the armed services and for young women in the government offices. The Girls' Defense Club of Richmond and the Women's Battalion of Washington, furnish

patterns that might well be followed in the industrial centers.

The affirmation *I am loved* has the most conviction when it somehow connects in the individual's mind with all the emotional security he has known in the past, back to those first days when he was so safe and happy in his mother's arms. Hence those social observances and routines are best which conform to the customs of earlier, happier days. Leslie, in Singapore, is able to rest, even under the bursting of bombs, in the feeling that she has Sir George's home around her. Its manners and ways associate themselves with the manners and ways of her own cultivated home in the United States, headed by her own father. Peggy and Bob, on their one day of grace, derive reassurance from the restoration of their former ways of life—the lingering over the dinner table, the ride out together in the car. The psychological triumph of all these young people, the true essence of their morale, is that, finding emotional security in immediate fellowship and in the associations of their past, they are able imaginatively to extend it to include the whole scheme of things. Bob and Peggy picture hundreds and thousands of Russian, Chinese, and English boys and girls enjoying what they, two young Americans, have in this minute, and so they reconsecrate themselves to sharing the pain of all that all may have the joy. Leslie, in the very presence of death, hears in the stars and the music a consoling voice: "This, too, will pass." The universe is still secure around her, though Singapore fall and with it her own life. The ultimate triumph of true recreation is thus to make out of some little island of peace or relaxation in pathless stormy seas a base from which you personally may take off into the skies.

After he has said "I am loved," a man needs to be able to say "I can do." Mature people, persons of recognized skill, find so much satisfaction for this need in their work that it may not play a great part in their recreation. But persons whose work is a dull or repetitive routine, allowing no scope for their creative

energies or for individual experiment and pride in achievement, need to have something to do in their free time that gives them a stimulating sense of achievement and power and the reward of achievement and power, which is praise. Hence Bob says that industrial workers need some cultural activity. It is one of the great values of the union that it gives the workman the means of saying "I can do," and provides numbers of the more active and enterprising members with a round of business that makes them feel potent as persons.

All the arts and skills of leisure have this value to the embattled spirit. Leslie could not leave Sir George's house, but she could swim in the pool. Bob and Peggy were resigned to a life in the factory, but in the way they served dinner, in the little leisurely routines of listening to the music and riding out in the car, they had the means of delivering themselves mentally and socially from the irksomeness of their life. For many industrial workers the overtime pay has this great value. Even if, as Mrs. Roosevelt suggests, they invest it all in war bonds, it remains as something in their hands which they feel that they can use in the future to deliver themselves from the grimy dungeon of their present daily existence.

If we are to maintain the spirit of those who must do dull work for very long hours, we must see that they have at hand everywhere obvious means of doing something which they individually want to do and in which they can take pride. There must be opportunities to practice different arts and crafts and social skills, a sufficiency of the instruments with which we currently associate pride and pleasure, such as musical instruments, athletic equipment, and the like. And there must be means whereby those who feel themselves impotent in social relationships or in the means of filling their time can acquire skills which will enable them to arise and shine.

To the individual, oppressed with long hours, entangled in the confusion of all the details of living, one can only say, "Don't let it get you down." People who can keep their

national liberty must first of all be able to win on their own individual fighting fronts. The doldrums are the allies of the enemy. Find something at once to *do* and something to do *with*, and then arise and smite them.

A man who can say with conviction "I am loved"—"I can do," usually proceeds almost unconsciously to say "I am free." But there are many older persons in important positions, with secure homes and emotional life behind them, with a sense of power and achievement in what they do, whose one real need of recreation is escape. Love and power are so unchallenged in their lives that they need little reassurance of these in their leisure. But the consciousness of freedom they must win back again and again. The most obvious form of freedom is physical escape. You go fishing or take a few days off at sea. You spend Sunday in the country. You go for a long hike. Lacking these, you find a mental escape—in working crossword puzzles, playing chess, reading detective stories, going to a show.

This need for escape is one a man ignores to his peril. The human being cannot live in any prison. If he has no wholesome and harmless means of escape, he will ultimately escape anyway—into sickness, into a neurosis, even into ultimate insanity. The Greeks thought of the soul, or Psyche, as a butterfly creature with wings. If one is not to imprison within oneself forces more terrible than any time bomb, one must have regard for the wings of one's ego and always maintain somewhere, through the arts and recreation or one's religious observances, a personal outlet. And when Psyche droops, and her pinions trail in the dust, and there is no more strength in her, one must be able to unbar the door or the window or the skylight and say to her, "God bless you, my dear," and let her go.

5

Many and ingenious, infinite in form, number, and combination, are the means by which emotionally healthy people support those affirmations which constitute morale. In twenty

letters home, written by those who must use practically all their waking time in the prosecution of the war, one will not find two who have the same pattern for the limited and most precious moments of their time off. Yet all rest firmly on the fundamental institutions of their childhood and nurture—the home, the school, especially the extracurricular life of the school, and the church. And all display courage and high spirits firmly based on the habits and possessions of that easy American life of leisure that we so lately enjoyed. Leslie, Bob, and Peggy have the advantage of the social routines and consciously aesthetic tastes of highly cultured homes. But here is a letter from a lad who writes well, thinks philosophically, and has a certain grace in his human relationships, without any apparent reference to art, music, or codes of manners. He bases his morale very happily on a little house back home where he had coffee for breakfast and smoked a cigarette afterward—a house that, in his imagination, seems to have been very comfortably furnished with only a pious mother and a telephone.

This letter is from Peter, a young naval officer, somewhere on the Pacific. When, early on a sweltering morning, he can no longer sleep, he steals out on the deck to look at the moonlight on the water. He thinks of many things, standing there in the dawn, and among them of home and the folks at breakfast and the pleasantness of drinking a cup of coffee with mother and lingering over a cigarette at the table and telling her all about it. So he gets a piece of paper and dashes off this:

“I’ve lost all track of dates, times, and places; am nothing but a little cog in a great machine which moves over vast areas and covers thousands of square miles, and the parts of which are flexibly connected through the magic waves. You couldn’t conceive of the magnitude of this operation—it’s really tremendous. . . . American girls and boys are going to be free men and women. *Remember Pearl Harbor* is both a slogan and a prayer.”

The word “prayer” reminds him that he had better reassure

mother with regard to her parting injunctions about mass and confession. So he writes, "No matter what day we're in port (there aren't many of them), there's a special mass, confessions, etc., for the seagoing fighters, and I round up all the boys and take 'em over. It's really inspiring. And Lord knows they need it, for there's nothing tougher than a fighting sailor."

He looks out again on the quiet expanse of the Pacific reaching endlessly on all sides to the sky, but he has no words for it all. So he writes, "When someone telephones, do you say proudly, 'My boy is at sea'? That ain't no lie, Maw, I can assure you, and it'll probably be the truth for a long, long time. But it's all right. The Pacific is a good place. There's plenty of room on it for any guy who is willing to work most of the time, sleep very little, eat anything, and be glad he is alive!"

The Difficult Art of Taking It Easy

HENRY is an old jalopy. Like a good many people Henry does not know how to take it easy. When he comes to a hill, he starts up merrily in high. Two-thirds of the way up he begins to give out, but he pulls along doggedly, knocking loudly all the time. Henry hates to start, and, once started, he hates to stop. One never gets him in motion till one has flooded the carburetor and run down the battery. Then he starts with a jerk and blows his muffler off. To an ordinary pressure of the brake Henry pays little attention. He leaps along gaily past the red light and stops just short of murdering the policeman. Henry requires oil the way some people require soft soap. If you don't stop and pay attention to him every few miles, he gets all het up.

If Henry could talk, you might find that he feels very moral about all these little idiosyncrasies. He would tell you that he stems from the good old days when cars really had to work for their gas, that he is an earnest and righteous vehicle and takes his progress through this vale of tears seriously. He is not one of these sleek, shiny models who purr along about their business as if they didn't have any, who start as easily as if they weren't going somewhere and stop almost by telepathic suggestion. Certainly he could point out with truth that when anyone is killed, it is by one of these new birds. An old jalopy hurts no one but himself.

In fact, Henry, like some people, could make out quite a case for himself. Nevertheless, such is the perversity of human

nature, that, if you and I could achieve the impossible and buy a new car, 1943 model, we know what we should do. If instead of 1943 cars there are to be only 1943 human beings, the market for human jalopies may hit an all-time low.

Still, if we are quite honest about Henry, we will admit that what is wrong with him is not his disposition. Being the kind of car he is, the best thing about him is that he keeps going somehow. Nor should we tell him to relax and take it easy. If Henry relaxed, he would be a heap of nuts, bolts, and gears on the highway. And if his human prototype relaxed? But he doesn't. He knows better.

For it is a grave question just now who should relax, and when and how. Now that we are operating under tension, we are treated to exhortation from all sides—exhortation to relax our muscles, to conquer our fears, to practice deep breathing, or to trust in God. This is all very good, for man is, after all, not a car. He is the driver and the thing driven, all in one. And it is just as well for the driver not to be nervous, even if the car is. However, in so far as one must guide this bundle of memories, habits, nerves, muscles, and impulses that is oneself, one might as well take a lesson in the great American school on the cross-roads, the garage. And that lesson is this: With all due respect to certain noble concepts of rest and relaxation, it is a good idea to focus your attention on any abnormal heat and noise that you are developing. If you do, you will probably find that you need something more than a good soft bed.

The factors that prevent us from taking it easy, even on a climb as high and hard as we have before us, are as numerous as the parts in Henry's insides. But for purposes of discussion, one may distinguish four: lack of skill, lack of timing, lack of rhythm, and lack of rest. If a man could master skill, timing, rhythm, and rest, he would master the art of perpetual motion. He could swing along from job to job, as easily as the stars in their courses, and never be tired at all.

Being rather old models ourselves—with bodies and desires

and vanities that long antedate the Industrial Revolution—we can't hope to equal the relatively easy functioning of our own machines. But there is something we can do about skill, timing, rhythm, and rest, and that little, if conscientiously done now, will probably cool our fevered brows and let some of us live long enough to see how the war is going to turn out.

2

With regard to skill, we, the democratic peoples, have all had a rude awakening. Under a democracy, Tom, Dick, and Harry all develop a sense of general competency, founded on social well-being and on the fact that from early childhood they have been welcome to turn their hands to anything. We Americans feel superior to the Germans and the Japanese in our whole way of life and in all our potentials, and so we are. So the Dutch and the French felt, too, and with reason. But we have discovered now that persons who are vastly inferior to ourselves as whole men may nevertheless outwit us, outfight us, and beat us down to death and slavery if they concentrate on superiority to ourselves in specific skills.

What is true of the democratic nations is true of the individuals who compose them. The first few months after Pearl Harbor was a time of desperate national stocktaking, and the conclusion was in almost all cases appalling. However wise, strong, rich, and competent we may feel ourselves to be, the fact is that at the tasks to which we must now set our hands, we are, individually and collectively, rank amateurs. During the first months after our entrance into the war, this fact was rather luridly demonstrated in the city of Washington, D.C. There one could see energy and patriotism run wild, like water through a broken dam, and irritability, confusion, and waste of time and materials accumulating, with nothing commensurate accomplished. One look at the Office of Civilian Defense in the old Du Pont Circle Building or at any one of several government agencies would show this. Everywhere intelligent

people, with infinite good will, pushing themselves to the last breath, were determinedly riding the waves of chaos and arriving nowhere.

In this sudden breakdown of all the techniques of peace, an observant man could learn something useful about human behavior. He could see that much that we have been in the habit of crediting to emotional immaturity or sheer cussedness or the traditional nervous temperament of our race has really another cause. This cause is a lack of skill in some necessary operation. When a man is doing what he knows how to do and through long practice does easily and almost automatically, his outlook, for the time, is mature and his pulse normal. It is when he is thrown out of this accustomed course that he begins to act like a spoiled child or a candidate for the sanitarium. The frustrated person may be frustrated, not in his love life, but in the misuse of his abilities. The unhappy person is unhappy, not because the universe or the boss or the wife is wrong, but because, in the performance of some specific operation, he himself is not right. The childish person is sometimes childish in all his reactions because, in some specific performance that vitally matters to him, he himself is really a child—that is, unpracticed and inexperienced. Inferiority in a single skill can engulf the whole psyche in depression, for the human mind has a wonderful way of believing that one swallow makes a summer and one gray cloud in the sky, a storm.

The lack of skill that creates emotional uproar or results in poor social functioning is not usually obvious at first sight. Very often it is buried under a number of overlying competencies. It may be so compensated for that, in the glare of one headlight, you never notice that the other is out. Usually the deficiency is to be sought far back, in the early school training or in the first processes of acquiring a craft or a profession. The optimistic and encouraging atmosphere of our democracy and the prevalence of opportunity for all have a tendency to hurry us through those first elementary steps of learning.

The learner catches such a vision of the possibilities of what he has undertaken that he leaps ahead of the first dull, plodding steps. While in more complex and interesting operations he acquires a genuine skill, he often bases them on some real defect in the initial learning. Or concentrating, under general social encouragement, on the field in which his aptitudes lie, he neglects associated skills or social procedures in which, in a disturbed and rapidly changing society, he may need to make his technical skill effective.

Here, for example, is John Jenkins, an earnest, able man, storming up and down Washington, trying to get into government service in a field in which he really knows his business and receiving only polite letters from government bureaus tabling his application. He talks about "pull" and the failure of the merit system. He knows that incompetent nobodies are feathering their own nests while real patriots and the men of ability, such as himself, are being left out. But he has moments when he wonders whether he is not exaggerating his own capacities. Perhaps he is too old. Perhaps there are mysterious new tricks that other men know and he doesn't. His mood oscillates between anger and sorrow, both growing blacker by the minute.

And what is his real trouble? His trouble is the way he at first did not, and finally did, fill out his application blanks. When he was at first presented with the pink sheets of the Office of Emergency Management, which roughly resemble the civil service blanks, and was asked to write down his name and qualifications, he hit the ceiling. Why, everyone knew who he was! His name could be found in any technical publication. What did they think he wanted—a stenographer's job? So he kept on cooling his heels in offices and getting introductions to persons who met him hastily at the Cosmos Club or in the Mayflower Hotel lobby and were evasive though cordial.

When he was finally convinced that, despite friends and reputation, he must fill out those blanks, he did it hastily and

badly, leaving out three-fourths of the essential facts. He had never filled out a personnel or a job-application blank since leaving school. His occupation, though highly technical, had involved almost no desk work. His handwriting was abominable. He did not use a typewriter. He failed to give the full addresses of some of his references. He skipped dates and names of firms. A job that any green secretary can do accurately he did not do. He would have said that he felt above it. It was all a foolish piece of red tape. But feeling above it was his secret compensation for the fact that he didn't really know how to fill out an application blank, for even a bit of clerical work like that requires some skill.

But why didn't he get a secretary to help him? Oh, yes, try to get a secretary in Washington! That is one of the troubles with our era. If you haven't a skill, you can't always find someone who has it for you. A volume could be written about the poor executives who but yesterday were sleek, competent, and shining, and today are limping along with radiators leaking and overhead valves beating a noisy tattoo because the women have walked out on them. The wife at home has gone into the hospital as a nurse's aide, and the secretary has been hired by a government agency.

Of course, John Jenkins could have learned how to fill out that blank in a very short time. All he needed to do was to spoil three sheets, and then, obtaining a fourth from an ever-generous government, he could have turned it out in a way to make his talents and achievements look like a million dollars. He could, but he didn't. Instead he has gone home in a pet, and into the sympathetic ears of the home town he is pouring his tale about the way useful men are being discriminated against in favor of lily-livered pen-pushers. But back in Washington a man who had observed him and really knew what he was worth said quite truthfully, "He's an able fellow in a way. But it is hard to make use of him because he is just too much of a nuisance to have around."

It is probably not too much to say that during the first few months after Pearl Harbor something like 25,000 persons of the type of John Jenkins tried to get into some type of war service or defense work and are still unemployed. They filled hotel lobbies in Washington till they were pushed out. They then retreated to near-by motor camps. And now they are back in their home towns, some of them stirring up their neighbors to write to congressmen about motion-picture actors who have enlisted for Treasury propaganda, about inefficiency in high places, about government extravagance, and about the sins of the unions.

Gradually everyone who can really be made useful will learn his lesson or be assigned his place regardless. But as an official of the Civil Service Commission remarked coldly during the winter of 1942 in Washington, "We are sorry for these people. They are well intentioned, and many of them have ability. But we think that anyone who lacks sense enough to sit down and figure out once and for all just what needs to be done to make his qualifications known and humility enough to be willing to undertake those often elementary, specific, detailed jobs, without glory and without high salary, which are the only ones we need to fill in large numbers, cannot be depended on to be useful in this war."

Any man who finds himself at present unused, overdriven, harassed, misunderstood, discriminated against, or overwrought by life and work had best put his feelings away in a refrigerator and concentrate instead on a piece-by-piece observation of his own activity to find out just where his trouble lies. Once it is located, a simple readjustment or a settling down to attention to and correct practice of some specific operation will calm all storms and bring the sun out shining. For it is not total lack of skill but unequal skills that keep a person in a dither or prevent him from getting the due reward for his talents, application, and virtues. Irritation, weariness, and revolt are like noises in a car. By attending to

them and isolating them, you find the leak, the broken connection, the bad part. Then it is a simple matter to correct it. When a car stops dead in its tracks or threatens to blow up in smoke, it is not the whole car that is wrong. It is just a little piece of it. The same is true of a career or a life.

In looking for trouble, man has to lay aside the megalomania that haunts his concern with his own affairs. Don't look for something big. Look for something little. Don't imagine that only a major error could be spoiling a life like yours or think that, if you are failing, you are necessarily doing it in a big way. Look, instead, humbly for something that you should have learned at your mother's knee or digested in grammar school. And when you have found it, become as a little child. Learn your lesson again and learn it right.

To take the pressure off the will and the emotions and to concentrate instead on mental attention to the details of one's own procedures of itself induces a feeling of calm. For it is not the activity of the mind that churns us all up, but the activity of the feelings, especially the feelings concerned with the ego. What we know and are definitely trying to find out seldom makes the blood boil. It is what we don't know—the difficulty which we are aware of but which we have not located or measured. Such difficulty has the primitive fearsomeness of the infinite. Actively to set ourselves to work to remedy a specific defect, even if it is ourselves, is really a soothing employment of energy. For increasing skill brings the sense of power, and in the sense of power there is peace.

3

A new regard for time, as for skill, is now being inserted into our consciousness at the point of a bayonet. Both the Germans and the Japanese have demonstrated that life belongs to him who first seizes time. High-powered machinery has speeded up human experience to an appalling degree. The devastation of centuries may be wrought in a week. Great nations may fall

into chaos between dawn and dusk. In proportion as we employ either a high degree of technical skill or the power of our machines, the time consumed shrinks, by the record of the clock, to a small bundle of minutes or hours, but as reckoned in terms of what is experienced and what is accomplished, it expands to infinity.

To use time as it must be used in the machine age is not to follow our traditional American custom of packing the flying minutes tighter and tighter with a miscellaneous collection of social gadgets. It means concentrating with care and forethought and due preparation on a few master moves and executing them simply, directly, and without fuss. It means that, when your clock strikes twelve, with the single and concentrated force of your being you strike twelve too.

Breathless, overdriven, rushed, and harried people are frequently those who lack an elementary respect for the clock and the calendar. Their estimates of time are forms of wishful thinking. They think they can dress in ten minutes. Actually they dress in thirteen. They think the enemy won't attack till next month because he hasn't the planes or the weather is bad or diplomacy will fix him anyway, and while they think, he strikes. Or they get impatient and want to bomb the enemy now when actually they have no bombs to drop on him. They beat on doors that are going to open to them in due time and won't open any sooner for all their noise. Or they stand pat and try to hold back time, which keeps moving on regardless, inevitable as the melting of ice in spring.

Fruitful, progressive action, carried on without strain or breakdown, is based on a proper estimate of time and a continual and careful preview of the tasks that must be accomplished and the steps that must be taken in relation to the hours and minutes within which all must be done. This involves looking ahead and marking the successive deadlines and then mobilizing the means of coming up to them at the exact minute. It means adjusting the peaks of one's energy to the

peaks of the demand upon it and building up one's climaxes with adequate preparation.

Of a dozen people who really know how to use time, no two will have the same recipe. But each one will know how to look before and after and how to measure his energy by the clock. Mr. Allen, successful businessman, says that he has trained himself always to have a clear picture of his procedure for the next fifteen minutes, down to the last detail. He knows that in exactly five minutes he will end this conference, reach out his right hand, buzz for the secretary, and dictate such and such words. Even while he is dictating, he can, in that further corner of his mind where he quietly keeps ahead of himself, be planning that when this letter is finished he will ask Miss Y., the second secretary, to call up Mr. X. While she gets the number, Mr. Allen carefully arranges the first sentence of his remarks to Mr. X. in his mind. So he goes through a long day. Mr. Allen never hurries. He merely moves along with the inexorable precision of a steam roller.

Donald Nelson, the chief of the War Production Board, is peculiarly aware not only of time but of tense. He constantly reviews the past in terms of the present, and the present in terms of the future. He feels that what happens today is the result of what was done yesterday. One must constantly judge yesterday's action with a piercing hindsight and see today's action as it will look from the vantage point of tomorrow. Over Nelson's desk hangs the motto: "*Do* today what you will be glad that you *did* tomorrow."

Sadie, a prize among government girls, has her own idea about time. One day, shortly after Pearl Harbor, Sadie was plucked out of a stenographic pool. A green girl but two weeks removed from a Kansas farm, with the dew of her native cornfields still on her, she was sent hurrying to an important office to take the place of a girl who had been taken suddenly ill. When she arrived, she was told that she must take a most important memorandum at once. This memorandum, in perfect

form, must be in the Executive offices of the White House in forty minutes. It might be scanned by the President himself.

Sadie took the dictation and then seated herself at an unaccustomed typewriter at a desk that was piled halfway to the ceiling with letter files, papers, ash trays, and what not.

"You'll have to hurry now," said her boss pro tem, restlessly pacing up and down.

Sadie composedly glanced at her watch and then, with exasperating deliberation, dug out from the debris on the desk a directory of the government bureaus, and took out from her capacious purse a small pocket dictionary. She checked over her stenographic notes, looked up the spelling of two or three words and wrote them down on a pad, and noted the names of two or three government officials. "Is the word in this sentence *excoriating*?" she asked, checking through her dictation a second time.

Her boss was infuriated by this schoolgirl procedure. Just as he was about to throw her back into the pool with a loud splash, Sadie, who was now fiddling with her machine, testing it out on a piece of blank paper, suddenly settled down and made her fingers fly.

"Absolutely correct and done in record time," said her amazed boss a few minutes later. "And we'll have plenty of time to get it over there."

Sadie never went back to the stenographic pool. When questioned later about the speed and accuracy which were the net result of a series of her bovine movements, she answered placidly, "My mother and I used to cook for twenty farm hands at harvesttime. She taught me that, if you take a little time at the beginning, you save a lot of time in the end."

4

All fine and truly effective activity has rhythm. This means that it is an endless and interesting variation upon an easily recognized beat of time. Life is a dance, and those who live it

best keep time to the music, recognizing and adjusting to each tune as it is called. The beat of the racing favorites' dainty hoofs past the pink flamingos at Hialeah Park, the stroke of the golf champion, the leap of a diving girl into the Florida pool, can all be resolved into slow motion by the motion-picture camera. And directly you see them as beautiful patterns of motion, performed, as it were, to an unheard music and hardly to be distinguished from the evolutions of a dance.

One of the earliest observations of man was that hard and trying labor may be lightened by setting it to music. So the Chinese coolies who used to unload our great ships in the Orient and carry cargo or baggage on long poles shouldered by several men would heave the load all together and, as they did so, would begin to sing. Falling in step to their own music, they would move off as if on a dance floor.

Most nervous, fidgety, tense people need to study rhythm much more than they need rest. They need to observe their own superfluous and meaningless motions and to resolve them into coherent patterns, each with its appropriate tempo. They do not necessarily need to slow up. They may need to perform some acts faster. But they need to develop some notion of appropriate *fortissimo* and *diminuendo*—to accelerate and retard as the occasion really requires. Every action has its own inherent rhythm and its natural rate of speed. This natural rate of speed is the speed at which performance is most interesting and therefore, in most cases, most efficient. Restless, mentally active people who find routine or repetitive tasks a bore can often give them real interest by setting speed records for themselves and then beating their own records.

We are so inured to the constant presence of music in this radio age that the easiest way for the average person to attain a rhythmic ease and smoothness in all his daily motions is to imagine himself performing them to an appropriate music. Perhaps if we all did this we could succeed in getting jazz into its proper place and could lure out of the radio more waltz time and march time—waltz time for social motions and

march time for business or work procedures. A quick dash for an appointment, awkward and breathless, may be resolved into a lively, spirited walk to the secret music of a military band. We may sit down, even at the table in the cafeteria, and eat quietly and with an enjoyable deliberation, as if to soft music on a balcony overlooking the sea; and we may, after appropriate ceremony in laying aside the burdens and cares of the day, lie down to sleep as if to the imagined far-off singing of the stars. At any rate, the imagining of music is a cheerful and relaxing diversion for a weary and troubled mind, and when the noise and blare of work and people again interposes between you and your music, there may conceivably be some carry-over in a more orderly, consistent, and assured employment of your hands, feet, mind, and feelings!

5

When Charlie McCarthy took music lessons, he said that what he really enjoyed practicing was the rests and the pauses. Charlie has, of course, the right idea, especially for these times. As our rests and pauses grow fewer, we must use them thriftily. We must salvage all the little spaces between one duty and the next and cushion them for grateful, if momentary, rest.

But rest, for the living creature, is always relative. One never rests completely till one is tucked in one's grave. Even in sleep a good part of one's organic self goes steadily about its business. And in the most violent and concentrated work there are actually many pauses. Even under conditions calling for the greatest effort, a man who really manages his movements can rest more than he works. You can rest while waiting for that confounded elevator which is always on the tenth floor when you are on the first. You can rest when Mr. So-and-So sends out word exasperatingly that he is in conference and will see you in five minutes. You can rest when the traffic light flashes red or when you take your place as number one hundred and one in the waiting line. Once you learn to sit down

placidly on the various delays and inconveniences of life, you will find them cozy as a cushion.

And perhaps if you step lively during your actual working hours and handle all your motions with economy and rhythm, you may be able to achieve, almost daily, two necessary rest cures—a rest cure for the body and a rest cure for the soul. The rest cure for the body consists in raising to the dignity of ceremony those biological routines that keep us functioning. Going to bed should be a ceremony, an almost religious retreat into quiet and peace and the sanctity of one's own company or of the one other who has become as the soul and body of oneself. Breakfast should be a ceremony, with its due paraphernalia for coffee and toast, beautiful, leisurely, cheerful. And finally let bathing and self-grooming be a ceremony, a serene and shameless obeisance to that god of each man's secret love—his own body, a rite of purification for the whole man, within and without, of which one may reverently say with the ancient sage, "Give me cleanness of the inner man, and let the outward and the inward be as one."

This is the rest cure for the body. And the rest cure for the soul? It consists in a daily striving through an effort of will, through meditation, through religious observances or philosophical thought, for complete inner poise. This poise is a kind of trustful resting on life—on things as they are—in the arms of what Moses called the great "I Am." One must lay aside the illusion that one alone, by one's own strength, makes the world go. Even in sports and the arts, the first law of relaxation is to rest on what is beyond oneself. The swimmer learns to rest on the water, in the faith that it will bear him up. The piano student learns to let his relaxed hand fall as if of its own accord on the keys, letting the law of gravity work for him instead of his own musical ambition. So in all one's work one must train oneself to let go and let the cosmos hold one up.

There are many people in this world who, mainly under stress of suffering, have attained an integration between physi-

cal relaxation and inner faith. This is a lesson which, in these hard times, we can learn from some of those peoples who are our predecessors and leaders on the paths of pain and who have grown organically wise in suffering. Such are the Hindus and the Mexican Indians. There sits Diego, the Aztec, on the hard stone floor of the cathedral at the foot of his saint. He sits for hours, unmoving, his dark eyes alive and supplicating, his lips quivering slightly in a routine prayer. He is completely relaxed, so much at ease in the position which he has taken that he never seems to need to change it. He reposes on the hard stone like a child on his mother's lap. Sometimes he even rolls over and goes to sleep at the feet of his saint.

It is for each one to find for himself the routine or the way of thought that will base his little life securely in the cosmos and let him rest on power and love and knowledge greater than his own. Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen, the Catholic prelate, makes a suggestion which may be practiced by Protestants as well as by Catholics, and by those who seek peace in individual philosophy. He suggests that one build out of the spare minutes of the day—five minutes here, ten minutes there—a “holy hour” consisting of at least sixty minutes in all, these minutes to be minutes of prayer, of meditation, of examination of conscience, of a seeking after spiritual guidance and spiritual security. He says that he knows of a mother of eleven children who builds her holy hour while attending to the needs of her family and of a taxi driver who builds his while waiting for fares.

A simple Flemish monk who, more than five centuries ago, wrote a book that has probably given more comfort to more people than any book except the Bible—*The Imitation of Christ*, by Thomas à Kempis—said toward the end of his long life: “I have sought for rest everywhere, but I have found it nowhere, except in a little corner, with a little book.” “The peace of the soul,” said Thomas à Kempis, “is next to the grace of God the greatest of blessings, and we should spare no pains

to maintain it within us." To this end he suggested this simple prayer: "Give us, O Lord, this interior peace, this repose of the conscience, this tranquillity which raises our confidence in Thy goodness, and makes us faithful in correspondence to it. Calm the storms and emotions of our passions by giving us courage to overcome them. Grant that our desires may become submissive to reason, our reason to faith, and the whole man to God. Amen."

The Important Art of Securing a Mate

THE eighth annual conference on the Conservation of Marriage and the Family met at Chapel Hill, North Carolina," says a journalist's report, "and did the best it could, but it just didn't seem to have the answers. Not since the college marriage course was started at the University of North Carolina in 1927 had the collegiate marriage counselors so little counsel to offer."

If Eros in wartime baffles the academic brains, what has a poor layman to suggest? Yet why should we be baffled? Very few of the clear-eyed girls and husky young warriors one sees at the U.S.O. and various other recreation centers seem at all baffled. And when daughter Diane turns up some fine morning and says she'd like a wedding two weeks hence in the old parlor at home because Ensign Arthur can get two days' leave then, she looks as if she had all the answers. But maybe she hasn't.

The fact is that the answers aren't in the books any more, or in the colleges or in the heads of professors and psychologists. They are right out in the open, in the endless talk of the camps and of the semidormitories where hard-working girls are herded together, and in the U.S.O. clubhouses and in the parish houses, where the younger generation handles its own affairs, under the eyes of elder hostesses and of morale officers who seem an entirely different species from those some of us can remember in the First World War days—so tolerant are they

and so unprudish and so completely fearless of "what might happen." One does not have to go into academic conference with one's peers to hear the answers. One has only to circulate a little and pick out the answers as they are spoken in social conversation—clear, downright, and precise.

One day, for example, Doris, a daughter just turned twenty, who was very adequately employed by a great organization that was training her for higher usefulness at a living wage and time and a half for overtime, called up her mother in a city one hundred and fifty miles away and said in a happy, vibrant voice, "Please come and see me, mother. I'd come to you but I can't get away. I want to introduce to you your future son-in-law. He's a second lieutenant. But hurry, hurry, mother, because he might be ordered away any minute, and we've got to get some things settled."

Mother had very little time. As the parent of grown-up children and still in the lively prime of life, she was supposed not to have home duties any longer, and hence the local Red Cross had laid most of its heavier burdens on her shoulders. But after tinkering with appointments and schedules, it was evident that she might go and come from the city of her daughter's residence in one day. With much plotting and telephoning, it was finally arranged that she and Doris and the second lieutenant could all meet for exactly one hour between one and two for lunch.

At the appointed time mother waited outside of Doris's office. Doris emerged, clothed in beauty and walking in light and distributing in that throng of busy girls the radiance of her own private adventure. She steered her mother across the street to the coffeeroom of the main hotel where suddenly, in the crowds, a young man in an officer's uniform stood before them. "Your son," said Doris.

Mother looked at the rush and the noise in which the fate of a lifetime was to be settled. "It's pretty bad," said Doris, "but the least crowded in town. It will have to do, unless—" she

glanced at the door which led to the plutocratic peace of the main hotel dining room and clutched her purse a little nervously.

"It is my party," said mother and led the way to a table in the main dining room, which seemed like an island in a suddenly quiet sea. But here it developed that the poky waiters had no apparent intention of providing lunch within the hour, being all commandeered by a businessman's lunch at the other end of the room. "I have an engagement in half an hour," said the second lieutenant. "I know you and Doris want to talk alone. I'll just have some soup and scram." And over soup, with one eye on his watch, he, with some embarrassment but manfully, laid his cards on the table. "I have nothing to offer," he said, "but a second lieutenant's pay and the prospect of not having me around much for a long time," he said. "But I'll do my best to deserve her."

He lifted his eyes briefly to mother's and then sought security in Doris's still and shining gaze. Mother was somewhat reassured. There was something about his attitude that made her feel that knighthood might still be in flower, even in the heart of a very much embarrassed second lieutenant. And with that the half hour was up, and he picked up his watch and departed.

"The poor darling!" said Doris. "Do you know what he is going to do? He is going out to buy me an engagement ring. So far as I am concerned, the marriage license is now his major financial responsibility."

"Doris," said her mother, "he seems very nice. But, after all, what do you know about him?"

"Everything," said Doris. "I've known it for ever and ever. He is Betty May's cousin. She sent him to look me up."

"Oh," sighed her mother with relief, supplying out of what she knew of Betty May the young man's complete background and antecedents. She remembered what a friend had said to her, just as she was setting out this morning on this trail of

Cupid. "With all this milling around of soldiers and girls, most of us have found that when they seek partners in life they look for them pretty safely within their own home and social backgrounds."

"And now," said mother, "what do you propose to do?"

"Get married, just as soon as I can find the time and the place and the man all together. Mother," she said earnestly, "do you realize that with all the crowds and free times so short, there is simply no place in this world outside of marriage where two people who love each other can be alone together for five minutes? There used to be the car. Now that is gone. I'm going to have a little apartment, and he the key to it, and the right to it before God and man."

"But, Doris," said her mother, a little shocked, "marriage and home mean more than that."

"They mean children," said Doris, leaping the chasms of conversation as girls nowadays do. "We have settled all that. We want children. I'll take it on myself. In wartime one must have children, else what is all the fighting to preserve the world about? Besides—" She didn't finish the sentence. Neither did her mother. She had been young and in love in the First World War, and her eldest son was born while his father was in France.

"And yet," said mother, determined somehow to do a parent's duty, "there is so much to marriage, dear. Physical adjustment, deep psychological adjustments."

Doris was prepared for that too. "I'll tell you," she said quietly, but still with that air about her as of a young angel stooping out of heaven. "I knew he loved me, but he put off speaking of it finally until the eve of my birthday. Then he asked me to marry him and I said I would. The next day we celebrated my birthday by going down to the library and getting out all the books on sex and reading them. We thought it was high time!"

After that there didn't seem to be much for mother to say.

But just as she was leaving she remembered that she had brought along a letter which had come for Doris to her old home address.

"Why, of all things!" said Doris, surveying the envelope. "That is Tom's writing."

Tom was a boy she had known at school. After he was drafted among the first selectees, her parents, as part of the program for entertaining soldiers, had asked him to spend Fourth of July with them in their cottage on the beach. It had been a routine courtesy. Afterward he had answered it in a routine way by sending a pleasant letter to the family and an army trinket to Doris, but there had been no more letters.

Now, after these many months, Doris opened the envelope to find a sheet of rough paper on which was scrawled with a blunt pencil, "Well, Honey, if you aren't married yet, think of me as I go down the road to Hell. I keep the little snapshot of you that I took Fourth of July by the picnic fire on the beach. Every day I look at it and I say to myself, 'That's what we keep flying for—so that somebody, somewhere, may have *that*.' "

2

This is the youth of America at war—its best youth that tries to be honest and frank and good and has the cooperation of companionable elders who understand. Theirs is the romantic dignity and the sense of tragic destiny that war always gives to love, but they express it in the tempo and style of an animated cartoon.

But what confuses the pundits is that, so far as their private romances are concerned, these boys and girls do not react to war as their fathers and mothers did. Moreover, they quietly sweep away most of the suppositions and situations on which instruction in love and sex has been based for twenty-five years and then add to the trash most of the material on sex appeal and glamour which appears in the magazines and motion

pictures. It's old stuff to them. The last time they paid any attention to it was when they were seventeen or eighteen. And since then what emotional torrents have run under bridges!

The change in the erotic tastes of youth was first noticed a year or two before the United States entered the war, as two by two the young people who had begun their adolescence with the great depression of 1929 to 1934 came to present themselves at the altars. There hadn't been such marrying and giving in marriage in the United States for more than twenty-five years, or such a rush to crown marriage with parenthood. The marriage rate and the birth rate both rose sharply. It is perhaps a tribute to what the boys and girls of the First World War managed ultimately to achieve as parents that *home* seems suddenly to mean something that it has not meant since the days of Queen Victoria.

It is very revealing to go about evening after evening at the U.S.O. clubhouses or to talk to the young people in one's own social circle who are in various stages of marrying and are soberly candid on the whole subject. There is no recognizable similarity between the way they feel and the way their fathers and mothers felt in the days of the First World War. For war always brings toppling a certain portion of the preceding social structure. And what fell about our heads promptly in the First World War was the notion of family and love and propriety to which we had been brought up. How much we thought and felt about it all in those days—being ourselves much more brilliant, imaginative, experimental, and emotionally unstable than these substantial children of ours. We thought maybe the family was a defunct institution. George Bernard Shaw and H. G. Wells and Charlotte Perkins Gilman had told us so. We thought that a marriage ceremony might be something of a damper on the great private adventure of two, though usually we submitted to it. We thought that possibly a husband and wife should have separate quarters and meet amiably once a week at dinner, though we never

ourselves managed to pay the rent on two places. To us father was the original of all tyrants and mother a vampire who secretly preyed upon our conscience and our love-life.

There was nothing in the way of a social tradition that our generation of the First World War really respected. When, in the stress of wartime living, we broke a convention, we felt released and free and positively purified. We discovered that sexual love has a greatness and glory and indeed a sacramental value in marriage quite independent of nature's machinery for procreation—a machinery which, on the whole, we did not hold in high esteem. We were all set for careers for women, more or less integrated with marriage, or at least with a man. And, on the other hand, we gravely discussed the right of women to motherhood without being tied to some dope of a male.

It was all wonderful. It had the effect of making love a magnificent adventure with illimitable horizons never before seen by man. If you loved, you were writing a glorious new chapter in human romance. You might ultimately end pretty much where your despised parents were—with a little house and some children and a mortgage. But you started toward it by a glamorous and crazy path of your own.

To most of these ideas our children have been exposed. They have encountered them in English literature, in the works of Shaw, and have hashed up the remnants of them in a class in sociology or in mental hygiene or in family relations. But they now look at you with grave eyes and indicate that all that is something one takes seriously at eighteen. And how far from eighteen they now are at the ripe age of twenty-some!

What one takes seriously now is the great need, in a world in chaos, for every Jack to find his Jill and to establish in her and all that she represents the security of his soul and his hope of the future. How often one hears on the lips of soldiers, "She's keeping my country for me till I come back." "America will be safe in her hands."

It is not the fashion in this war to fight for anything as abstract as making the world safe for democracy. The soldiers fight to make safe something they have loved—the home and the village in which they grew up, the home and town in which they found kindness and hospitality while in military training, the girl or the woman who may never be theirs but who somehow represents to their imagination the eternal picture of all that makes life worth while. The letter Doris received from Tom is typical of many which women cherish. The highest flattery a man pays a woman now is to incorporate her, just as she is, with her own personal background, into his little private complex of the things for which he will die. And the center of that complex is the girl to whom he will come back, the girl who is “keeping my country for me.”

3

Along with the many brilliant and profound ideas about sexual freedom and about ways to vary the marriage pattern, which this generation is coolly sweeping out the door, goes a wholesale clearance of the tinsel and tissue paper with which advertisers and motion pictures and picture magazines and women's pages still adorn the altar and the social paths that lead thereto. “Glamour” and “sex appeal” are both as wilted and dead, in actual desire, as last year's orchid. In all the recreation centers soldiers have made it pretty plain that they aren't looking for girls with glamour, and what the soldier says no doubt other honest men have been thinking.

A morale officer, when asked why this distaste of the military for glamour, replied, “Oh, I don't know. I guess it awes them too much. They want to feel cozy and at home with a girl, and you can't do that with blondined long bobs and mascara and red, pointed fingernails and too many veils that float.”

We used to hear that, too, in the old days. Our mothers used to teach us to be the kind of nice girl a man really liked. And then we'd sit, stationary as flowers on the wallpaper,

while the hussy who put up a leg show and a peep show walked off before our eyes with our very own man. Walked off with him, and married him! But this isn't true nowadays. The men say they don't like glamour and then they prove it.

Here right at the door of the clubhouse is a dizzy darling—a nice girl, of course, or she wouldn't be allowed here. But, still, her hair is all gold baby curls and her eyes have depths and speak volumes. When she looks at you, you should get a thrill. There may not be a better girl in town. But she understands window dressing, and she is naturally beautiful and born to be somebody's dream girl.

And what does the soldier do? He slips out from under those magic glances and turns and runs straight into a strapping lass with a wide, cheerful grin and the memory of a freckle on her not-too-well-powdered nose. And in two seconds they are sitting in the corner, chummy as you please, and every man he ever saw before is renewing his acquaintance and trying to horn in on the conversation!

Among the more socially ambitious young men, officers, and such, the dislike of glamour has a distinct touch of snob-bishness about it. Four young officers sat at a table in a restaurant window, coolly classifying the girls who passed by the height of their heels.

"You can always tell a girl's class by the height of her heels," said one.

"If they are medium, we'll meet her. If they are low, we'll marry her," said another laughing. "And if they are high," he shrugged, and they all laughed.

But they went on, all very seriously, spotting the shoes and passing offhand judgments on the girls above them. Spike heels were definitely out and opera pumps questionable—at least for broad daylight on a small-town sidewalk. The vote was divided equally between good honest sport shoes and the more conservative among colored play shoes with wedge soles, but "not things that flap, or that the heels stick out of in a

sloppy way." They were up in arms against a particularly flossy party which they had attended with debutantes in lovely gowns. "Pretty enough," they said, "but a bore, and the upkeep of such femmes is too high."

"I may be a high-brow," said one flatly, "but I like a girl I can talk to. And if she's going to talk, she has to have something in her head."

Sex appeal and allure are also out, it seems. A man doesn't want much these days—not much except a warm soft hand to hold, a fresh sweet face, discreetly touched up with lipstick but sans mascara and pasty powder base, a nice figure adequate to dancing and tennis—and of course men always will look at legs! But the best sex appeal is that which a girl keeps quietly to herself. Lonesome men forced to self-discipline don't like to be bombarded with what doesn't really lead anywhere.

Nor is youth in women all that one has been led to suppose. Sweet sixteen might just as well be six for all a soldier cares. There is a universal objection to the high-school kids who try to crash army dances. All girls under eighteen ought to go back to the kindergarten, says the soldier. In Richmond the preferred age is between eighteen and thirty, in Washington D.C., between eighteen and forty. In New York City it does not begin till twenty and there appears to be no upper limit. One of the first things the recreation centers discovered was the yearning in the heart of the army for the older woman—a woman sweet and easy to look at, who definitely was not young. Even at the Stage Door Canteen in New York City, where there are all the beauties of stage and screen to fill a man's eye, there is a demand for the older hostess. She is something between a mother and an aunt and your idea of what your wife will look like some day. When a man applies the word "beautiful" or "lovely" to a woman with real feeling, she is just as likely to have a good deal of gray in her hair. The young woman at the information desk of a service

center which the soldiers and sailors will hang around till someone steps in tactfully and diverts them is likely to have, in addition to a young and pleasant freshness, poise and serenity and an air of being kind to all, qualities which the boys admire in the older women.

"What qualities do you like most in your dance hostess?" some young soldiers in Richmond were asked. One spoke for all, without a dissenting voice. "Well, of course," he said, "she must first of all be a good dancer. And next to that we like that she should be *gracious*."

Gracious. It's an old word. It hasn't appeared in movie scripts or on women's pages for ever so. But there it was, and all the boys nodded. Asked what gracious meant, they said, "Kind and sweet and—well, you know—*good*."

And where is such a girl to be found? The service centers have an answer to that too. She works in an office or a department store. She is a nurse, sometimes a schoolteacher. She is a vocationally trained young woman earning a living wage, with something over for a permanent and evening clothes. She may live at home, but more often she does not, and, frankly, he likes her a little better if she doesn't. She is more free to come and go with him as she pleases, more adventurous and interesting in finding little cozy nooks for two in the wide world in which, outside of camp, he must roam. She can be found by calling up the personnel departments of most large businesses or wartime agencies or by getting in touch with professional women's organizations or clubs. This is the girl they now call "the professional girl." She is definitely and outspokenly preferred to the debutante, the girl of stage and screen, the show girl of every sort, and to the home girl—if there are any such left.

This does not mean, of course, that the show girl and the debutante are going to be spinsters. It merely means that as rapidly as they can escape from the glamour mill or from the socially ambitious mamma, they take on the form and func-

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tions of the working girl. Hollywood is already leaning definitely to wholesomeness and to a nice honest freshness, and show girls are friendly and practical in off hours, as any one can see by watching them scrub out the kitchen sink at the Stage Door Canteen. Before we entered the war girls with lovely homes, and an opportunity to shine in them, and with the privilege of studying music or art or traveling, in an approved feminine way, were electing instead to leave home and work anywhere, even at soda counters. Papa stormed and fumed and could not understand why. But the girls knew why. They had already seen whither the eyes of the young men of their generation were turning.

And now the cat is well out of the bag. The numerically large majority of the armed services, which means the majority of the nation's potential lovers and husbands, want to meet the girl who works. She's the girl who can dance and dress and have a good time. She's reasonably accessible to dates or wooing, but so able to take care of herself that a sensible man can leave her to set the social standard to suit her own notions of propriety. She has a good job and means to keep it for the duration. But once she sets her heart on a man she begins to plan with interest, and not without sound knowledge, for his career when the war is over. To the man in the armed services, cut loose from all his peacetime moorings and troubled about his future, she seems to know what life is all about better than he knows himself. Into her capable hands he can commit the broken fragments of his youth and his still nebulous dreams of life as it may some day be, believing that she will somehow make something of them.

Time was when the professional girl sat like Cinderella in the ashes and tried to think that a career would do instead of a home, while the social girl and the home girl went off to dance with the prince. Now the prince has found her out. For it is she who is the sweetheart of the army and the navy and the air force and their hope of a future wife.

4

Two years ago, some bright young women proposed to form a Society for the Encouragement of Masculinity in Men. When I saw one of these girls the other day and asked her how the movement was getting along, she said the women don't have to bother about it any more because the army and the navy have taken it right off their hands.

The fact is that a good many women think that they can do without sugar and gas very well so long as the war brings back to the social scene some *men*. For the whole sex begins to look so brave and honest and healthy and substantial now, and seems to be doing all that a woman used vainly to wish that her own dear Pain-in-the-Neck would do. One no longer has to sigh, "Where is the man I could lean on, even if I don't want to?" He seems to be all over the place.

The change began, of course, with clothes and grooming and setting-up exercises. They enormously improve a man's personality and give him sex appeal or whatever it is that a woman is looking for. This isn't because a woman likes a uniform. It is because of what must be done to the human form if a uniform is not to look ridiculous on it. There's one thing that neither an honest woman nor a uniform can tolerate—and that's a belly. There's one thing that a uniform and all good women make the most of—and that is shoulders. If a man hasn't a shoulder where a woman can lay her head—but anyway he has it now. Messrs. Hitler, Hirohito, and Co. have seen to that.

This is why an eyeful of the armed forces is likely to put the boy friend who has not been drafted yet at a distinct disadvantage. Against those bronzed, outdoor skins, his looks pale and pasty. Against those trim waistlines and well-set-up shoulders, he spreads and slouches. His suit doesn't fit the way a uniform does, and those old white shoes from off the campus are not what they used to be!

Another thing the armed forces do for a man is to give him something tough to do. Man, as a sex, is simply not suited to a life of ease. He can't even appreciate a woman properly unless he has something else that is really important on his mind. Now, if he isn't in the armed forces, he is at least flying planes for the Pan American Airways or taking cargo ships to Russia for the Maritime Commission or risking his neck bringing oil from Venezuela or building army bases or naval bases or roads to Alaska or making guns or, as a doctor, doing the hard, dirty work of the medical profession. And men like your own hero in khaki or navy blue are performing incredible deeds of daring every day. It makes you realize that he can do them too, when he has to. It restores your faith in man.

So now a woman can take all that old stuff about flattering a man and making him feel like a big he-fellow—when she was doing most of the work and taking all the gaff!—and she can throw it into the ash can. He *is* a big he-fellow, and he *is* taking it. With great satisfaction, she can now settle down and flatter and coddle him to her heart's content, knowing that it will be a long time before he can again take a mean advantage of it.

War is a man's great chance to set his sex right in the little woman's eyes. And maybe this time, when men get the advantage, they'll have the sense to keep it. They made a feeble attempt after the last war to carry over the manliness of war into the peacetime dignity that the dear fellows really deserve but seem to have no idea how to manage. They got right after that peculiarly asinine masculine image which had usurped the social stage. They made a wholesale attack on Babbitt. They kicked out of the house the lordly father at the sound of whose boots the whole family trembled. Recently a woman has been able to go to the theater with her lord and master and precious boy and heartily enjoy with him a little fun at the expense of the male animal and the man who came to dinner and the insecurities of life with father—all in a thor-

oughly grown-up way. And now Hitler and Mussolini have pretty well finished the job of demolishing the bogus male by dividing most of his current asininites between them.

So now, at last, we see shouldering his way quietly into the limelight a fellow in uniform who really is a man and acts like it. A good, honest, healthy, competent human being, he asks relatively little flattery from a woman but gives her instead a deal of heartfelt sentiment. What he can do for her, he does in every way possible. And what he can't, he very sensibly leaves in her hands. He doesn't try to put on a special act himself, or, thank Heaven, ask a woman to. And this decidedly clears the atmosphere and lightens the road to home, sweet home.

5

When it comes to finding the man of your hopes or the girl of your dreams in the world we are at present trying to survive in, it is best to be a little chary of what the woman's pages say and what the picture magazines for, tired salemen, full of undressed girlyies in froufrous, subtly suggest. Much of the lighter literature of love and sex is not aimed at marrying people at all. It is aimed at the adolescents who are making their first essays at kissing in the dark or are developing a "line" which can't possibly lead them anywhere for some time. Or else it tries to make up with rose light and honey dew to people whose experience has been insufficient or unsatisfactory. That is why the real attitudes of the armed services and their more popular hostesses seems so much more sensible and grown up than popular magazines and advertising would lead one to suppose. They aren't reading about love. They are finding it. Or else they are wisely looking for it in the great social-military concourse where it now is.

For youth that would salvage its heart's future out of our present social debacle must keep itself in circulation, and it must work fast. The circulation is provided for in the universal

dancing parties, large and small, which have been arranged for the members of the armed forces and all our visiting allies. Since dancing has been agreed upon as the most generally popular and acceptable means of social meeting, the first step in the securing of a mate is to step out smartly on the ballroom floor.

If you can't dance, the only thing to do is to learn. That, too, is generously provided for. When some boys were moved in from the West to man the antiaircraft guns outside the city of Washington, they pined with loneliness. All around, the army camps were throbbing to dance music, night after night. On the highways 5,000 girls every week were being carried out to make sweetness and light of an evening for some lucky fellows. At first the boys from the great open spaces were a little bewildered. To get a busful of girls you had to dance. And they couldn't dance!

But they were not bewildered long. The day came when past the busses bound for the camps there threaded a happy line of jeeps each triumphantly full of curled heads and smiling red lips, bound for the antiaircraft guns. Since the antiaircraft wasn't quite equal yet to girls as dancing partners, the boys had negotiated for dancing teachers. And the moral of that is that if you can't dance, learning to dance will do just as well, provided you have the right instructor.

Once you set your feet in motion, the next thing to do is to develop a good carry-over from the public dance. It is one of the unwritten social laws of this emergency that if men and women who meet publicly really wish to see each other again, there's a perfectly proper way of doing it. Ladies of hospitality committees, citizens who have offered their homes as social centers on occasion for young people stand all around. A good dance breaks up into a perfect shower of picnics and wiener roasts and piano parties—where everybody gathers around somebody's piano and sings. Everything that has made good clean American fun for the last fifty years has been resurrected

in the more enterprising communities and is free for all. People roast popcorn at fireplaces and make fudge or pull taffy in kitchens; they go on hikes; they borrow canoes; they even have hay rides and sleigh rides. But all this goes on without penetrating the consciousness of many a lonely soul who has been exposed to no social life outside the juke joint and the shared glass of beer. So just open your eyes and look, Brother. And as for you, Sister, *circulate*.

6

Recently a well-known and trusted newspaper counselor on personal problems was asked whether the kind of questions that had come to her since Pearl Harbor differed from those which came to her before. Were there new personal problems growing out of the war, or did people go along tangling up their lives in the same old way and seeking just about the same kind of advice and assistance? At first she replied that personal problems seemed to be just about what they had always been. But afterward she amended this by saying that there was one type of letter which now came in in considerable numbers and which she had become so used to that she had forgotten that this question had not always existed. This is the letter from the girl who wishes to know whether to marry her soldier or sailor now—with no hope of a home in sight for years, and long separations impending. Apparently Mrs. Roosevelt, who is the Number One Personal Counselor of the nation, has received this type of letter too, for she has several times given an answer to it.

The general and accepted answer is "Yes—if." But the ifs are tremendous.

The first if is *if* you love him as a woman has to love a man when she takes him for life, for better or for worse. For, in this case, it will very likely be for worse. There is many a romance or romantic friendship that is sweet while it lasts and may leave a fragrance in the memory all one's life, but

which nevertheless has not the toughness, the inevitability of the kind of love that makes a marriage. If you are going to take on a wartime marriage, you have to be pretty sure about the kind of love yours is—because your love is going to go into battle against every kind of odds. You have to be pretty sure that it's the real *you*—the deep, essential you which makes up your mind to this step and not some accident of propinquity or mood of wartime adventure.

For when you marry a man who is in the armed services or who is about to be drafted or who is, in any other way, serving his country as seaman or workman far from home in the midst of great dangers, this is what you and he undertake: you undertake to love and wait for each other, with half the world perhaps between you, while the months and years drag on, and, at the same time, both of you are very young and are being forced to develop rapidly under the pressure of quite different circumstances. If you can be together for a little while now, you are building your nest in a hurricane. If you must wait till after the war, you will build your home in the ashes of a ruined world. And though many kind and happy people stand up with you at the altar to give you into each other's arms, with them stands also, at every wartime wedding, the shadowy figure of Death. There is no use evading these facts. The last ones who wish to evade them are the boys and girls themselves. I have never seen any young couple, in these circumstances, who did not recognize frankly that in what they were doing there was a call to heroism.

To recognize it is one thing. But to have the techniques to meet it is quite another. Here, for example, is a sweet young thing, a good, pretty little girl and something of a nitwit who had never moved out of her home town of Portland, Maine, except to go on a social visit to Boston. On this visit she had met a young engineer employed by the Maritime Commission on the ships that were carrying cargos to Russia. She forthwith married him. Life thereafter was a furious whirl. Since he

received good pay and had accumulated considerable money during the winter months in the arctic when there was nothing he could buy, he had money to spend on his brief honeymoon ashore, and he spent it wildly. He took a suite for them in a hotel in New York. He ordered her everything she could think of in the way of gowns and negligees. They went out to night clubs night after night and danced till dawn. It was a crazy, joyous spree. "Our first," he said, "and maybe our last." Night clubs, theaters, hotels, skyscrapers, luxurious negligees, love—the good, prim, little New England girl hastily rose to the height of it all. She bloomed like a winter tulip brought up out of the frosty cellar and forced with heat and light. She acquired almost overnight a delicate sophistication. She gave herself utterly to the ardor of a man starved through long months of bitter winter work for love and luxury and a woman's graces and learned more in an hour of things not mentioned in a good little New England girl's upbringing than she had learned of anything else in her whole lifetime. And then the mad, enchanted days were past and he was off on a convoy to Russia. No word would come from him for months, perhaps.

"Somehow I think it's my last trip, baby," he said.

"Don't, please don't," she entreated, her poor little brain and heart trying to rise to the desperate dignity of parting. "Remember you've got me to come back to."

"Yes, I know it. And you know it. But do those damned Nazis know it?" he answered gloomily.

"If you telegraph me, or cable me, to come anywhere, wherever you are I'll come—I'll get there somehow—and be with you as long as I can," she said, wanting so much to be a wife but knowing nothing that she could do.

"Better take care of yourself," he said gently. "There's nothing for us to do except for me to get back when and if I can."

And so he was gone. And she was left alone in a hotel room

in New York, with no plans and no prospects, nothing remaining of her marriage except a letter to her from his mother. For, unable to think what he could do for his wife, he had written to mother. And mother wrote, suggesting the only thing she could think of, which was that the girl should come and stay with her in her home in a small prairie village in Texas.

The little wife who had never traveled anywhere, who did not even know how to check her own baggage, got a map at the hotel desk and studied it. Where was Texas, anyway? How could she ever get there? But she'd better go. It would be something to be able to talk to his mother in the months ahead. And so she propelled herself toward Texas, in a kind of dream. She was completely incurious. She had no interest in anything that might be seen in her travels. She had no resources of any sort. She had only her poor little heart and the beautiful feverish memory of those wild days in New York and the stark horror of the unknown. She refused to read newspapers because they told about war, and all she knew about war was that she hated it.

After a week of mental and physical confusion, she somehow arrived in the village in Texas and faced, with a shudder, the necessity of living now with a strange woman—in this place. The woman was very kind, but everything was so queer. And here in Texas the first news that she heard on the radio was that the convoy her husband had sailed with had been attacked and two supply ships had been sunk!

Nothing can help that child through the myriad adaptations, confusions, and tormenting anxieties of her life except a progressive training of her now underdeveloped mind and the attainment of some independent life of her own. Most parents are quite ready to take the war bride back under the shelter of the old roof tree. But this is the last place in the world for the bride. A girl mature enough to be a wife is mature enough to set up life for herself. The boys who leave these shores are

going to come back men—confused, tired, shattered men in many cases, but no longer boys. It will be scant kindness to them to preserve their wives for them in a state of girlish inexperience, safe under mamma and papa's wing.

Most of the more intelligent young people realize this. For their wartime marriages they have a plan. The plan usually involves work for the young wife or training leading to work and some kind of center—usually only a single room—which they call home, and of which she remains the mistress. It means everything to her to furnish some little place and put up his pictures and keep some of his things for him and receive letters and messages for him at his own address. And it means everything to him, far away, to have pictures of a little corner which belongs to him and her alone, to think of her there waiting for him—at home, in his own home.

So let all brides and bridegrooms put their heads together and work out first of all a plan to occupy her hours while he is away and to keep her working and developing against the time when she can be a real wife. And then let them set up some kind of intimate little housekeeping center which is all their own where she can practice the domestic arts. There are frustrations enough in a wartime marriage without frustrating, in addition, the desire of every young pair to set up its own nest. It is good for her to have the home and good for him to help her to get it and to think of her in it and to contribute to it in so far as his pay allows. It's one thing they can hold to in an otherwise stormy world.

One of the happiest and most-satisfied young bridegrooms who has returned to an army camp for a long time was one who married a competent little girl who worked in a department store in a near-by city. She had found a tiny, inexpensive apartment, had purchased a secondhand refrigerator and stove, a box spring and mattress, and yards of bright calico drapery. He spent his honeymoon there very happily, carpentering a bookcase and putting up the draperies as fast as she

hemmed them, and otherwise joyously playing house. He said with great satisfaction that he was having a boxful of his belongings and school mementos sent there from home. "The rent's so little that she thinks she can swing it all the while that I am gone," he said dotingly. "She's really a wonderful girl."

It is because they feel the need of girls who can take hold of life in this spirited way that the armed forces are so outspokenly in favor of the girls who work. Where a man in wartime employment, who is forced to be away from home on dangerous missions, marries a young or inexperienced girl, like the engineer's little wife from Portland, the kindest provision he can make for her is to awaken her ambition to study in his absence and to guide her to work that she might do. Some men who have the advantage of years or education are doing wonders now to encourage and call out the talents of the girl left behind in the home town and to use their own widening experience to point out ways to her.

A well-educated young man who is a new private, at the beginner's pay, and who has nothing on earth to offer the girl of his heart, has won her everlasting gratitude by "being such a revelation to me." When he found that she was very unhappy about the war and the uncertainty that beset their hopes of marriage, he got her to promise to sit down every evening and write out everything on her mind—anything she had been thinking of at any time of the day—and to send it to him. He began to suggest books for her to read. Finally he suggested to her a good job in a city some distance from their former home town and arranged an interview with the manager who has since hired her.

The kind of interest which this private is able to take in the daily life and the future of the girl he left behind in the home town and her grateful and enterprising response to it is the best guarantee that they can work out a marriage, even over great reaches of space and time. Indeed it is the only kind of guarantee that exists for any young pair whom war is bound

to separate. Unless they can communicate with each other fully and trustfully and can imaginatively share in all the details of each other's existence, they might as well give up the idea of life together. If each can sit down and write to the other a full warm letter, full of everything—the fun and trials of the day, the little technical minutiae of one's own occupation and duties, the doubts and fears, the loneliness and longing for love, the memories of the past, the dreams of the future, the way one feels about life and death and love and sex—if each can do this, with full assurance that the other will understand and answer sympathetically and unselfishly, and perhaps helpfully, a marriage can not only survive, it can grow and develop, even against long separation. But if you have no means of communication except love and kisses and nothing to do together except keep house, you may as well wait for the armistice. Plenty of good warm, stable marriages are made in peacetime out of nothing but love and kisses and housekeeping. But not in wartime.

On the other hand, despite the difficulties and frustrations of a situation that tears asunder practically all the young people of this generation, it is heartening to remember that love and family life survived for generations along our New England coast under conditions quite as trying as those which young people now face. Young men went to sea at sixteen. An around-the-world sea voyage often lasted for three years. But scamen found sweethearts, and the sweethearts married them and watched and waited for them against every kind of harrowing uncertainty. For their faraway men the wives kept little homes which were so smart and neat and pretty that the little white houses of New England seafaring villages remain today as one of the few real architectural monuments of our past. The children of these marriages grew up and the sons went to sea and the daughters waited for seamen to come home, as their mothers had done before them.

For a hundred years people lived like that in the seacoast

villages of New England and maintained a domestic life that was warm and faithful and which has left for the most part a cheerful memory. Grandmother in Blue Hill, Maine, managed to be a wife all her days to a man in mortal danger on the Pacific and in the Coral seas, and in the end, when his hair was gray, he came back to her and they settled down as cozy and loving as you please. And it never did either of them the least harm. In fact, they seemed a little braver and brisker and more mutually gallant than most old people. And they did have a sight to talk about. Folks used to think they'd live forever, because they just couldn't bear to die before they had told each other all about everything.

However the elders may look askance at the uncertainties of the future, the young people have only one word to describe the state of mind in which most of them seem to be. This is the word "wonderful." It is the omnibus term of the minute. It serves for everything. "Just married beautiful, wonderful girl," telegraphs a son to his parents. "I fell in love with him at sight, and ever since he has been giving me reasons to think he is wonderful," writes a daughter.

In this war there is very little of the articulate emotionalism of the last war—comparatively few songs, little poetry, few heartbroken protests against it all. But there is, at least in America, a warmhearted faith in love. Young people find few obstacles in meeting socially, and there is a cordial good will on the part of their elders in smoothing the path to the altar. Wedding bells ring at all hours and ceremonies are ingeniously but gracefully inserted into the most exacting schedules. Right in the face of a world that rocks on its foundations, the boys and girls dare to stand up, hand in hand, and say that it is "wonderful."

And perhaps it is.

The Cordial Art of Homemaking

THERE is a little house which is taking its place in history alongside of My Old Kentucky Home and the Little Gray Home in the West. It is the home which has suddenly become for some ten million soldiers, sailors, aviators, and production workers, and for an indefinitely large number of dislocated families, their own private picture of Paradise Lost.

This little home didn't have an old oaken bucket that hung in the well. But it had a wonderful bright little kitchen, where you just pressed buttons, pushed levers, and turned faucets, and everything happened. Coffee bubbled in a glass coffee maker, cream whipped in an electric mixer, toast popped up at you, golden brown, and the oven indicator turned over quietly and told you that dinner was ready. In this kitchen there was an icebox which was a million-dollar descendant of the widow's cruse, for out of it you could draw at all hours Coca-Cola, beer, and delicatessen snacks; and always when the next set of neighbors dropped in or your daughter's third beau to appear that evening was hungry, there seemed to be more.

This house had a bathroom too, with bright-colored towels and innumerable things in cans and bottles that smelled like the flowers of June, and it had a car tucked right under the same roof with the family and kept warm in winter by the very same furnace—just as snug as the old lady's pig in the parlor.

This house also had a living room where you practically never lived. But when and if you did pay a call on your supposed place of habitation, you found this room fresh and cozy—warm in winter, cool in summer—with a deep-cushioned chair wherein you could sink and reach out your hand to the side table and find cigarettes in a box, the latest magazine, and a radio.

This little house had a little piece of lawn in front and a small enclosed garden at the back, with a perennial border and some seats or a swing. This was often called the outdoor living room—but why *living* no one could say, for you almost never lived there either. The principal function of the garden was to be watered by a hose held by a lone gentleman, lost in pleasant rumination.

The home was completely, often beautifully, and meticulously ordered by an invisible presence. Somebody at some time cleaned the bathroom and put out all those fresh towels. Somebody laid out the magazines, dusted the living room, and even pinned the day's radio program above the radio. Somebody left a roast luciously fireless cooking in the stove that turned off its own heat. Somebody stocked the icebox and left the refrigerator tray full of a delicious concoction that was going to be ice cream. Presumably this somebody was the lady of the house. But if you ever saw her, she was far from home pursuing the career of a jitney driver. She was taking the children to school or taxiing husband to the station or collecting produce at the market or, a little more brightly rouged, curled, and frilled than usual, was calling for a friend with whom she was driving to a club meeting or a bridge party.

This was the American home, the standard home of the city suburbs and the small town, the kind of home that every other house aspired to be, the kind that was put up en masse by Federal housing, even for those who had never lived outside a rabbit warren or chicken coop before, the kind that

2,500 busy home-demonstration agents all over the country were making the old farmhouse over into. In 1941 when Pearl Harbor was bombed, 2,000,000 farm families were actively doing something to make over that home, home on the range and that little shack way down on the Swanee River and that little gray home in the West into the best possible imitation of this home, complete even to the pretty and well-dressed lady of the house who wasn't in it but who was very happy somewhere else at a club meeting.

For this little house, which appeared to be maintained and enjoyed by the American family principally in absentia, was to us truly a home, sweet home. We know that now. We know that deeply and sincerely we loved it. And wherever we are now, our one idea is to get back to it. If we are fighting this war for anything, it is to keep that home just what it was or to make it more so—complete with all its gadgets, or more and better ones—and instinct with that easy, warmhearted life which we somehow managed to center under its roof without ever appearing to stay put there.

The American home was like no other home that ever was for two good reasons—one material and the other social. In the first place, we had contrived to reduce all the grosser machinery involved in keeping life going to a kind of immaterial magic. In the second place, the individual home rested securely in the neighborly community of homes just like it. No hedge shut you off from your neighbors, no walls from the street. The doors opened directly into the living room and were seldom locked. You could go away at any time and leave your house wide open. If friends came to see you and you weren't there, they might settle down calmly in your house and wait for you. If the laundryman called with a package and you were not at home to receive it, the neighbor would obligingly take it in and might even pay for it. Somebody always fed the dog and looked after your children. Thus everybody, in a friendly, casual, unobtrusive way, looked after everybody else.

Because the values of home were invisible and intangible, seldom expressed but deeply felt and everywhere understood, and because we had, almost unknown to ourselves, succeeded in spiritualizing and universalizing home life, which in so many parts of the world is still ponderously material and jealously exclusive, observers often said that Americans had no homes. No homes? What else did we have? The home was the beginning and end of our lives. It was our hobby, our amusement, the thing we were always tinkering with and doing something about. It was a wonderful toy which father and mother and children possessed in common. All our industry was keyed to ways and means of finding more and still more means of enhancing our many joys and satisfactions in running and happily playing with the machinery of home.

Though we had a lot of fun with our houses and had turned much that used to be drudgery into our favorite leisure-time amusement, nevertheless all that was best and dearest in our personal lives was firmly anchored there. When, through the necessities of war, we are divorced from our homes and forced to eat in restaurants or mess halls, to sleep in barracks, dormitories, or hotels, and to mill around continually with the crowd, we feel spiritually bruised, like one who has lost his love or his religion. Ask the soldier or the government girl in Washington or the dweller in a government trailer in a production center. They know now what home means.

They show that they know what it means by being very homesick. I don't think that so many Americans were homesick in the last war, or, by all reports, are such a large proportion of displaced Britons homesick now. The general stirring together of people in wartime and the development of many communal facilities for meeting and doing things together often means a great sense of personal release. In the last war a lot of us were glad to escape from the home. It seemed pretty much of a cage or a prison. There are reports that British women are very cheerful about working well outside the

nursery and the kitchen. One observer says that probably British women as a whole have never been so really happy as now.

But a lot of Americans who have been accustomed to living in the kinds of homes and communities I have just described—which, if not the numerically preponderant type, is certainly the standard type, the kind that all our civilization aims for and points to—a lot of these contented and blessed citizens don't feel that home ever was a cage. War has nothing to give them in the way of communal excitement and personal release which they did not have already. And it is taking away from them a wonderful sense of emotional security that they somehow found in the place where they occasionally hung their hat and parked their car.

And so the kind of domestic life we have had is being wistfully idealized in camps and industrial towns and on the ships at sea. It is the picture to us of all that we mean by the American standard of living and democracy and free opportunity for all. The little house, with its patch of front lawn and its kitchen, bathroom, and garage, is the center of our memories and the focus of our dreams, and just as soon as we can get out of the mess that we are in we are going right back to it to make it ever so much more of what it was.

For that little house we are ready to sacrifice and to die. Our real idea of making peace on earth, good will to men, prevail after this wicked war is over is to stop this manufacture of guns and to turn all the factories back to making our dear domestic items in such a superabundance that we can not only settle back into the happiness we once had, but can offer most of the rest of the world the chance to go and live in just about the same way. Higher good than that the American cannot as yet conceive.

2

Though we run our homes on gadgets, the fact is that every time we get a new gadget, we have at the same time to get

the skill to use it. Every one of our pet pieces of machinery has a set of sound housekeeping ideas surrounding it, ideas which were introduced into our domestic routines by the item in question, and all the bright printed literature that came with it or by the persuasions of its demonstrators, but which may well survive as the machinery gets old and there is no new model to take its place. Take the glass coffee maker, for example. Scour as we might that old coffee pot of grand-ma's, we never did feel absolutely obliged to get all scent and stain of coffee out of it every time. But when we got the glass coffee maker, which cost five good dollars or thereabouts and came home, looking so glittering and handsome, to its place on the buffet, we just naturally had to learn a new idea of immaculateness in coffee making. We didn't have the conscience to leave the least trace of smudge on all that glass glitter, and if the thing was to stand right up there in public on the buffet, it had to put its best foot forward.

So with the vacuum cleaner. A little dust was neither here nor there when one flourished the old feather duster. The dust that came off the library table might just as well fall on the carpet—and usually did. But when we plugged in and set up the vacuum cleaner, all the dust that could be collected seemed all too little for a machine like that. We zzz-ed the dust off the ceiling molding where it had lain serene all these years and we sucked it out of the couch and combed it out of the carpet—and then we looked around for more.

And now, though the glass coffee maker gets old and the vacuum cleaner begins to wheeze and the village handy man must improvise a part for it, the idea we got of the way to give a really high polish to housekeeping will still survive. Maybe we can make it a compensation for our disintegrating prewar machinery. Maybe we can make old things look new by a little more earnest attention and make old machinery respond like the latest graduate of the factory to a tender and experienced touch. The more we cherish our old stuff the more we are

going to love it. And the more we can keep home looking just as bright and fresh and easy as it used to look the more we are helping to snap our collective fingers right in the face of the enemy.

For though our gadgets of blessed memory have been our means to the higher housekeeping, the fact is that what we really aspire to—and what every good wife and mother is in a fair way to realizing—is something much greater than mechanics. It is nothing less than a release of man from the burden and mess of his body. And in what she is able to accomplish in this way, the modern housewife is giving her family considerably more than most of the rich still get in the fanciest hotels and vastly more than the kings of old ever got in their palaces. In many big hotels where people pay twenty-five dollars a day for suites, there is behind the handsome façade of salons and lobby a kind of murky and stewy hinterland—a steamy kitchen, some not-so-nice lounging places for servants, dim and bare, and several storage rooms where things are piled in a way that would keep any good wife awake o' nights. But there is nothing like that in the house of Mrs. Brown, who keeps her family fed and washed and provided with heat, light, and electric power on a household budget of some twenty-five dollars a week.

Mrs. Brown's kitchen is a small glittering jewel box of a place, white and black and buttercup yellow, in which all surfaces shine with cleanliness. Everywhere the eye turns it finds something pretty or amusing—quaint little figures on the window curtains, entertaining advice about vitamins pinned on the wall, pots and pans and mixing bowls of gay colors. In her storage room, a small place under the stairs, the light turns on as the door opens, and the scent of a faintly aromatic deodorant and moth-repellent stuff she bought at the dime store to keep the place fresh meets your nostrils. There, in neat boxes with bright labels, various treasures are packed away, and clothes not needed show dimly through cellophane covers. Walls and floors are painted a light green

—just as if this were a boudoir instead of a place for the junk. It looks clean, and together with the deodorant gives a pleasant impression of freshness. It cost Mrs. Brown a fifty-cent can of paint and a rather entertaining session with brushes and turpentine to get it all fixed up. And every time she opens the door she loves it.

All of Mrs. Brown's house is like that, and few people have more fun doing anything than she has in keeping it so. Her husband likes it too. He put in the light that turns on when the door opens and made all the cupboards in the kitchen. They never lack for amusement in Mrs. Brown's house. If a dull moment threatens, all they have to do is to get out some mail-order catalogues and nursery catalogues, leaf through the piles of house and garden magazines, and find something else to do to make their neat and pretty house and garden still neater and prettier.

Doing something to the Brown house is a drama in three acts. In the first act they read all the sales and periodical literature and go around and measure and plan and discuss and sit around the shaded lamp and draw little plans. And then they make an expedition to town and, after extensive window shopping, they buy something, usually in the dime-to-dollar store. This they supplement with a mail order, which brings a pleasant little stir along with the postman several days later. As many times as the Browns have got things by mail, the coming of the package still feels like Christmas to them. This is the first act.

The second act is a tense and excited battle with the natural cussedness of wood, stone, cement, or paint, and an adventure, at first hesitating and dubious and finally gloriously triumphant, in turning directions on paper into a finished table, floor, pergola, sun parlor, pool, rock garden, or what have you.

The third act begins in ecstatic contemplation by the whole family and sometimes by the friends and neighbors of the

latest addition to the Brown household picture. This gradually subsides into critical review of what they have done, conversations about a little improvement of it here and there, anecdotes about the various crises in achieving this great work, and finally into settled contentment as the new achievement amalgamates with the landscape of home, sweet home, and is henceforth taken for granted. At this point the Browns look around for something else to do to their place.

3

Having eliminated mess from domestic life and planted in its place a whole flower bed of small bright inventions, we have proceeded to get rid of drudgery. This is an innovation which may yet alter the whole face of human life on this globe. For always in the past, and in most places outside of our own country even today, the getting rid of mess for the few meant drafting a lot of people into drudgery. If an American now goes to some place in Mexico or India or China where he is removed from his mechanisms, he immediately finds that he cannot live decently without a servant. In other words, the theory of all civilization hitherto has been that one cannot be clean, comfortable, and moderately supplied with leisure, fun, and beauty without depriving somebody else of all these goods. This is the theory on which the Axis powers are fighting the war. They think that to live well one must have a lot of human slaves. This theory begins by making the woman as housewife the slave of the man, then by releasing her from this condition, more or less, by getting her a slave, and so on down the line.

But we ordinary, middle-class Americans strike this whole brutal idea right in the heart by getting after it where it usually lives and flourishes the longest—in the home. We not only banish mess. We banish drudgery. The average home functions with practically no drudgery, partly by reason of our domestic machinery but partly also by reason of skill.

The amount of skill, or highly experienced sleight of hand and gracefully concealed self-discipline, that is necessary to make the modern American home function is often overlooked by these lugubrious economists who give you lectures on the virtues of the home-that-was before modern machinery condemned the housewife to idleness. It is true that in the old days in country houses there was a deal of weaving, food preserving, and manufacturing of all sorts which we don't do nowadays. But who did it? Mainly an army of servants and relatives. The mistress administered the home then as now, and it is doubtful if the administration now is any easier. For every time we take away from the homemaker a material responsibility we give her a spiritual or a social one. The modern housewife doesn't need to be much—only an expert nutritionist, with the vitamins at her finger tips and a capacity for lightning calculation of calories; a bit of a psychiatrist, with at least a working knowledge of complexes and psychological conditioning and the sexual basis of behavior, in the family and out of it; a purchasing agent; a public relations counsel for the family; a taxicab driver; a handy repair man; an interior decorator; and a whole-time worker for money or part-time worker outside the home for the community good. The kind of administrative intelligence that our brave pioneer mothers directed toward a large family unit under one roof, the modern housewife has to turn in all directions throughout the community and the present social and economic order.

The management of the modern home is not to be lightly esteemed because a pretty woman with one foot on the gas and one ear to the telephone seems to be taking it lightly. That air of being casually at ease while carrying half the world on one shoulder and half on the other is just the housewife's little act. It's something one develops the way a once-publicized athlete developed the capacity for lying on the ground and letting a heavily loaded truck run over him and then rising

and doing a jitterbug dance to show that what would have killed somebody else just made him feel fine.

4

The peculiar skill which a good homemaker develops in keeping a million and one items on her mind and still seeming to give John, big or little, her wholehearted attention rests on three tricks of administration, which are equally valid in business or politics but are seldom carried there to such perfection as is frequently achieved in a first-class home.

The first trick is that of *piecemeal work*. All good housekeepers are piecemeal housekeepers. In a house you never seem to have a chance to do anything in one fell swoop. Some of us can remember the awfulness of some days at home before women acquired their present knack of dividing all jobs into small pieces and doing them piece by piece when they could. There was washday, when the damp odor of soapsuds smote you as you stuck your head in at the door and luncheon was a gray warmed-over affair and supper was still blanketed in an atmosphere of suds. And then there was spring house cleaning, when the family was practically turned out into the street for weeks on end. And there was dressmaking time, when noon meals again lost all zest and quality and the air seemed to be choked with floating threads and lint and stray scraps of cloth.

Few homemakers subject the family to these successive crises now. I know a large country home of fourteen rooms, some of them very large rooms, which undergoes a most drastic spring renovation at the hands of a busy housewife who devotes one hour a day for six weeks in spring to a piecemeal cleanup. She polishes every floor, wipes down every bit of woodwork, cleans every window, and washes, cleans, repairs, or replaces every bit of drapery, and in addition paints the woodwork and refinishes floors and furniture in three rooms each spring so that each room in the house is completely

redecorated once every three years. One hardly notices that it is being done because it is accomplished in an hour when the family is away. All they ever see is only a "Wet Paint" sign here, a window stripped of drapery there, and a gradually growing brightness, and freshness, and newness coming into all the house like summer into the garden. And though she works like fury for an hour or so each day, immersed in soapsuds or dripping with paint, she loves it. An hour of hard work can be fun for any healthy woman. It is the hours on end that wear one down.

There are many varieties of the piecemeal plan. One is the *pick-up-as-you-go* plan. Not only the homemaker but all the members of the family should be schooled in it. It means putting your things away the minute you come in, straightening out the library table when you lay the magazine back on it, picking up and emptying ash trays every time you notice them, washing out the bathroom basin after you wash your hands. To bring up children to do this gives a certain elegance and comeliness to their motions and behavior wherever they are; it is one of those things that mark the gentleman or the lady. A husband who keeps a not exacting but pleasantly considerate eye for detail and is helpful in cooperating with the lady of the house in her little passing acts of attention to the environment adds definitely to his glamour as a man and a host. You don't know exactly why Mr. So-and-So seems so chivalrous and considerate, but he does.

Another version of the piecemeal plan is the *five-minute plan*. There are an extraordinary number of little tasks involved in keeping a pleasant environment or in administering personal affairs which can be done in five minutes. It takes about five minutes to make a bed, to wipe the dust from exposed surfaces in a medium-sized room, to set the breakfast table for four. Many other tasks can be performed in multiples of five minutes. A great many little things which irritate and pile up into a sense of frustration or an inferiority complex about one's

person could be remedied in five minutes. It would take only about five minutes to mend that rent in that curtain, if you had the thread handy. It would take five minutes to write out that check and enclose it with a bill in the envelope and put a stamp on it. It would take only five minutes to call up Helen. It would take only five minutes, but you don't do it. And so all the little things you don't do pile up, and pretty soon you are living in mess and confusion and never having time for anything.

The five-minute plan consists in dividing all your miscellaneous tasks into five-minute units and writing them down, with their allotment of one, two, three five-minute periods to them. Then every time you have a spare five minutes, you simply do something on your list and cross off the item—with a great sense of satisfaction. The advantage of this method is twofold. In the first place, it pours soothing balm on your own anxious psyche. For the largest and most formidable tasks, the jobs which give you the very jitters to contemplate, seem to disintegrate into nothing in particular when you divide them up into five-, ten-, and fifteen-minute units. The completion of each unit gives you a sense of triumph which pushes you painlessly, sometimes even eagerly, into the next part of the task. In the second place, much of the time you spend in this way is really salvage. In this way you organize waste moments, bit by bit, into the pattern of a graceful comely life.

In this, as in many other respects, the method of the good housewife is one that can be employed by anyone who wishes to keep order in his personal life. For one can accomplish almost anything in five-minute periods, provided there are enough of them. One can repair a friendship, win a lover, get an education, or save one's soul. One can catch up on one's correspondence, letter by letter, message by message. One can thoughtfully telephone to Jane or remember something that would please Henry. One can start to read through the Harvard classics or the Bible. Every one of us has as core of

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nagging little aspirations—things we think we ought to do and plan to do and try to inspire ourselves to do, but never do do after all. If you take the most urgent of your aspirations and start devoting to it all the spare five minutes you find lying around loose in a day, your life may begin to look as fresh and inviting as Mary Smith's well-kept house. The minutes sift through our fingers like gold dust. Collect any little pile of this shining stuff, and lo, you have a treasure.

5

Next to the piecemeal plan the most useful technique in keeping a house—or a life—is the *something-over-for-investment* plan. This consists in that superlative way of performing a task which the handy housewife covers in the phrase "I might as well, while I am about it." While she's cooking potatoes for supper, she might as well cook a few extra, and there's the basis for salad or hashed brown tomorrow. While she's buying chambray for a dress for Jennie, she might as well get an extra yard and make a little pinafore of the same material. It will look cute and save washing. While she's doing the week's marketing, she might as well lay in a few things for the company shelf—just so we shall be prepared in case Jan and Ellen should drive over for lunch.

Of course this hearty way of doing your jobs, always with a little surplusage here and there which helps you along with your next task, is just as useful in business and professional life. While you are talking with Mr. Hubbell about this piece of business, you might as well suggest something else and let him think about it. While the newspaper reporter is filling today's assignment, he might as well collect an item or two that will start him off on tomorrow's work or will be something to follow up next week. All constructive activity should include some investment in still greater activity tomorrow.

The third technique followed by all good housekeepers is akin to this investment plan. It consists in looking forward to

any major task, then chiseling off a piece of it and doing that piece now by way of preparation.

Mrs. Bowden, for example, is a country housekeeper, wife of a prosperous farmer, and as such she does nearly as much manufacturing at home as did our pioneer great-grandmothers. For Mrs. Bowden the canning of the garden surplus is a major activity, and sometimes when she sees the prospect of all those string beans ripening at the same moment that the plums start falling from the tree, her heart quails.

But Mrs. Bowden has learned the psychological value of certain rites of preparation. Two days before she is going to can, she gets out all the jars, washes them, and sets them up on a side table where she sees them every few minutes. One day before she cans she gets out the pressure cooker and scours it and makes sure it is all right. She sets this up by the cans. After two or three other motions in the direction of canning, something seems to take hold of her. Far from disliking the idea of canning, she begins to look forward to it. She sees the jars full of beans and plums. They are going to look better than last year. Maybe she will get a prize at the state fair. And by this time you couldn't stop Mrs. Bowden from pitching right in and preserving all that stuff if you tried.

Mrs. Bowden sews in the same way, for she is one of the women who still thinks that the garment trade is her own private business. She makes her own and the children's winter coats. She cuts down her husband's clothes for the little boy. She makes her husband's shirts. She does a beautiful job, and there isn't a smarter-looking family at church or farm bureau meetings.

Mrs. Bowden hates to sew the way she hates to can. So she goes at it in the same ritualistic manner. She collects a lot of pattern books. She cuts out patterns and hangs them on the wall so that she can study them at odd moments, "just for ideas." She makes a religious ceremony of cleaning and oiling the sewing machine and moving it into a good light. She cuts

out a garment and pins it together, then lays it aside, all labeled, with the fixings in the way of buttons and trimmings. Then she cuts another and does likewise. And some fine day when Mrs. Bowden really starts running that sewing machine, you'd think it was the only thing she wanted to do in life, and the amount and quality of what she turns out is a model and challenge to the whole needle trade.

Mrs. Bowden's method will serve any worker at anything who has tasks to which he looks forward with great inertia. A little ritual of preparation, persistently followed, will propel you into anything—into writing a novel or running for Congress or proposing to the lady of your heart. It's what the psychologists call "conditioning," and it's practically irresistible. Mrs. Bowden doesn't know what it is called. But she discovered it for herself. And so, no doubt, did Mother Eve the first time she had to sew all those skins together to keep the family warm in the cold world outside of Eden.

6

Household administration is the type of all administration, and if a business or a factory or a country or the world is well run, it is run pretty much like a good home. This was recognized long ago by the Greeks who applied the word "housekeeping" to all political and financial management. The Greek word for housekeeping is the word which we still retain as "economy" or "economics"—literally, science of the house. By it they meant very much what we mean by management in industrial life or administration in government.

The home sets the pattern for the national life, and in peace and war the home is the ultimate guardian of its conscience and its faith, its will to survive and to progress. The American home is a very precious thing because in it we have come nearer than any people ever came to lifting from man's spirits the burden and mess of his physical functioning and the drudgery of feeding his own face, and have turned much

that was once heartbreaking work into amusement and delight. And what as little family units some of us do for ourselves, we have faith to believe may some day be done for all men.

For the time being, with the manufacture of domestic durable goods cut off and so many people forced to be away from home, the preservation of the home is primarily the preservation of a pattern. We must extract from our complex of possessions and attitudes and habits the real essence of homemaking. And then we must keep it—keep it for ourselves and in trust for those who will come back to it—even if the furniture wears away from us and all our gear and gadgets decay to junk. True homemaking is the incarnation in material and social forms of the poetry of intimate love. It takes the two basic impulses of humanity—self-preservation and reproduction—and raises them to comfort and well-being and happiness and social good will. In this it is the everlasting pattern of the good society. Everyone who can keep a real home going in these dark times is keeping alive a little candle from which some day we may again be able to light the darkness of this murky world.

CHAPTER VI

The Tranquil Art of Gardening

IF THERE is one fact which emerges from the horror of mechanics on the loose into which the world has been plunged, it is that the earth we dig in still matters to us profoundly. We can fly so high now that rivers and seas and land disappear from sight in the illimitable ether. But we must come down again if we are to live.

In these times, said F.P.A., "If I were a crocus, I'd stay down under." But the fact that the crocus never does stay under is what gives us the courage to go on. Men who escaped from bombarded cities to the countryside in spring and found the grass coming back and the flowers opening have registered again and again their grateful consciousness that here, in the soil under our feet, is the sure foundation of human faith.

That is why everyone now needs a garden. Not necessarily a large garden or one spread out on the earth. A flowerpot in the window will do. I have seen a young man who runs a filling station on the highway very happily tending his flowers in a box in the window between two piles of motor-oil tins. One felt that he had thus set a screen between himself and the mechanical operations by which he made his living. There was more than a few flowers in the filling station. There were thoughts and feelings which were none of your business. And yet you felt their presence and were grateful.

What we need now is not gardens in which to grow specimens for the flower show or even vitamins for the dinner

table, important as these latter are. We need a few garden plants to keep the light of civilization shining.

2

The garden is the most universal symbol of civilization. Civilization began in a garden. It has several times in the past retreated to a few gardens and, as it were, lain low there till it could venture forth again and win against the wilderness.

Several types of gardens—the front dooryard garden, the family living-room garden, and the garden for seclusion and meditation—are represented in our current patterns. Any good householder who has enough space will have all three types of gardens and, in addition, perhaps a kitchen garden and a fruit garden, and connected with it an outdoor service area.

The distinctly American garden is the open front garden, which in the older American towns runs right to the sidewalk and has fronting on it a veranda which is the family living room. In recent years we have grown a little ashamed of this old-time American way of living cheerfully in public and are inclined to turn our backs on the street, and to put the service entrance where the front door used to be and front the house on a secluded garden at the back. There is good reason for this, since the street has ceased to be a promenade for the neighbors and has become instead an often dusty and noisy thoroughfare for cars. Still, the social advance which the open fronts and open lawns and shaded village streets of our country represented over the grim, forbidding walled thoroughfares of old European towns is a precious American heritage. In Latin-American towns the first sign of social order and security is that the houses begin to open, Americanwise, on porches and dooryards on the street. It would be a step backward if we were to become too private and exclusive in our gardens and entrances. Every good American home should have some piece of the garden that is more or less public and on which there

opens a hospitable entrance to the house. If the house is far from the road and is approached by a drive, with a gate, the friendly American way is to have the gate stand open, with some indication of welcome pointing to the house and some gay decoration of the guest's entrance by way of flowers or vines or potted plants. For small dooryards, the flowery cottage path bordered with phlox and larkspur has never been equaled.

But with our growing social sophistication we have also developed the secluded, living-room garden usually at the back of the house, which is more or less standard in old European societies but which our gregarious forebears seldom bothered with unless they were rather rich and exclusive. Within the crowded areas of the old cities this back yard was generally paved and surrounded by a wall, with a few carefully cherished flower beds and perhaps a tree or two. The paving is more or less necessary in a big city where such gardens still survive, as they do in Greenwich Village in New York City, because the soil is generally so sour and gets so little chance to be aerated in the sun and air that a small bed of flowers is usually as much as one has patience to worry with and give special treatment to.

But since, with the use of cars, our cities have spread out into open country, we now have the back living room of turf, usually bordered or walled with a perennial garden. This is still in the process of evolution. We don't dwell in our garden living room with the security and domestic ease with which the Latin American eats, works, and all but sleeps in the patio. If we set up an outdoor fireplace, and eat there in summer, the outdoor living room tends to become frowsy. If we try to keep it in perfect order, it looks too much like a picture. What most of our outdoor living rooms need is a little more real living there.

Since gas is rationed, there is a whole epidemic of magazine and newspaper suggestions for vacations in the garden. So

maybe, before the war is over, we shall get a little practice in living in the garden. We may find a really comfortable technique of outdoor cooking, such as practically no one has at present. We may devise some kind of cozy corner for the courting couple and an inviting institution for a nap, such as the old hammock under the apple trees used to be. If all this metal furniture is taken over by the war industries, it probably won't hurt us any. Really we could do better!

Real living in an outdoor living room must be done mainly without benefit of department stores and priority materials. The charming patios of Latin America and the outdoor living rooms of Europe are home-grown, homemade affairs. You have to snuggle into your garden, like a mole in the ground or a squirrel in the walnut tree. You have to keep adjusting its arrangements bit by bit to your own taste. Does the grass wear off here? Well, pave it or gravel it. But don't start with a pattern of gravel or paving. Put the paving stones down where you need them, to save yourself trouble. Are these flowers really a bother? Out with them. Put something else there that you don't mind fussing with. Would you like a pool? Think again. A pool has no place in a living room where there are children or dogs—at least not a reflecting pool with lilies. Be sensible. Have a fountain arrangement which is well above the ground and which may serve as a practical water supply, and then make it look interesting. Johnny can get a drink there, and you can fill the coffee pot without running into the house. That is what the Latin Americans do. The fountain is the household water supply or, in modern times, the water reserve which comes to your aid when the city water in the faucets inside stops running—which in Latin America may be rather often.

If, in addition to an outdoor living room, one may also have a kitchen garden, one can really blossom out. We have not yet begun to explore the real possibilities of kitchen gardens in our country. Too often they are merely utilitarian

affairs, subjected once a year to harrowing by a hired plowman, with vegetables in rows, neat and efficient enough but without charm. Yet nothing lends itself to really happy domesticity like the growing of food for the table, and nowhere is there greater vegetable beauty than in those generous plants which, along with leaf and flower, produce also some solid nourishment. At present we have been warned that the nation wants no Victory gardens by amateurs. If you didn't grow vegetables last year, don't dig up your rosebushes and plant peas now. You'll only be wasting fertilizer and seed which some really experienced person can use. This advice is all very well, but it represents a purely utilitarian outlook on vegetables. For the experienced grower of flowers, there is a halfway method of gardening for Victory and vitamins which wastes nothing and will give him a new idea of the real beauty of the earth.

This halfway method is the one followed by Felipe, a dreamy bozo who used to look after a particularly charming outdoor living room in Mexico. The outdoor living room was a triangular garden with a large and essential fountain. The garden had a high wall, and around the fountain there was a paved area with seats. It was shaded more or less by plummy banana trees, which were not less ornamental because they could also produce a square meal. Around this central area there were young trees and flowers in tubs and jardinières and a variety of flower beds edged with brick. At least they appeared at first sight to be flower beds, being full of petunias and nasturtiums and carnations and all manner of blossoms set against luxuriant masses of green.

But when you examined more closely the effective greenery, you made a strange discovery. This fine variety of leafy form, texture, and color was derived from an artistic massing of familiar vegetables. For Felipe looked upon a vegetable with an aesthetic eye. Did he need a tall plummy plant in this corner? Ah, a stand of sweet corn would do nicely. Was the foliage of

these carnations a little insufficient? Set them against a fine silvery row of bush peas. The wall needed some vines. How about bean vines—big, handsome leaves and pale lavender flowers? Not so bad. And reddish pods on the beans later—not so bad either. A little red in the foliage would point that bed up nicely. Felipe had it—a row of beets! And when he thought best to hedge in lovingly a little plot of small delicate flowers, what could do better than a fence of young onions? Felipe didn't expect anyone to eat his vegetables. He regarded them only as so many colors on a painter's palette. But there was never a time when Claudia, the cook, couldn't extract a whole dinner from his flower beds, without leaving anyone the wiser.

The fact is that almost all our common vegetables are plants of a fine form. If we chose we could border our outdoor living rooms with them, mixed with flowering plants, and have quite as good an effect as we do with purely ornamental blossoms. And if we grow them separately, the kitchen garden can still be a beautiful place, because there are four things that grow finely and naturally together, and these four make quite a garden symphony full of savor and meaning. These are the vegetables, the herbs and salad greens, the small fruits, and the flowers for cutting. The cutting flowers have a fine effect when used to edge the vegetable garden paths. New-set strawberry plants get along very well with early bush peas. By the time they begin to send out runners, the peas are harvested and dug into the soil to fill it with nitrogen. And nothing is pleasanter than a well or water source of some sort nicely laid out under the shade of pear or peach or plum in one corner of the garden, where you may wash and prepare your vegetables before taking them into the house. A grape arbor too has its merits as a kitchen-garden workroom.

Now that our passion for tinkering with the interior of our houses is checked by the removal of most durable goods and building materials from the market, perhaps we shall turn

the same genius to the garden space. Our kitchen gardens will then be as bright and beautiful and ingeniously convenient as an up-to-date kitchen. Thus far, despite the superior quality of our seeds and nursery stocks, we have not been doing well with small, domestic gardening. It has been something which we did enthusiastically but hastily during a few weeks in spring before going away on summer vacation or getting the children ready for camp. To garden well you must strike roots in your garden, along with your own plants. You get the most from a garden when patiently and ingeniously you coax what you want out of it instead of rushing down to the store and getting something to put into it. Perhaps to do really well at it you must be rather poor and not have too many other resources. As we close the garage door on our poor demobilized car, we may well look around with a kindling eye on the dooryard which hitherto we have regarded only casually while in transit. For here in this soil and this small space there lies latent a little paradise of our own which is quite as good as any which formerly we drove many miles to see inside of somebody else's fence.

3

The garden which is, as it were, an overflow of the house, a friendly extension of domestic living to include the birds and bees and the red currants, is one thing. The garden that is a spiritual retreat, a pool of tranquillity in an otherwise stormy world, a reminder by day and by night of a life that serenely transcends our individual and stormy existences—this garden is quite another thing. Though we read into our flowers spiritual and imaginative meanings, as all civilized people have done in the past, these are strangely unrecognized in our current garden literature. A sprightly and very useful little book entitled *My Garden Helper*, issued under the auspices of one of the garden magazines, lists four kinds of gardeners, whom we may call Mrs. A., Mr. B., Mr. C., and Mrs. D.

Mrs. A. wants to produce flowers in quantity for bouquets and decorations for her house. She belongs to the section of the local garden club which is earnestly studying flower arrangements. Mr. B. is of a scientific turn of mind. He studies botany in his garden and experiments with cross-fertilization. He has triumphantly produced a new iris and a new dahlia by artificial cross-fertilization of the flowers. Mr. C. likes to raise as many different varieties of certain flowers as possible. The nursery man can always sell him the latest rose or seeds of the new double nasturtium. He knows all the latest varieties and is a little scornful of an iris that is merely purple, a rose that is rose colored, or a cosmos plant that produces only red, pink, or white flowers. In his garden flowers that elsewhere are usually single must be double, and those which are generally double must be single, and nothing must be the color you expect it to be. Mrs. D., on the other hand, revels in masses of color. Her perennial border with its brilliant masses graduated from tall plants at the back to low bushy ones in front puts a triple rainbow to shame.

These are all the types *My Garden Helper* recognizes. There is no mention of Mr. E. who, coming home tired and harassed after a day in his office, explodes all his dammed-up irritation in running the lawn mower, sprinkling the flowers, and mending the rose trellis. When it is too dark to work, he absently brushes a mosquito off his perspiring brow, lights a pipe, and sits down on his front steps in a state of utter contentment and peace, while above the electric lights of the suburban street the first stars come out. His peace is compounded of a pleasant tiredness and relaxation after his physical exercise and the satisfied pride of the householder in his property, and some half-realized but deep and earnest sense of oneness with the stars and the trees and the flowers and the solemn quietude of night. The city seems far away and, as for the office, he will think of that tomorrow. From all that harries him there, he has found his escape.

Nor is there any mention of one whom we may call Mr. F. He was till just now one of the important political figures in a country which the Germans have overrun. He escaped to America, badly injured. In the spring of 1942 he sat in the window of a house in Georgetown, looking out on a garden in which stood one of the Chinese magnolias, the *Sulange magnolia*, so common in this region. Day by day he watched the strong, leafless branches put forth their hard gray buds. Gradually the buds broke their rough, furry covering and emerged as purple-rosy flowers, the petals tipped with white. One day a friend who was an artist called.

"Could you paint my magnolia for me?" asked Mr. F. "See. Paint it so—the hard trunk, strong, tough, enduring against all the winds of March, and then out of it, little by little, the rosy bud with its tip like a candle flame, and then the open flower. Do you see what I mean? Patience, strength to endure, and at last sweetness out of strength, the blossom out of the strong bough."

Through his earnest, halting speech, one sensed the untold story of spiritual triumph. Many people who love their plants and flowers could tell a similar story of a soul repossessed in the contemplation of the miracle of growth in the garden.

Some part of the garden should serve this age-old purpose of restoring to a man, in retirement and tranquillity, his possession of his own soul. As a matter of fact, though our garden literature is so crassly materialistic, in no type of garden layout does the American gardener who really loves his land do so well as in the fashioning of the garden retreat. One may think of a dozen corners in the gardens of friends that have a holy and chapel-like atmosphere.

There is Caro's lovely garden where, under a striped garden parasol, she serves tea every afternoon amid blazing beds of flowers. But over beyond these bright beds, there is a screen of trees and a bit of woodland, where a tiny trickle of water comes down over the rocks and makes a pool. It is still and

quiet there, and almost no visitor ever finds it. It is Caro's own place, and stepping into it, out of the bright garden where you usually see her, is like stepping into a church from an avenue where a big parade is going on.

There is Margery's garden. She has a small domestic garden very smartly developed, with a wee cottage dooryard in front and a small walled-in living room at the back, flanked by a screened porch where cocktails clink pleasantly late in the afternoon. This seems to be all. But there are some flagstones leading out back. Follow the flagstones and you come to a hidden room within a circle of great lilac bushes—a little grassy place, circular, opening out on one side to a view of the water, and there with its back solidly to the house and the world and the protecting lilac wall of green is an old bench from the cemetery! A place to sit and meditate on life and death, to turn your back on time and man, and face outward to the sea and sky.

And there is Mr. Burnham's garden—the special garden, over and above the various outcroppings of vegetables and flowers around the house. It is in the middle of the woods. You could not even find it if you were not specially directed to it. It is a space amidst thick evergreen trees, roofed by the blue sky and planted in a kind of formal pattern with blue delphiniums and white Madonna lilies. It has a strangely ritualistic look. To come upon it suddenly is like coming upon some circle of old Druid stones in the forest.

There are no instructions for making gardens like these. They are something you find for yourself as you find what your garden really means to you. But suppose you have no garden, no inch of earth you can scratch with a hoe? There are still garden retreats. They lie all around us in the half-tamed wildernesses to which most of our towns and cities still run out. Get on the trolley or the interurban and go somewhere till the houses begin to disappear and the meadows and water and trees take the eye. And then get off and walk and look.

Somewhere there is a place for you—a place with brook flowing, with flowers blooming, a place where the grass is deep and soft or the shade of trees cool and protecting, a place you are welcome to appropriate and return to when you will. Fortunately we live in a land where anyone may take spiritual possession of a great deal more of vegetation and wild nature than he can legally own. And some of the greatest possessors of the American landscape, like Thoreau, seldom could show title to anything. A kitchen garden you must own or lease, but an outdoor retreat, midst trees and flowers, under the sky, is still, like most of the supremely good things of life, to be had for nothing.

CHAPTER VII

The Ingenious Art of Doing Without

IN A Florida town, about five miles from the warm blue sea, there lived in December, 1941, an old man who was paralyzed from the waist down. This old man had only one comfort in life. It was to be driven across the causeway to one of the surf clubs that lined the great white beaches. There he would be moved to a chair under the palms between the pool into which girls in brief, bright scanties dived perpetually, like gaudy birds, and the sandy shore where the children whooped and played and ran headlong into the breakers, and people lay in rows and roasted themselves to a turn under the hot sun.

Folks were nice to the old man at the beach club. Ladies often stopped and asked him how he was and even allowed him to be useful by holding their knitting yarn for them. Children played tag around his chair. And the obsequious tender of the club bar came out every hour and asked if he wouldn't like something to drink, sir?

Then on December 8, 1941, the blow fell on the old man. There was to be no more rubber for tires for cars. And without a car how could the old man get to the beach club? And if he didn't get to the beach club, how could he get through the long, miserable, lonely day? Alas, being a man entirely able to afford new tires whenever he needed them, he had never

noticed that his tires were wearing down or thought ahead of time about replacing them. When he needed to replace them, he would. And now he couldn't!

But he took heart. He would use his tires carefully only to get to the club, and when they were gone surely someone would take pity on an old man and let him have some more. So he went along cautiously on his disintegrating rubber till late in March. Then one of his tires blew out.

For a minute he was in despair. Then a great piece of good luck befell him. His oldest and dearest friend, the man who had saved his life by persuading him to come to Florida, who had introduced him to the paradise of the beach club, and who still looked after him in every way as a brother, was appointed the head of the tire rationing board for this Florida district. No need to worry now. His friend would not let him down. He could get a tire.

But when he broached the subject, his friend shook his head. "I am afraid not. The few tires which we have to allot must go to doctors and persons performing an essential service to others. After all, you are performing an essential service only to yourself."

"But what shall I do?" cried the old man. "This trip to the beach is all that keeps me alive. I can't get through the day without it. I must have a tire. Surely you see that." And he looked at his friend piteously.

"I will tell you what you are going to do," said his friend. "I have obtained for you a secondhand wheel chair, with rubber tires that are still fairly good. You are going to get into this and propel yourself across the causeway and to the beach club. And when the rubber on these tires wears out, you aren't going to get any more, but you are going right along to the beach club on the bare rims. And you are going to do this because I know there is something you would like to do for your country. You can't fight and you can't work. But you can do without. And you will do it gladly."

As he spoke, the old man's face lighted up with a new and great idea. And ever since then he has been pushing himself gaily and proudly across the causeway to the club.

This, of course, is the satisfaction that millions of good people get out of doing without in a time of universal sacrifice. The sense of sharing in the general effort more than compensates for the loss of material comfort. For many eager souls nothing that the average citizen is called upon to give up is enough. Every day tens of thousands of letters come to the President and to government offices in which people offer everything from their gold teeth to the savings of a lifetime, in the hope that it will somehow help to win the war. Beyond the minimum subsistence level, expense is always a matter of fashion and is regulated by social pride. And when equality in doing without is the mode and self-denial a privilege, who wants to have more than his neighbors? There can be no social glory in bootlegging, no satisfaction to be bought at the black markets as long as the majority of people are convinced that their liberties and all that they love are threatened and that doing without some comfort is necessary to preserve what they value more than their habitual indulgences. And if any man is such a skunk as to fret over giving up his luxuries where other men must give up their lives—but no doubt the opinion of the neighbors will deal with him!

This is the necessary mood of wartime. When peace comes again, it may appear to have been a little strained. But who can say that we are really wiser in times of peace? Certainly not one who looks over the history of the last twenty-five years.

2

The fact is that doing without has so many values for the human personality that when the millennium comes and we have no more wars to take our accumulated goods away from us, we shall probably have to invent some other disaster. In the first place, doing without is exhilarating. In the second, it

is artistic. And in the third, it ultimately produces more and better things to do *with*.

The exhilaration of doing without is only temporary. It lasts as long as you have an immediate memory of your former state and an immediate impulse to get from where you are to something better. But even so, it may last quite a while. At the end of the second year of the war, Great Britain was cheerfully swaggering amidst the ruins of its cities and, grim and lean, was saying: "We have got rid of our waistlines. Our muscles are hard. Now we can take it." The second year after the invasion of Norway, when the conquerors had stripped pantry and cellar bare and had taken even the blankets from the beds, a lady of high position who had known every comfort wrote to her brother: "I never lived till now. All the past before that morning when we looked up and saw seven planes overhead was only a golden summer dream through which I pleasantly slept." It is the sense of being alive, of living intensely, passionately, right here and now, which supports all people who must fight through deprivation and suffering for life and the means to live.

Hence no one should ever take doing without lying down. He should get right up and go in search of substitutes for what he has lost, or he should singly or in company with other people do something positive to win back what has been taken or is withheld from him. Doing without in a fighting spirit may not be pleasure or comfort or fun. But it may be good sport.

Doing without is not only exhilarating within limits, it is artistic. It is almost a definition of art to say that it is economy. Almost anything done with true economy, the employment of the least effort or material for the attainment of the greatest possible effect, becomes thereby artistic. In every art the first step is a resolute elimination or doing without. A poem is made by cutting down the loose redundancy of words with which the ordinary man tries to express his idea to a small handful of choice terms which carry the fullest meaning—

music for the ear, imagery for the imagination, thought for the mind, emotions for the heart—and something more, a suggestion of meanings which cannot be directly expressed but which are somehow communicated as a result of the sum total of the verbal effects. So, too, a sculpture is achieved—by cutting much of the material away till, fine and clear, the image emerges.

In social life the best manners are the simplest—devoid of vanity or fuss, with ceremony choicely selected and carefully employed. Smart dressing is dress which does without a great deal that the unmodish would be inclined to add to it and which depends on a severe unity of color and line and a concentration on a single accent. And in a good life there must always be a ruling economy, a certain asceticism of choice, and along with this economy there must be its dynamic counterpart—measure, the drawing of the fine line, the limitation in the expenditure of force. To the Greeks *nothing too much* was almost the complete definition of good living. And so we find it as we grow in culture and social experience and a real control of life through knowledge and skill. We stop being greedy and do without not only willingly but with pleasure.

3

A dynamic and artistic doing without always ends by producing more and better things to do with because it stimulates desire and use. And desire and use will convert almost anything into wealth.

There was, for example, a Poet who took an old shed near a beach and turned it into a library and a studio. Every day he would look at his bare walls and say: "When I have a thousand dollars, I am going to buy a fine painting and decorate this shack." But he did not have a thousand dollars, and he bought no decoration.

Every day, however, as he walked along the seashore, he

amused himself with the bits of silvered driftwood which had traveled downstream from the forests of the North and had been worn and polished by the waters till they had taken the shape of strange, aboriginal animals. One of them resembled a seal, another a snake. Many of them looked like the weird beasts that must have moved through this ooze back in primeval times. To one after another of these pieces of wood, the Poet gave a personality, a name, and a history. Now and then he would help one of them to come back to life by giving it a beauty treatment, outlining with blue paint, for example, some bit of marking on the wooden face of the imagined beast, which he liked to fancy had once been a blue eye, or finishing out the suggestion of a red mouth. Amused and entertained by his beasts, he decorated his study with them.

One day a Beautiful Lady came to see the Poet. She herself had a fine house full of expensive things. But she was delighted with the Poet's room and admired every one of the beasts as much as if it had been a fine piece of sculpture. A week later at her own table, rich in silver and china and napery and groaning with food and drink, the lady was describing to her guests the most wonderful house she had ever seen.

"You know Mr. So-and-So is a most interesting man," she was saying. "He has this great beautiful room where he works, and on the walls—" and she went on to give a complete roll call of the wooden beasties.

Then all the guests lifted up their eyes and saw the man wrapped in the splendor and romance of the Beautiful Lady's description. So with a few bits of driftwood the Poet achieved just what men hope to achieve when they build mansions for themselves and hang the walls with rich tapestries. He achieved social prestige, admiration, the glory of possessing something choice and exceptional, and the satisfaction in being one of those Somebodies that other people talk about. To decorate your wall with diamonds or to gild it with gold dust washed down by the mountain streams or to adorn it with the

driftwood brought in by the sea is all one, if the result is the same. For always it is man's desire and imagination entering into and giving soul and meaning to material substance which makes wealth anywhere, in any age. The value of gold and diamonds is purely man made. It is what we have put into them of prestige and power that makes them worth fighting for. The magic that adheres to them is man's desire and man's use.

And as long as men have desires and can find uses for things, it is impossible for them to suffer long from the privations of doing without their accustomed comforts. For the world is so rich that always, if you can't have this, you may still have that. Much that makes the wealth of our present existence—oil, rubber, cars, radio, electricity—was not known or desired a half century ago. Civilized man progresses from treasure house to treasure house. When he has emptied one vault of its riches, he sees, at the far end, a door leading to another, more spacious and magnificent. No matter what you have to do without, there is always something better if you will only look for it.

4

If we had only to do without a few material items now and had our time and our minds and our souls to ourselves, doing without might be a comparatively simple matter. In normal times, if you meet the need for doing without with courage, hard work, and self-sacrifice, it automatically ends, and that within a comparatively short time. For these virtues are chemicals which inevitably act upon the unlimited resources of the world around us and turn them into renewed ease and prosperity.

The real trouble with war is that it creates a condition in which your life is no longer your own. If this means that you surrender it completely to the control of commanders in battle, at least your problem is simple. You know what you have to do and to do without, and you can adjust to it with

courage. But the civilian's life is frequently mussed up to no apparent purpose and certainly to no visibly heroic end. To do without one's personal car is one thing. It is another to face the gradual snarling of life through the pressure on the transportation services. As everything begins to crumble and decay around you, you can never be sure whether the difficulty is a wartime shortage which you should take bravely or whether somebody is just taking advantage of the war to be slack or selfish. If you make too many excuses for yourself or others or are too easy in putting up with this and enduring that, your whole standard of life begins to sink. This is one of the many conditions that are referred to as a "lowering of morale."

The way to meet this is to keep the exhilaration of struggle and of self-sacrifice at its highest level through a personal effort of will. One must never stop trying to unscramble the mess life gets into, never yield the essence of proud, happy, abundant living. If one cannot achieve a real victory over the conditions that drag one down, one should always win a token victory. Some of the aviators forced down at sea have given wonderful demonstrations of the way in which the token of the good life may be kept in the most extreme circumstances. There were the twelve R.A.F. men who were forty-four days on the Pacific in a small lifeboat, with a very limited amount of food, some water that became contaminated in a storm, and a little beer and whisky. But they kept the custom of "Saturday night at sea," distributing a little beer and whisky and toasting the King's health as well as that of their wives and sweethearts. To keep everyone amused and good tempered, they organized a series of games and mental tests, like naming the longest list of screen stars. What counts in all cases where circumstances threaten to get one down is simply the persistence and energy of the struggle. For as long as you persist, you hope. And as long as you struggle, you will not be depressed.

As for self-sacrifice, the secret of its exhilaration was long ago revealed. "If a man ask thy coat of thee, give him also thy cloak." One turns the doing without, under compulsion, from a negative into a positive experience by simply adding a little more to the sacrifice, of one's own accord. On this account no matter how much may be taken from us in this war, we must still give more, of our own motion. However we are taxed, we must still make free-will contributions. Only this wholehearted way of taking it as something that you want to do under the circumstances, that you will do recklessly and generously and to the limit of your powers, will make it tolerable. One cannot be rightly adjusted to this catastrophe unless one volunteers some service or some goods over and above anything which circumstances require of one.

5

The best feature of the kind of doing without which has been instituted for the duration of the war is the limits set by price fixing and freezing of earnings, taxes, and the purchase of war bonds. In the midst of all the confusion, most people welcome something as fixed as that. The setting of arbitrary limits always stimulates artistic effort, and the more rigid the limits the greater the satisfaction in the result. Hard and fast structural patterns like that of the sonnet will always be a pleasure to poets, and most artists will feel delight in meeting the challenge to fill some unlikely space with a picture or a sculpture. And so the art of spending money may be decidedly enlivened by all the limits that have been put on it.

Anyone who wants to distribute our frozen earnings amid our frozen piles of consumers' goods might look with interest at the Money Management plan which has been taught for years in some of the schools of Massachusetts and at Boston University. It was first devised by Miss Florence Barnard, founder of the American Association for Economic Education, and was awarded a prize by the Association of Mutual Savings

Banks. In its combination of thrifty Yankee penny pinching and a regard for and progressive achievement of wealth that money cannot buy, it is worthy of the state that gave Thoreau and Emerson to the world. It shows you just how you can keep a little cash in your pocket and lay up treasure in heaven at the same time.

Miss Barnard's plan begins by inviting you to divide your income exactly in half and to determine that henceforth you will somehow manage to feed your face—and the faces of all the family—have a roof over your head or heads, enough clothes for decency, and the means of getting to your job by spending only 50 per cent of what you make. You can't do this? Wait till Miss Barnard gets through with you, and you can!

The 50 per cent that doesn't go to keep you alive goes to making life worth living. It represents the one foot that you have in heaven, so to speak. Of this 50 per cent, 20 per cent goes for betterment or enjoyment, 20 per cent for security, and 10 per cent for sharing. At the present rate of pay in most jobs and of prices, this ought to work pretty well. It achieves just about the distribution of income which our purse snatchers in Washington seem to have in mind in their calculations of costs of living, taxes, and war bonds.

For having taken your humble share of the now limited supply of housing, food, essential clothes, and transportation, and paid for it 50 per cent of income, you could then take your 20 per cent for security and divide it into 10 per cent for investment in war bonds and 10 per cent for the payment of mortgage, insurance, outstanding debts, and the accumulation of a little cash reserve. The 10 per cent for sharing would probably have to include the income tax, and what is left over you could be generous with and give to the Red Cross, the Navy and Army Relief, or your personal charities. This leaves 20 per cent for enrichment, betterment, or enjoyment—and that would have to spread over the cupful of gas you

might be allowed for a Sunday afternoon drive, the ticket for a ride to the seashore which you might get, and something to dress up in or some liquor for a party or cigarettes or shows, dance tickets, parties or club memberships. You probably couldn't dissipate wildly on this share of an average income, but you could have as much fun as most people have now.

But suppose that you can't make your income stretch over all these categories? The fact is you don't have much choice about it. Thirty per cent is pretty well fixed. By the time you have bought the war bonds, paid the taxes and the contributions, kept up with outstanding installment payments, debts, insurance, and retained two or three dollars for a rainy day, 30 per cent of your income will be gone. So you might as well resign yourself to that fact and start nipping it off the pay check as it arrives. This leaves you the choice between 50 per cent for living and 20 per cent for fun, or 70 per cent for living and nothing for fun. As most people figure their living, this really amounts to the same thing, because quite a fraction of what we consider minimum necessities really goes for some kind of pleasure or well-being.

At this point you can take up Miss Barnard's real challenge, which she made years before the war but which can still be met by an ingenious and spirited person. She said that by careful study of the items of one's personal expense, combined with systematic self-development, one could halve the cash one needed to spend for living and raise the standard of living at the same time. This implies a long course of self-discipline in which you save your soul and your money at the same time. For example, a little persistence and self-denial in wearing off pounds, taking posture exercises, and walking instead of riding will not only save you something at the grocery, the cafeteria, or the streetcar, but it will take dollars off the tailoring. A fine figure can wear anything. The cultivation of an attractive personality, a friendly social attitude, and a few social arts may cut down your expenses for recreation. You

won't need to buy fun. It will just naturally come to you. It is with people as with cars. The better the person the less expense for upkeep.

The same principle applies to housekeeping. A little shine and freshness is worth more than a veneer of newness on the furniture. If you cultivate an artistic eye and some enterprise in shopping, you may find that a few yards of bright, cheap drapery and an assortment of gadgets from the dime store may make an inexpensive room in an old house more truly charming than the swankiest offerings of the realtors.

Again a little civic consciousness and a sense of responsibility as a consumer will not only improve your citizenship but pretty nearly save the income tax. For it is up to each individual purchaser to see that no one profiteers. Prices are frozen, but not quality. Theoretically you pay for a given article only what was paid before the big frost. But actually you may get something considerably less good for the price, unless you are careful. It is the responsibility of each purchaser to be careful—to shop around from place to place and to reward (with such dollars as there are) the honest retailers and enterprising persons who think of better or prettier or more convenient things that use no forbidden materials.

And, withal, while we are improving ourselves and saving our money at the same time, we might make a final clean sweep of snobbishness. Snobbishness is one of those antediluvian vices that is hard put to survive this war. But even if you have removed it from your soul or your manners, it may still be sticking around in your budget. For there is a widespread belief that the more you pay for a given article the greater the worth of said article. This simply isn't so. It hasn't been so for years. High-priced goods and services are not always the best. Sometimes they are the worst, being founded in a fixed habit of milking the wealthy or in a clumsy, outmoded business organization. During the last few years, and notably since the depression of the early thirties, an old-fashioned,

clumsy, expensive, often highly watered production for the classes was being rapidly squeezed to the wall by a new economical large-scale production for the masses, adapted to current needs and circumstances and styled in the current taste. On this account many people who had all the money in the world took to the cheaper goods. Debutantes smoked fifteen-cent cigarettes, drove inexpensive small cars because they were easy to park, wore \$16.98 dresses because they looked smart, and went out to dance in places where the cover charge was not over a dollar because all the good-looking and interesting people were there.

During the war, and after, this process is likely to go on. We shall continue to smarten life at the inexpensive levels and to devote to it our collective ingenuity and artistic talents. And at the same time we shall probably leave the things to be sold to people with money, stuck fast in the dowdiness of yesteryear. So in times of scarcity, there is no use in competing for luxuries. Maybe they are not worth having anyway! We are headed straight for a millennial mass economy in which the less you spend for an article the more you get!

The Money Management plan of Miss Florence Barnard, as taught in the schools of Brookline, Massachusetts, and elsewhere, has pleasantly called the keeping of a budget an "achievement test." These are some of the things you achieve while distributing your money according to its percentages and trying to spend less and live better at one and the same time:

Necessities—50 per cent of income.

You make every reduction in expense for necessities a proportional rise in your real standard of living through careful shopping, development of taste, and use of practical skills.

You save money in your expense for necessities by making yourself a better person.

Giving or sharing—10 per cent of income.

For every cent you give, you give an equal amount in

personal service, work in connection with civilian defense or community welfare services, and intelligent inquiry into and appraisal of the causes to which you contribute money or war taxes.

Saving—20 per cent of income.

You match every cent of saving with increased attempt to attain other forms of security—a good health regime as an insurance against sickness; improved skills and personal contacts as an insurance against the loss of the job you hold; care and skill in the maintenance of all durable goods for the duration.

Betterments, including recreation of all sorts—20 per cent of income.

You match every cent you spend on betterments with an equivalent use of means of recreation and of education which you may have for nothing.

Anyone who faithfully carries out this plan for the duration of the war may well discover that learning to do *without* has magnificently increased his power to do *with*.

The Colorful Art of Nourishment

It's a very strange thing, as strange as can be," says Walter de la Mare, "that whatever Miss T eats turns into Miss T."

What the world is interested in at present is not Miss T—unless she is a government girl or is working in a munitions factory or other essential industry or is about to become a mother—but her brother Private T. Building men competent to fight wars is pretty much like building other weapons. They have to be made of the right materials. What these right materials are we are now being told so universally and incessantly that we ought to know them by heart. A good soldier, a good soldier's girl, and the mother of a future good soldier are made of milk, eggs, whole grains, green and gold vegetables, and all the fruit you can pick off the trees. They are not made out of white sugar, white bread, and denatured fat, or raised on a Coca-Cola bottle.

It is on this principle that we are now undergoing the most drastic and far-reaching reorganization of our national economy ever attempted. This reorganization affects everybody. It puts a cow into Si Parker's barn and some oranges on Mrs. Bent's half-starved table. It plows under cotton and plants lettuce. It rations sugar, changes the milling machinery, talks Dutch to factory managements, tries to put the restaurant and hotel business again to school, and shows

the old-fashioned European chef the gate. And finally it comes down to the one person on whom hangs the success or failure of the whole idea—little Mrs. America, anxiously shopping for her family at the market or stirring and tasting something at the kitchen stove, and it takes her by the hand and talks to her like a father.

In this discovery of the importance of eating there is color and drama. There is, for example, the advice to pick your foods by the spectrum. A good meal should be colorful, says the Federal Bureau of Home Economics. And the Federal Bureau of Home Economics is the best and final authority on what to have for dinner. The Federal Bureau of Home Economics is the prize bureau in our government. If all parts of government were as well managed, the taxpayer would never have a worry, and we shouldn't care who was elected President. For we should be growing happier, wiser, and richer all the time and never know who was doing the hard work of making us so. So, though every department of government seems to have its finger in the nutritional pie at present, when the Bureau of Home Economics speaks, that is gospel. And the Bureau of Home Economics seems to think that the way to bring up hearty soldiers is to serve your meals with an artistic eye to color. For example, you may put a bouquet of garden flowers in the center of the table—white and gold and red flowers with green and russet leaves, and match your food to it. You match large glasses of milk to the creamy white petals and tomatoes or strawberries or apples to the red. You serve crusty whole-wheat bread or bran muffins to pick up the russet, carrots, squash, or sweet potatoes and butter, eggs and cheese to match the gold, and lettuce or almost any other kind of green leaves to complete the picture. When you finish, all known vitamins—or at least all the cook really needs to know anything about—are present. If there is enough sunshine on the breakfast table, you do not even need to think of cod-liver oil for Johnny.

There ought to be some kind of coat of arms for all good providers and good feeders—something like a carrot rampant on a field of lettuce. For what is featured most in this gustatory propaganda is the significance of green and gold. A green vegetable and a gold vegetable at every meal—that's the slogan for those who would live long and be happy. Green and gold is the color of life, as anyone could have told you long ago, before the scientists knew it, by just looking out at the sunshine on the garden.

The new gospel of nutrition not only has its color. It has its literature—its testimonials, its success stories, its thrilling rescues, its sagas. To our legends of Popeye, the sailorman, and his spinach, we may now add the carrot stories of the war. There was the R.A.F. gunner who had an extraordinary record for hitting Jerries in the dark. The other fellows called him Carrots. You know why. He was always munching carrots. Carrots contain vitamin A. Vitamin A is good for eyesight. The moral is plain. There were the truckmen, driving all night, carrying war materials. Accidents were too numerous among them. As each man left he was given a bunch of carrots to take along and chew on while driving. Accidents diminished. It isn't really the carrots that do it. It is something in the nice golden color. Sweet potatoes have it. Yellow squash has it. When in doubt, dine on pure gold.

The rule of this war is: Whatever is wrong with them, feed them. That is, feed them the right things. In England this has been a matter of vital national necessity. Nearly everything an Englishman eats must be imported in competition with the weapons which will protect his home and fireside. Under these circumstances, the English must think carefully about just what to stow into the precious cargo space which is all that stands between them and destruction. And what is brought to England must be carefully distributed where it will serve the greatest good of the greatest number. The armed services, the workers in munitions and other essential industries,

expectant and nursing mothers, and young children must come first. Rich old people and chronic or hopeless invalids must take second place. From a gustatory point of view English menus have for a long time been most pathetic. But actually, according to reliable reports in the offices of our own government, the health of the English people has never been better. A nation balanced on the fine edge of general starvation has done more to get rid of malnutrition than it ever did in the juicy days of good roast beef and ale.

They did it because they had reached the point where they could not afford to have any nonsense about food. An Englishman eats what is good for him, or he does not eat at all. The people don't choose whether to eat "whole meal bread." That's what they get. A carrot is worth its weight in gold; every edible green leaf has to be conserved. Milk and eggs must be imported as dried powder. But those who need milk, eggs, carrots, and greens most get most; the rest get what they can and not much else. Yet, under these circumstances, some notable experiments have been tried in the building of national morale through food. In munition factories workers have been given supplementary meals consisting of dried milk, whole grains, green and yellow vegetables. The result has been an increase in production and a decrease in accidents.

In a country which has far too few men for what it has undertaken to do in a military way, every man whose health can be sufficiently salvaged to make a soldier of him is of inestimable value. A man named Capon, working in a recruiting camp in England, was distressed by the fact that so many men were rejected as physically unfit. So he took thirty-three of the men who were physically below standard, put them in an outdoor camp, gave them a course of remedial physical training, and fed them on milk, butter, fruit, and fresh salads. If you think what milk, butter, fruit, and fresh salads mean in England at war, you will see that this was a million-dollar

speculation. But in six weeks it was justified. Twenty-one of the thirty-three men passed the physical examinations for the army satisfactorily, and six others were nearly up to standard. Similarly they take the R.A.F. pilots to Canterbury when they are tired and fall below standard and feed them up.

In our own country similar experiments in salvaging human life through food were undertaken by administrators of the New Deal. One of these was under the TVA. Forty miles back of the Norris Dam was the little town of Wilder, a ghost town, a submarginal coal town inhabited by forlorn, shiftless people—good-for-nothings and troublemakers. But the TVA wanted workmen. So it sent a labor representative to Wilder to sign up forty men for regular work at regular pay and regular food. In the dining room at Norris a man could eat all he wanted for a quarter. At first some of the men made the round of the dining room six times. But finally they caught up on their months of semistarvation. As they caught up, they were put to harder and harder jobs. The record in Paul McNutt's office in Washington shows that these men who had been classed as unemployable became some of the best workers on the dam.

These are the sagas of the nutrition campaign, which is frankly regarded as one of the major campaigns of the war. "Food," says Secretary Wickard, "will win the war and write the peace." On this account our government is taking no chances. Twenty departments of government, from the Department of Public Health to the Bureau of Fisheries, with its experiments in sea food, and 300,000 food specialists of every description are now actively engaged in teaching us that what Miss T eats is definitely responsible for the kind of person Miss T is. And if she is not the kind of person that a hard-pressed society wants, we shall have to watch her eat and then get after her mother at home or the miller, the restaurant keeper, and the delicatessen man.

To a mere woman who has long made the right feeding of her family more or less her business, there is sometimes something very amusing in the great nutrition conferences of the war. Hundreds of good and distinguished gentlemen get together in conference. They talk in tremendous language; they pass out graphs and charts, helpfully demonstrating that an active man needs 3,000 calories a day, including 70 grams of protein, 0.8 grams calcium, 12 mg. of iron, 5,000 vitamin A I.U., 1.8 mg. of thiamin B1, 2.7 mg. of riboflavin, 18 mg. of nicotinic acid, and 75 mg. of ascorbic acid. When someone asks how many slices of plain bread and butter this means, the question falls with a slight shock and there is silence and confusion till a little woman from the Bureau of Home Economics speaks up and answers in words of one syllable. To the administrators of the nutrition program food is not what we'll have for dinner tonight. It is a religion which they have only just got. It makes them feel holy and pious. They have found a new life. They have set their feet on a new way. They have something that will save the world. And so, having made their genuflexions to this new and great idea, they then sit down to a dinner in one of the larger Washington hotels, which costs \$1.75 and is so completely lacking in riboflavin, thiamin, or anything else the Big Brains have just said is good for you that it isn't worth seven cents.

An intelligent woman, who has been keeping right up with the food news ever since the doctor gave her Buddy's formula twenty years ago, may laugh at one of these good gentlemen who is a convert to the religion of food. He takes it hard, poor lamb. When he sits down to the table he still has to say his prayers and petition for grace not to stray in the direction of a doughnut. He never will like whole-wheat bread, no matter how much vitamin B may be in it, he'll leave the lettuce on his salad plate if he possibly can, and when he sees spinach

his first impulse still is to whimper, "Maw, must I eat this?" A man's food habits are his very life. Nothing short of divine grace will pull him out of them. So when he starts lecturing you, madam, about what you have been tactfully trying to suggest to him all these years, don't mind. He's only talking to himself, and he needs it.

However, it must be confessed that, since the political administrators got at it in a big way, something really is getting done about food. The enriching of white flour and the rationing of sugar have removed the two greatest gastronomic hazards. If people will eat white bread, they now get something that is good for them. And if they can't eat so much sugar, maybe they will eat something better. The flow of first-class food, in the best state of preservation, into our big markets, the development of frozen-food lockers in the country, the realignment of agriculture to make milk, eggs, butter, and bacon available against all demands of war, the school-lunch program, the factory feeding programs—all these are very much to the good.

But with all this tremendous machinery behind the food on our dinner tables, the real responsibility is still with the individual and with the housewife. What they need is not very much scientific knowledge. They need a surgical operation to remove some old-fashioned ideas from their heads, and then they need a few psychological and social devices whereby what they ought to eat can be made palatable, interesting, and readily accessible.

3

One of the old-fashioned ideas, largely cherished by men, is the idea that there is merit in cooking. If a woman doesn't get all hot and bothered standing by a range in the kitchen a man suspects that she is trying to dodge her responsibility to his digestion. Until recently a woman's capacity to make bread was the test of her fitness for wifehood. There are

still men who remember the pies that mother used to make and think that the wife falls a little short of her duty in offering fruit and crackers and cheese for dessert. And of course there are the chefs who are still enshrined in the great hotels, like medicine men left over from barbarous times, and who think that the true test of the meat is the sauce.

Though many foods are blessedly enshrined in our memory—especially in the memory of men who didn't have to prepare them—the fact is that this whole art of cookery is a slightly outmoded technique for making inferior food edible. It represents the best that could be done before modern methods of refrigeration were discovered.

Civilization began with the cooking of meat and the making of flour. The human race took a great step forward in security when it ceased to depend on a kill of meat from day to day and began to depend on grain that could be stored. Because of the superior storage value of cereals, almost all people, at a certain stage of civilization, eat too much cereal. The Japanese eat too much rice; Mexicans eat too much corn; Europeans and Americans eat too much wheat. It was to increase the keeping qualities of grain that the outer husks and germ which contain the valuable food elements were removed and the grain reduced to a lifeless white substance that had the merit of combining readily with many flavors, of making you feel "full," and of having little about it to decay. Similarly a white sugar minus life was ultimately derived from sugar cane. It was a handy thing to reduce necessary human aliment to one or two products that had high satiety value in concentrated form and could be easily transported and stored. But these lifeless productions were almost tasteless and a steady diet of them was monotonous. And so we developed the elaborate art of baking. Pies and cakes and biscuits of all varieties may be very good, but they were devised in order to make the best of a primitive food supply that had serious limitations.

So, too, with the cooking of meat. Antoine's sauces are all very wonderful, and he prepares beef and chicken and lamb with infinite care, but actually this fine art of the chef developed out of the fact that under the pre-refrigerator conditions, most meat when cooked was already a little spoiled. It took a lot of careful stewing and braising and flavoring to disguise that too, too carnal taste. But the best meat preserved by modern refrigeration requires very little more than a passing salute by the fire. Steak, bacon, chops, fresh liver, most of the meat which we really like best can be broiled in a few minutes under a gas flame. And no one ought to want any more flavoring than salt, and perhaps a little butter. So with vegetables. Good vegetables fresh out of the garden or frozen-food locker take little cooking. And the best vegetables take none.

The result of this is that some of the women who feed their families best nowadays can't cook at all in the old sense. They have learned most of what they know from the illustrations in advertisements and in women's magazines and from observation of the better sort of teashops and of their friends' luncheon and dinner tables. If she has a moderately liberal food budget, a woman may oscillate very nicely between a first-class market and an electric range, and seldom spend more than half an hour in the cooking of dinner. And her family will be the better for it.

But low-cost meals require some real cooking. Cooking, which was invented to make inferior food serve, is still necessary for just that purpose. Cheap and tough cuts of meat may be made into all sorts of good food by long and careful cooking, helped out, as necessary, with flavoring. The cheap vegetables that you really have to cook, like dried beans and peas, are excellently nourishing, but you have to learn what to do about them if your family is to eat them and like them again and again. And there's nothing like a little skill in whipping up biscuits and rolling out pies to make this new enriched flour look like a feast.

So the mother of growing children or of people doing manual work, operating on a limited budget, must still be a cook. If she is, she can go a long way to make up the difference between what she spends on food and what is spent by well-to-do Mrs. Blakely Jones down the way. And probably if Mr. Jones ever comes to her house to supper, he will go home and give Mrs. Jones an inferiority complex by raving about the apple pie. For memory and tradition are on the side of the old-fashioned cook, and whatever a man's cultural status may now be, his digestion functions in the horse-and-buggy era.

Under modern conditions the principal function of cooking is to make a monotonous and cheap diet palatable and to supply inexpensively the nutritional needs of those who, because of severe manual labor, need perhaps a thousand calories a day more than is needed by the more sedentary person. We all need about the same allowance of the foods that are high in minerals and vitamins. But some need more calories than others, and those who do hearty work outside or in the factory may very well have and enjoy the pies and gingerbread and mashed potatoes with gravy which a good cook can produce without necessarily going broke. The Federal Bureau of Home Economics has prepared a very helpful market list of inexpensive foods to be bought each week that will provide all necessary vitamins and food elements for a family consisting of two parents and two school children, at a cost of from \$7 to \$9 a week. This includes two and a half pounds of dried beans or peas, which are high in the various B vitamins as well as in proteins which people with larger budgets can get from steaks, chops, and baked ham. It provides for six quarts of milk a week for each of the children, and four and a half each for the grown people, but suggests that a can of evaporated milk or five ounces of American Cheddar cheese, the ordinary store cheese, is equal to a quart of whole milk. A housewife who knows how to bake beans in the old New England style, who can make delicious

lentil soup with croutons of leftover bread, and who can turn out macaroni and cheese with a fine, light interior and a rich crust of cheese on top is going to do very well with these suggestions. But one who can't is going to set a table that looks like supper in an internment camp.

Some of the best cereals, too, are the cheapest and bulk large on all inexpensive lists of foods. But you have to know how to treat them. There is no dish that contains more of everything you ought to eat and sticks by you better through a morning of hard work than oatmeal and milk with brown sugar. But there's all the difference in the world between oatmeal that is cooked properly—dry, nutty, and flaky—and oatmeal that is reduced to a slimy goo-ga. Dried fruits, too, are high in all food values and low in cost. You can't use too many raisins and prunes, if you use them right. But that puts a strain on your style and ingenuity in making desserts.

But when one has said that the fine art of cooking will give you some of the best food for the least money, you have said all that there is to say for the ancient art. At a certain level of expense, the merits of cooking vanish, and at all levels more good food is ruined by cooking than is ever enhanced by it. Every day housewives remove the best part of the food before it is served. Either they boil the food and pour most of its essences down the sink, or they bake and fry it and let the best of it stick to the pan.

This disposition of the cook to spoil the broth is a serious matter for those who are now trying to stay fit for hard work while eating three meals a day in restaurants. In restaurants and hotels a good deal of food arrives in a state fit only for the garbage can. Nor is it only the cheap restaurant which ruins the food. Quite the contrary, the large cafeterias in big cities are definitely superior to some of the large and expensive hotels in the quality of food they offer, and you can do better at many a drugstore counter than at a white tablecloth waited on by an obsequious waiter. You can tell how bad the food

is in many of the best hotels by the physical appearance not only of the chef himself but of many of the bulbous and decrepit rich old people who live there. The chef came from Europe, and he is master of his art. But it is an art that is now in the discard.

It is necessary to emphasize this because a good many people who now have to eat outside the home are at the mercy of public food purveyors. And it is only by learning to judge for themselves what really is good food, independent of cost and cooking, that they can survive the strains of present living. Many people who are eating around here and there are also trying to save money. There is no reason why they shouldn't. For many of the least expensive ways of eating are the best. Father laments that daughter Sue will get lunch at the drugstore counter. But a milk shake and a whole-wheat lettuce-and-tomato sandwich at the drugstore is a lot better meal than the table d'hôte father recommends, for fifty cents, which consists of thin watery soup, a white cracker, a bit of meat swimming in grease, two dabs of vegetables long past their prime, two white bread rolls, and a piece of pasty pie, topped off by bad coffee.

If she is ingenious, Sue can beat the hotel chef many a time in fixing up snacks for herself. Pumpernickel and cheese and oranges eaten on a park bench are sounder nourishment than what the Wall Street magnate is probably taking in his club. Peanut butter on graham crackers and a pint of milk from the delicatessen will make a poor man a good meal. If you have chosen your food properly in a cafeteria the penny candy picked up as you pay your check is about all the dessert you need. No one need pity you if you can't afford cake. On the whole if you have to buy your food in public places, the more nearly you get it in the raw the better. And the more chance you have to look it over before you take it, the better it is too—which is another point in favor of cafeterias for those who must eat in restaurants on a limited budget.

For those who can afford to be a little liberal, there is a new excitement in the modern art of not cooking food. You find it in some of the finer modern restaurants, in the crisp curls of celery and delicately sliced carrots and raw cauliflower served on ice, in the large garden bowl salads, in the many new and wonderful American cheeses, in desserts consisting of those million-dollar pears which come from the West Coast, each wrapped as if it were a new jewel for the Nizam of Hyderabad. A woman who sets a fine table does not now have to be a good cook or hire a good cook. She needs to be a delighted discoverer of the marvels of nature and of science and to balance the ancient miracle of fire with discretion against the modern magic of ice.

4

Next to our inheritance from the old-fashioned cooks, our worst ideas are those which we derive from the patent-medicine venders. We know enough to scorn the dark-brown stuff in a bottle that grandpa took after every meal. But we think we can eat what we please and then make up for it by buying all known vitamins in tablets and capsules at the drugstore. Drugstore vitamins are helpful in an emergency. Most reputable physicians will recommend them to persons going to places where the food supply is definitely poor or scarce. Many doctors who would rather not recommend any medicine suggest these various pills and capsules because the patient expects something, and these may do some good.

But taking a pill or a capsule is no substitute for a thoughtful habit of eating. This is an all-round discipline. It corrects the appetite. It sets all one's physical functions right. And it shows very soon in the whole appearance and bearing. One of the best things the army and navy are doing for the boys is to teach them the relation between correct eating and all those qualities which a soldier must show in an emergency—stability, endurance, clearness of mind. The value of the

teaching has been shown in the wonderful way in which boys in an emergency have known how to sustain both physical strength and morale. There were the navy fliers forced down in the Pacific who spent thirty-four days on a rubber raft, with no food except the fish that they managed to spear. But they carefully took the fish liver and ate it to supply necessary vitamins.

The best way to be sure that you have the necessary vitamins and minerals is not to waste money on capsules or tablets, but to spend it instead on a daily ration. This ration for the average working adult or the high-school youngster should consist of two or more glasses of milk, three pats of butter, six slices of whole-grain bread or enriched white bread (whole wheat is preferable), one large serving of green vegetables, preferably raw like lettuce or shredded cabbage, one serving of a yellow vegetable, two oranges (or equivalent in tomato juice or grapefruit), and one egg. To this you can add almost anything else that will make you feel fed. The most efficient and the cheapest way to "eat out" is to see that you get this every day, if you eat it at the drugstore counter or in your room or on a park bench, and then to treat yourself to something which you really like. For the housewife to provide the ration for each member of the family and to see that if they don't take it in one form they take it in another solves about half the problem of marketing. The rest of the marketing, for the housewife who loves her family and her business, is then real fun.

5

However, the housewife who would really keep her family eating properly must be prepared to go to bat for it. She is one of the great key persons in the present campaign of national defense. Her handiwork is in the clear eyes, good skins, lithe active figures, good tempers, and working efficiency of her family. But if she really wants to do what

she is asked to, she has to keep right at it and she has to be firm.

One way to be firm is to keep a tight hold on the market basket. Your family thinks the new enriched bread is nonsense. It does, eh? Well, that's too bad, for enriched bread is all they're going to find on your table. The children want something to eat when they come home from school. Very well. But let them look in vain for doughnuts. There are peanut butter and graham crackers and cheese and perhaps some marmalade. There is milk to drink in the icebox but not bottled soft drinks. These are relatively harmless, but they take the place of something really nourishing, and if it's nourishment your family needs it's a good idea to see that there is nothing they could conceivably stick in their mouths that isn't nourishing.

Where, as in many families now, people work on different shifts, the family's health may depend very much on the housewife's firmness in seeing that there is plenty in stock that is good for them, and nothing that isn't. For they will come in at all hours, quite ravenous. If the cake or the doughnuts are in sight, father will eat them while he's standing around watching you scramble the eggs. And don't let him lead the children in a rebellion against your new nutty food ideas. This is your command and you just see that you keep it. They'll have to take what you give them and like it in the end. So just let them fuss and starve through one meal and then raid the icebox or the breadbox and find only what is good for them there.

Nevertheless, though you are firm you might as well be tactful. People who don't like milk, for example, may like cheese. A good deal of milk, in the concentrated form of evaporated milk, may be consumed without pain or comment while eating something else, macaroni and cheese, for example, or chicken à la king, or omelette, or soufflé. Get the measure of your family's likes and dislikes—and then please 'em and fool them!

One way to get around them is to be guilefully generous and hospitable. There is daughter Claire, for example, and her gang who live on Coca-Colas and cigarettes. No Coca-Colas in the house? Oh, mother! Ah, but there is nice chocolate sauce for milk shake. Let Ted shake it up with milk in the cocktail shaker, and Guy crack ice and put it in the glasses. While Claire hangs back, a little dubious at this unfashionable suggestion, the boys are already busy. When they pass the shakes with much jubilation, Claire picks up and begins to reconstruct her picture of herself and eye with cautious acceptance the idea that perhaps she belongs to a sophisticated family who do interesting and original things, like serving milk shakes from cocktail shakers. There is the possibility too of imitating the habit on shipboard of bringing around bouillon at eleven in the morning and sometimes on deck about nine in the evening. One can save all the vegetable juices from cooking and from canned vegetables and add a bouillon cube. And then be nonchalant and generous, passing it around to the family when they come in from swimming or from a cold walk.

In passing off raw vegetables on the family, there are also the various new devices for shredding and chopping. Shredded carrots go down nicely where the crude original was disdained. A very large number of people who don't like salad hate the bother of the large lettuce leaves that must be perilously parted by a fork and the big pieces of something that slither and slide. A garden bowl salad with everything properly cut up lets you use all the green outer leaves of the lettuce, which are best for you anyway, and no end of other raw bits. At least half the people at your table will be secretly pleased to have the work of disintegrating the fodder so well done for them.

The housewife at home is a modest creature. Though she has the most important job in the world—and one of the most interesting—she does not always know it. Nowadays when

Mrs. A., wife of an airplane worker, mother of three grammar-school and high-school children, says, "What can I do to win the war?" and the great moguls in Washington say over the radio, "Lady, feed your family," she thinks they are handing her some soft soap. She would not think so if she saw those gentlemen in conference. There they are, bringing up their batteries of propaganda, mobilizing their armies of experts, all to assault the fortress to which the little housewife holds the key—the nation's food habits.

We are what we eat, say the experts, and we don't like what we are. Too many of us are sick, too many are decrepit, too many are too fat or too lean, too many have poor eyes and poor teeth, too many are old before their time. As workmen, we have too many accidents. As soldiers we break down. As old people we have to have somebody support us. We are too much trouble to ourselves and other people. And it is all due to what we eat, or rather to what we don't eat. Man does not live by bread alone. He lives by certain invisible essences which the scientists have named after the first page of the primer, A, B, C, D, etc. Without these, man is gnawed by a hidden hunger. Without them he subtly and terribly decays.

But while experts appear to make a great and solemn mystery of these things, the housewife doesn't need to do a problem in higher mathematics every time she gets a meal. For her it is really as simple as giving the baby her breast and then watching him grow. All she has to do is to learn a list of simple foods and then see that her family get nothing else till they eat them. Housewives who have been doing this for the last fifteen or twenty years have their reward now in their tall, straight, fine-looking children, and in the fact that they and their husbands still have the best of life ahead of them—and are not too hard to look at, either, at least in the eyes of each other.

Professor Henry Sherman of Columbia University, the dean of the food experts, says that by right eating you can add

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fifteen years to your life. You don't add it at the end. You insert it in the middle, somewhere between forty and sixty, at the peak of maturity, in fifteen years of good health, high achievement, and practically no signs of advancing years. Men hunted for centuries for the elixir of life and the fountain of youth. Isn't it a comfort, Sister, to think that perhaps we have it now, right at our hands, and can hold the sparkling cup of life to the lips that we love best?

The Lost Art of Staying Home

WHY, after all, should one stay home? There are several answers to this question but none of them are to be found in the outburst of pious moralizing that has followed the rationing of gas. Some people are positively gloating over what this is going to do to our mobile domesticity. Now, they say, we shall have to stay home. We shall have more home parties, more neighborhood parties. To hear them talk one would think that the fact that another person partakes of your own valuable blood stream necessarily makes him better company and that the family who moves in next door to your special highness thereby acquires merit. Carried to an extreme, this would take us right back to the housebound provincialism of Europe. Anyone who looks at the map of that unhappy continent now cannot say that the European tendency to form little insoluble clots of human beings, beginning with the family and extending only as far as some special little nation of your own, has ever done anybody any good.

We Americans have a relatively easy and happy social order because we never did stay home. We didn't stay home in Europe or whatever land we came from, and ever since we touched these shores we have been on the go. Perhaps the reason why we can flow over each other's state borders and even spill over into Canada and Mexico without causing an international incident, is that we long ago learned a certain amiable ease in walking in and out of each other's houses.

The tendency of all good Americans not to be at home long

antedates the motorcar. Think back, those of you who knew this social scene before there was a gas station in sight. When you came home from school, did you find mother at home? Oh, you did! Frankly, I never found mine home. Perhaps that is one reason why I have had such a happy life. And in the prehistoric dimness beyond my mother, there was grandfather who had hundreds of acres in Indiana largely populated by thoroughbred horses and obstreperous young men who ultimately became more or less middle-aged uncles. I was born to the last stanzas of family epic reaching back to the beginnings of the nineteenth century and dealing largely with the battle and intrigue growing up around the determination of all young men to beg, borrow, or steal the best horse on the place to go God knows where. Anyone who thinks that this generation invented the family squabble about the family means of locomotion ought to move back in time and listen to what could once be said at the ancestral breakfast table about young men, girls, and horses!

Yet there is a very good reason why we should stay home. It's that we don't get much opportunity to do so. So if we really do get the chance, we don't want to miss it. We want to make every blessed minute of it count. Staying at home isn't a moral obligation. It is a special privilege which a good many lonesome, homesick, and uprooted people would now give their weight in war bonds to have again. Said one man who has to commute between New York and Washington on war business: "I wake up two mornings a week on the train, four mornings in a hotel in Washington, one morning in my apartment in New York, and one morning on Long Island. I practically have to take a roll call to find out where I am." "And which place is home?" "None of them. I haven't any home now. I have just a multiple bed."

What they say about the wonderful new domestic intimacy of wartime is just a pipe dream of the lady-editors. Or else it's

papa roaring at Sonny Boy who won't stay away from any place else but home, if he has to crawl there or go in a wheel chair. The fact is that most people are now away from home for more hours than during peacetime, and for no frivolous reasons. Even this lack of gas which is supposed to do us so much moral good means that, instead of whizzing down to the office or the market in fifteen minutes, one now spends three-quarters of an hour getting there by streetcar and three-quarters of an hour getting back. This means subtracting one hour and a half every day from the bliss of home, sweet home, as against the half hour that was formerly spent in transit. Then there are the civilian defense meetings and the hours spent by air-raid wardens patrolling during black-outs and the various defense training classes and the Red Cross. And there is overtime. Few of the indispensable workers in munitions, the armed services, the government, or in many types of business administration have much chance to be home now. They are lucky if they can drop somewhere and sleep.

There is no need to be pious on this matter of staying home. The only ones who need to be urged to stay home are persons of teen age, and they won't anyway, no matter how you talk. And probably they shouldn't. Nobody else needs to be urged. All they want is the chance. Try to get any man now to come to a party on his one day off from shop or office. You couldn't pry him loose from his lawn mower or fishing tackle or den, or, above all, from his old clothes unless you sent a police squad after him. And for many a woman the chance to be around home for a little while, in slacks or house dress, to wash a little something in soap flakes, to do a little something to somebody's wardrobe, to fix a little lunch of salad and cheese, and to relax on a couch and read *Life*, *The Reader's Digest*, and the fashion magazines—this is the office or factory woman's picture of heaven in the sweet by-and-by. Phooey to the home parties! What we want is just home.

Several years ago a visiting Englishman said that he didn't like American homes because they were so unhomelike. How were they unhomelike? They were too smart, neat, and fixed up. They lacked, he said, "the dear frowsiness of home." Frowsiness is, of course, a relative concept. At a certain level of material comfort and sophistication, you can be thoroughly slack and still be, in comparison with some poorer or cruder person, smart and neat. Yet there is something to be said for the Englishman's idea. Compared with the standard which you are expected to keep up outside the home, you may not only sink to a little frowsiness under your own roof tree, you should even glory in it.

Home is a place where you can get into your old clothes, go to bed when you like, sleep late in the morning, and temporarily descend to the level of charwoman or garageman by happily doing a few chores. Home is a place where you can empty out all your old junk from drawers and trunks and proceed in a leisurely and thoroughly inefficient way to make some kind of order out of it. This is a process that, if you are really practicing the art of staying home, you will never complete. Eventually you will just gather it up again and stuff it back into whatever it came in, to wait for another day. But you will have had a wonderful time.

One of the most charming pictures of really staying home was in a paragraph in one of Mrs. Roosevelt's columns. She went up on a winter day to the house in Hyde Park. After sleeping late—that is, late for Mrs. Roosevelt—she went out into the snow and tried her skis, took a spill or two, and gave that up. By that time it was lunch and she didn't know where the morning had gone which, for Mrs. Roosevelt, was certainly an oversight. She ate her lunch and then decided that she might as well put some order into the library. She went into the dim, lonely, chillyish library that gray winter day, took

down some books, started to do whatever she intended to do, and pretty soon woke up to find that the afternoon was gone, and she was sitting on the floor, having read through page after page of favorite old books.

Some of the best days at home are the kind of days that would be bad anywhere else. They are dull. They are a little lonesome. You don't get anything done. You finally go to bed from sheer boredom. But next day the morning sunlight has a double shine. You sing in the bath. You trip forth to march time. And everything you have to do seems easy. Then someone says, "Did you have a good time at home?" and you sigh in ecstatic remembrance and say, "Wonderful!"

Yet there is a certain art even in the domestic letdown, art being by definition the application of skill to attain the maximum effect with the greatest economy of means. Staying home—for those who have to spend most of their lives outside the home, and they are the only ones to whom staying home does any special good—is more literally a recreation than almost anything else that passes under that name. Nearly everything a person really wants to do in his time off from work at home offers a ready way of remaking or re-creating the tattered pattern of his personality. He wants to get into old clothes, which is a relaxation of nerve and muscle, a shedding of social strain. He wants to sleep late in the morning, which is a chance for physical reconstruction. He wants to do some little chores about the house or maybe some errands downtown or to put some of his private affairs in order—all of which is a social reconstruction. He perhaps wants to see a few friends and to enjoy the affectionate intimacy with the family, which is an emotional reconstruction. And in addition, he probably wants to listen to his favorite radio programs.

There is, of course, a certain technique in doing all of these things. Take the matter of old clothes, for example. Our idea in getting into special clothes is to shed social strain and to be able to do whatever we do without worrying about its

effect on the clothes budget. But actually many old clothes are far from comfortable and adequate. And most civilized people cannot long enjoy being really untidy or socially un-presentable. That relaxation which we seek in old clothes, house clothes, or play clothes is best got by having plenty of them always fresh and in good condition.

This kind of clothing is not a proper subject for economy. Few home clothes cost much and they save wear and tear on more expensive garments. Almost none of them need be made of materials which are under wartime restrictions. Hence most people would do well now to double their play, lounging, and home-chore wardrobes. They should have plenty of everything at hand when they want it. And they can afford to be a little careless with them. When you paint the screen door, you don't have to get into those old dungarees, stiff with grease and dirt. New dungarees cost less than a dollar. And suppose you do get paint on the new ones! A dollar is cheap for a good day at home, not to mention the paint job. The lady of the house would like to have dinner in a house coat, blessedly sans stockings and girdle. Why not? If house coat and slippers are pretty enough, no mere man can tell them from dinner dress.

Now that we have so few things to spend money on, and so much need of rest, the privacy of your own home is a good place for a fashion show. Luxury, convenience, freshness, and a certain extravagance in the things you wear for your own comfort and the eye of intimate affection have a value for the psychology that few dress-up-in-public clothes have. To know how to dress in work clothes, play clothes, and negligees is to master the art of being frowsy with style!

There is a technique, too, to sleeping late in the morning on your one day off. The first thing is that you should do it with a good conscience. There's nothing that restores one's sense of free will like opening a sleepy cyc and seeing the hand of the watch or clock stand at the hour and minute at which

one is conditioned to spring out of bed and then just not doing it. To roll over serenely with a determination that you are going to stay just where you are just as long as you like! Strike off those chains! Down with that slavery! You are a free man, though flat on your back. A good morning sleeper never asks the household to hush any of its normal noises. If Johnny's patter and Sandy's barking and somebody knocking loudly on the back door don't come to you with a certain dreamy comfort—because, thank God, you don't have to do anything about it—you don't belong in a bed at home. You belong in a sanitarium. But of course there must be somebody to do something about it. Sleeping late in the morning presupposes cordial cooperation on the part of a good fairy who was up hours ago.

The acme of boudoir comfort for some people is breakfast in bed. But many men who really like it, and who will sometimes order trays in hotels, have a strange notion that they are making it easier for whoever runs the kitchen if they dress and come down to breakfast. How many week-end hostesses have struggled to disabuse polite masculine guests of this idea. As a matter of fact no aliment is so easy to provide as breakfast in bed. For housewife and maid alike it is the most convenient way of disposing of the morning meal. Hostesses and housewives, especially wives who are mothers of small children, hate to have guests and visiting husbands appear too early. So anyone who really enjoys a breakfast tray can settle down to it with the serene feeling that the favor he is doing to himself is probably a favor to all concerned. And as for a hard-working woman, any husband, son, or daughter who really wants to surprise her might try a tray on her!

3

Though all these morning indulgences seem to presuppose a slavey who woke at dawn, they are not beyond that peculiarly American domestic ingenuity which refuses to make one

person's indulgence another person's drudgery. There is a family which does all its living at home with a peculiar grace, for they possess a pattern of domestic manners so old, so rich in affectionate tradition, so gracefully and lovingly polished that they really ought to be in a museum. But they are never better than when having breakfast on Sunday morning in bed. These are the five Burtons.

Mr. Burton inherited from his father and grandfather a small factory, holding patents going back to the early days of modern industry and manufacturing some fine mechanical specialties of distinguished standing in the world that comprehends these things. Naturally this factory is at present overwhelmed with defense orders. There are three Burton children: Lilian aged nineteen, Ruth aged twenty, and Walter aged twenty-two. They expect to inherit the factory if, as they say, "the big boys will let us live—" which means if big industry will let the small craft factories survive after the war. And so, in accordance with family custom, they all have to learn the business. Lilian and Ruth are very beautiful girls brought up on the "old family," Junior League tradition, and till lately they seemed to be more ornamental than useful. But since Pearl Harbor they have stripped off nail polish, rings, and bracelets and settled right down with father and brother to time and time-and-a-half for overtime in all the work of the factory.

The Burtons live in a large, old-fashioned mansion which they inherited with the factory, dignified, mellow, inconvenient, and full of ancestral things. Faced with the uncertain future of small businesses like theirs, they say that they can't run the factory, retain the house, pay income taxes, and keep the servants at the same time. So they have dismissed the servants. Mrs. Burton herself does all the work of keeping that house running for her busy and overworked family in the style to which they are all accustomed.

At this time when they are all submerged in the work of

the factory, the Burtons have one day only for home—not a single evening otherwise. This day is Sunday. On Sunday they have breakfast on trays in their rooms and don't appear in public till noon. But this simple statement by no means represents a certain social richness which they manage to put into the weekly hours of rest in bed in the bosom of the family. You begin to see it late Saturday evening, when the mother and the two girls flutter around putting finishing touches to five dainty trays that stand in the butler's pantry. They set out the orange squeezer, and put two oranges apiece into the icebox. They place in the breadbox a plate of buns and a dish of strawberry jam or marmalade. They set up the electric glass coffee maker. "The first one down makes the coffee," says Ruth, "and we take turns bringing up the trays, all except mother. We never let her do anything on Sunday because she keeps house the rest of the week. All we have is just buns and jam and orange juice. But mother is wonderful. She shops for special buns in the bakeshops on Saturday, and she always finds something that's a surprise and perfectly delicious."

About eleven o'clock Sunday morning, if you were Aunt Annie or Uncle Tom, or some intimate friend privileged to walk in at the back door that seems to be unlocked and should call out, "Hello, is anybody home?" some of the cheery, cultured accents of the Burtons would float down from above. "Come on up. We're still in bed. Aren't we la-a-a-zy?"

In Ruth's room, you would find Ruth and Lilian stretched out side by side on Ruth's bed on top of the bed covers, looking very pretty in billowing negligees, with their permanent waves a little tousled but their lips already brightly made up. They have a pile of boy friends' letters, girl friends' letters, announcements of friends being married, and other youthful feminine matters which they are cozily sharing with each other, along with some cigarettes. In Walter's room, the serious son of the family is stretched out behind a formidable volume which

deals with the decay of capitalism or the reconstruction of the economic order after the war. Walter wanted to finish Yale and be an economist. But instead he must work in the factory. Brought up to the idea that his little industrial inheritance from his great-grandfather, grandfather, and father might ultimately be absorbed by big industry, Walter is perpetually worried about world economic problems. "Don't go into Walter's room," call his sisters. "The air there is so thick with heavy thoughts they hit you like brickbats." Since Walter seems to want to be let alone, he is.

In father and mother's room, one finds father stretched out on the chaise longue, reading items from the Sunday paper to mother who is propped up in bed against some lacy pillows, looking fresh and rested. "I always let Edwin read the Sunday paper for me," she says. "News sounds so much more interesting when he tells it to me."

About eleven-thirty mother finally rises and trails around and calls on the children. She sits on the foot of Ruth's bed for a few minutes and contributes her advice on the subject of dates and clothes. She stops at Walter's room and stands in the door holding a heated economic argument with him until the rest of the family protest and drag her away. "Really, my son is terrible," she says. "I think he must be a communist or something."

So they go along, with time quietly flowing over them, till somehow or other along about two o'clock there are the Burtons, looking as immaculate as only they know how to look, sitting down at a pretty table to a dinner which has appeared from somewhere. "It's only a one-dish meal," says Mrs. Burton. "I fix up a roast and vegetables all in one dish, one of the girls sticks it into the electric roaster in the morning, and there we are! We just can't be bothered with cooking on Sunday."

After dinner the girls say prettily, "You aren't to do a thing, Mummy," and seat her in state to look on while they casually

rinse things in the butler's pantry. Finally they yield to mother's orders to hide the rest away. She'll wash them next day. During this process Walter and father usually stand around and are ordered to do this and that with that air of ruthless command which Burton ladies always exercise over their menfolk in the privacy of the family and on which the men appear to thrive.

The fact is that the Burtons can now afford to be gay and amusing in a family free-for-all because of the way in which they have spent their morning. Father, having enjoyed some mature mental and emotional converse with his wife whom, like other devoted husbands, he has spent most of his married days trying to reach through a barrage of children, can now afford to unbend and listen with tolerance to the silly affairs of the girls. Walter, having temporarily settled the economic affairs of the world, can come out of his shell for a while and be teased by mother and sisters. The girls, having unburdened their hearts to each other, now begin to see hope again for the troubled love life of young women in wartime and can afford to be sweet to the family—at least for a while. As for mother, she has had no suppressed desires, except to have her family all around her, and, having that for the moment, she beams.

However, it is characteristic of the domestic tact of the Burtons that they never put too great a strain on family affection. In any gathering in which they are all together each one tries to retire before he has worn out his welcome. So pretty soon the girls, who have been floating around being somewhat absently amiable, show what is really on their minds by departing, all dressed up, with two uniformed dates. Walter then rises and says, with formal politeness, to his father, "If you will excuse me, sir, I think I'll just go and use up my three gallons of gas." So they melt away each intent on his own affairs, to reassemble, more or less, late in the afternoon or in the evening, each one with two or three guests attached. There's always a gala atmosphere about the house on Sunday

evening, with people all over the place. It looks like a party. But Mrs. Burton says, "A party! Mercy, no! They just dropped in. We never entertain now. We couldn't think of it with the war and the factory going twenty-four hours a day and income taxes and all."

What they do about Sunday night supper is anybody's guess. If you drop in, somebody passes you something delicious on a tray or casually directs you to a shelf in the butler's pantry which looks like a cafeteria. But Mrs. Burton says, "We never have Sunday night supper. We can't be bothered. On Saturday I just see that there is enough in the house to stave off serious malnutrition, and then if anybody wants to eat, it's up to him."

Monday morning it is all over. The family leaves before eight for the factory and comes back, sometimes staggering with weariness, at almost any hour at night, and mother spends the day picking up through that big house the debris left over from Sunday. For the first half of the week the one day at home is a glamorous memory, and the second half it is an enchanting prospect. Faced with the future demise of the factory on which family security has been built for generations and the collapse of an hereditary way of life which is already something of an anachronism, working hard and practicing rigorous economy with an eye always on the future, the Burtons have a way of staying at home together which is perfect for them.

It is perfect for several good reasons, which apply just as well to other domestic circumstances. They compound for the many denials of their life by being extravagant in the kind of home indulgence which happens to matter to each individual. The girls, who cannot often go to dances now in evening dress, have extravagant negligees and boudoir fittings. Walter, who cannot finish college, is extravagant in the buying of books. Mother, who does all her own work, has been rather extravagantly equipped with electrical cooking devices and

indulges extravagantly on Sunday in various dainties in the way of prepared foods. The Burtons are not only self-indulgent at the particular points where their present conditions of life tend to rub them sore, but they are mutually indulgent. The sisters can't help saying now and then that Walter is socially a pain, but they say it prettily, and they amiably allow for it in all domestic and social arrangements. Father is completely resigned to the fact that girls will be girls—and therefore silly. Mother thinks that all her family are idiots as far as the details of living are concerned, and if they didn't have her to pick up after them and lay down the law to them, what would they do? Father and the children are agreed that dear mother doesn't know a thing about the wicked world outside of home, but why should she? Aren't they all there to protect her from it?

As a family they never force themselves on each other and they have no nonsense about "Let's do it all together." Complete family unity is with them frankly a gesture which they make now and then with humor and grace, and then they fall apart into natural combinations. Their time at home is skillfully prepared for by as many practical arrangements as can be made ahead of time, and what must be done in the way of keeping household life going, while relaxing, is reduced to a simple, definite, and well-practiced routine that every member of the family understands and in which each takes his assigned part. In a family in which each member, according to his temperament and tastes, has been disciplined to tact, tolerance, and social skill, anyone can stay at home and like it!

4

Since the Burtons must spend six days of the week immersed in mechanics and the handling of material things, they quite properly specialize at home in a kind of elegant intimacy and relaxed sociability. This needs to be emphasized now in

seriousness of the need of salvaging basic materials and repairing everything that can be repaired is something that can be used in appealing to the younger teen-age children for help and cooperation in doing chores. And once a tactful parent can get the children to work with him in a few household chores on his day at home, he gives them a chance to open up and get a few things off their minds.

In general, however, it must be frankly admitted that you cannot begin to teach children to do chores with you at the age of fourteen or fifteen. But they will be delighted when they are five. What can be done is to begin chores early, when the children will take to them, and then with infinite tact to try to carry on over those difficult years when your dear babies seem suddenly to grow five inches taller overnight and to change their tastes, their dispositions, their manners, and suddenly become somebody else. Johnny, aged sixteen, has a lot of things on his mind these war days, more than you would ever suspect. Maybe if you can both be home some afternoon and agree to do something to make that old car roll a few miles longer, he will soon find himself telling you all about it.

5

However, there is no use holding out to parents the hope that lack of gas or anything else is going to make young people of a certain age willing to cuddle in with you under the old roof-tree. If at a certain age you want comradeship in staying home, it is better to depend on the wife of your bosom, or to annex an old friend for the day. The only children worth having are those who, when the time comes, simply won't stay home with pa and ma. The excellence of your offspring and his prospect of future happiness and success in the world are measured by his zeal, his determination, and his persistent social practice, between fifteen and twenty, in adjusting himself to everybody but you. The only power the parents hold

at this age is the power of the pocketbook, and with so much need of young workers on all sides, you can't be too sure of holding that. So far as persuading the children over fifteen to stay at home with us is concerned, this wartime era is no improvement on all the eras that went before. Too much of the present song of hope about the renewed joys of the hearth and the sweetness of staying home is just another version of the old forlorn cheeps over the empty nest.

There's only one thing to do when your child begins to show you his heels, and that is to say, "So long, my dear," and let him go. If you do that, it won't be so long. He'll come back when he is tired or broke or needs your help; he may come back just because you are nice and home is good and he wants to see you. But if you don't say good-by cheerfully and promptly, he'll go anyway—and for good. But just as he who loseth his life shall find it, so he that loseth his child, willingly, shall find him again—a man.

CHAPTER X

The Discarded Art of Filial Piety

THERE is a beautiful good-night ceremony in old-fashioned Latin-American families. In such families the married sons and daughters—of whom there are many—live with the parents under the large and sheltering ancestral roof-tree. Of an evening the whole family, some twenty or twenty-five of them, sit together in the patio or *sala*. There are the old father and mother, the patriarchs of the tribe, their middle-aged children, and their grandchildren of all ages. There may even be great-grandchildren.

Sometimes rebellious younger members of such families will confess that this sitting together of an evening is pretty dull—that conversation is formal and stilted and mutual discontent and nagging not far under the surface. They say that in so large a domestic concourse, if one has one friend in the family to whom he may really open his heart in confidence, he has a good deal. However this may be, they all present a most affectionate picture, which reaches its climax when they say good night. For then, one by one, the children and the grandchildren will rise and, going to the old father and mother, will kneel before them and ask their blessing for the night. How benign is the position of grandfather and grandmother at that moment! How good and gracious they must feel!

Where filial piety is a religion, the home is not primarily a

nest for the little ones or a bower for the romance of two, as it is with us. It is the shrine of ripening age in which father and mother, having produced numerous offspring, sit enthroned and freely enjoy both emotional and material tribute for the rest of their lives. Love of husband and wife and child is subservient to a tender and cherishing love for the old folks. Everyone down to the smallest toddler cheerfully does without that grandfather and grandmother may have some special luxury. Sometimes the devotion to the ancestor may be wickedly imposed on. There was a rapacious priest in a Mexican village who refused to administer the last rites to an old man dying at the age of eighty-four until certain church dues were paid. To get money so that the grandfather might depart in peace the grandson and his young bride sold their one dearly cherished wedding present, the possession which had given them pride and standing in all the village—their radio. Of course, in some lands a grandfather faced with such an attitude by the priest would have looked upon the affectionate but troubled young faces of the bride and groom and would have said, "No, thank you. I'll just die and be damned." But that is not the way you behave when filial piety raises you to the ranks of the divine.

In one of these filial families the god and goddess of the hearth, ancient and benignant, and sometimes badly spoiled, form the first center of the child's life. Grandfather is to him the image of God. His own father and mother are, like himself, only children in the house. It is not till they have become physically grandfather and grandmother that his parents will begin to be socially and emotionally father and mother.

But through the long repression and subordination imposed on the younger members in the old-fashioned ancestral home, there is always the prospect of final release, just this side of the grave. This brings to the members of such a social order something which some people elsewhere long for all their lives and never find. For it is said that the human being seeks continu-

ally for the enthronement which he originally enjoyed as an infant in his mother's arms and at her breast. Neurotic people are those who can never get used to being one of many, just another member of the family, the community, or the tribe. They want to be something special. They want to remain always on high, held up by warm arms with the sweet fount of plenty always bubbling at their lips. In these old families the child who loses his enthronement has it coming back to him again—if only he can manage to live long enough. In old age he will again be secure, held up by the arms of the many he has fathered or mothered, pampered, loved, and waited on, laying down the law without the bother of having to execute it!

And it must be admitted that there are other advantages in these large households snugly tied to the parent tree. They represent a primitive form of social security. In such lands as Mexico, Cuba, and China, the collective economic strength of the family is the only shield which the poor have against disaster. You are born into a group bound to look after you. You cannot fall too low in a large family, for someone in it is sure to help you. You surrender a degree of self-will for a genuine security. But, on the other hand, if you are a little stronger or more gifted or more unselfish than the rest, you must bow your back to the load, for all the inadequacies of your relatives unto the third and fourth generation and degree of kin will surely be loaded on you. In every large family there is at least one bully, half a dozen parasites, and one holy martyr, all acting in the name of the filial piety due to the parent or parents who sit on high.

A variation of the bully-martyr relationship that tends to develop under the eye of an old and honored but rather sleepy ancestor is to be found in some countries in the usurpation by males of all ages of the glory that properly belongs to the real heads of the family—the two old folks. In Latin America and in China, where ancient parenthood is truly honored and

the old mother therefore has a high place, a decent sense of social and moral values may coexist with the tribal family and flourish along with the religion of filial piety. But in Japan and Germany, they somehow managed to graduate from an earlier sense of the importance of parenthood to a special honor for the man of any age. This is a plain offense against natural religion. For if one is to regard parenthood as something sacred, certainly the share of the male in the process is not the part to get excited about! However, in Japan and Germany they think that maleness is just too, too divine! The climax of the Japanese ideal is the scene described by Sydney Greenbie, who says that he saw a Japanese-American girl who had returned to her native land and had married a Japanese kneeling, big with child, at the feet of her husband and fastening on the nice new *tabi*, or shoes, in which he was going forth to spend an evening at the geisha house. Men in Mexico and China have less chance to be such ultimate asses because there filial piety still means a reverence for the family structure as a whole. Besides, there is frequently an unreconstructed old mother who, to her last breath, will still have something to say.

2

Theoretically we have a different family system, and we always have had. Not since Christ said that a man should leave father and mother and cleave unto his wife and the twain shall be one flesh has Western culture subscribed to the religion of filial piety without mental reservations. And in our own country each new generation has had some chance to start clean partly because those who have come here as immigrants have from the first, left a good piece of the family behind and partly because we all move around so much that even the silver cord gets worn and weak trying to hold us. Besides, under our law you come into the full possession of your own life at twenty one, along with the vote. Actually, in common usage, a paren

has a hard time asserting himself against any child over eighteen. From the time your son or daughter is of age to be self-supporting or even to go to college, anyone outside who wants to deal with him or her is going to come to your offspring and not to papa. Society is in a conspiracy to help your chick fly the coop.

This still comes as a shock to parents, even the most enlightened of them. For whatever we think we think, and whatever the church and the common law and common custom may indicate to the contrary, the fact is that the condition of being a parent for some eighteen years inevitably produces the illusion that we are little private gods in a world of our own. It stands to reason that little creatures who are so completely our own, as our babies are, should be our own when through our care and sacrifice they grow large, beautiful, and socially potent. When little Frances was four and had to be forcibly and tearfully put to bed, father stole in afterwards to kiss the warm, rosy, tear-stained little face. And he stood over her thinking how she would grow up into a beautiful and loving daughter. He saw himself with his hair graying at the temples, serene and tolerant, with a pretty flirtatious young woman winding her arms around his neck and coaxing a new dress or fifty dollars out of the old codger. He teased her and pinched her cheek and finally, with a little gentle chiding, took out a well-filled billfold and handed her one hundred dollars.

He saw her wooed by a dozen gallant and hard-working young men and finally choosing the best of them and appearing before him, hand in hand with her choice, to ask his favor and blessing on their great happiness. But what is the use? The dreams of parents are all the same and come to the same bad end.

While our children are growing up, we have plenty of chance to fashion imaginary future versions of them in compensation for the way the little brats are behaving now. Across one's horizon move lines and processions of youths

and maidens—other people's sons and daughters—arrayed in the peculiar glamour youth wears for all except its own parents. "I'd like my own son to be like that," says the parent. Your son will be like that, but he'll be a headache, not a joy. For when the time comes our children just won't go through the motions we have set for them. In relaxed moments we may know that they are handsome, gifted, and good. But their treatment of us is terrible.

Laura, who is so sweet abroad, is moody and secretive at home. Or if she is really good tempered and pleasant, she is sure to be a menace to our hard-earned property. She drops her clothes where she takes them off, forgets to mail our most important business letter, does not turn off the ignition in the car, and smokes incessantly.

There probably is not a parent on earth who, when his children grow up, knows what the world is coming to. Say what you will, the new generation emerging on our own level and of our own size or a bit larger is always a shock to us. George Bernard Shaw says that a child should be hatched out of an egg at seventeen. That shows that George Bernard Shaw never had a child. From fifteen to twenty your child is a total loss. He was a joy when he was little and may be a joy again when he is grown. But there is an intervening period on which the curtain might just as well be rung down.

The only consolation for the total disregard which the emerging generation has not only for filial piety but for common decency is a study of history, private and social. Look at yourself, in the days of the First World War. Practically all of us at that time were idiots. We didn't have the sense our own children were born with, let alone what they have developed under our wise and fostering care. But we got through episodes which now make us a little dizzy to remember; and on a social foundation which in the twenties heaved like an earthquake under us, we began to build up a family structure that now proves to be more sound and wholesome

by and large than has been seen in this country for two generations. And look at our own children—look at the young soldiers and airmen of twenty-two, at the young army nurses, at the government girls, at the young brides and grooms, so brave and sensible in the face of the kind of world their youth is cast in. Four years ago these very persons were driving us all crazy, careering around in cars, spouting communism if they had some brains and silly radio gags if they had none, jitterbugging to asinine melodies, and prematurely in love with the wrong people.

And the moral is—the moral of the army camps and of any concourse of girls in which we have a chance to appraise the product of our parenthood by the gross—that while we may not yet know where we are going, we seem to be on the right way. All we have to do, as parents and children and renegades from the ancient religion of filial piety, is to keep on going.

3

But when filial piety ceases to be a debt collectible by due process of law—which is the case in our country any time after your child enters high school—it begins to come to you as a free gift. Take, for example, Mother's Day in 1942 and what the thousands of boys away from home and the 75,000 government girls in Washington suddenly woke up and did to it. Mother was treated to such an honest, forthright, whole-hearted appraisal as she has not had since Eve first spanked Cain. Everywhere the newspapers and the advertisements began publishing pictures of mother as this generation thinks of her. She is not that dear old lady in a rocking chair who was officially mother so long, though all of us knew that grandmother sat for the picture. The standard mother of 1942, the mother fondly remembered by the armed forces, had dropped off twenty years and twenty pounds. She was a smart slender youngish woman, inclined to pooh-pooh any idea of putting her on a pedestal, loving you very much but not to be bothered

too much because she was busy, quick and expert with the frying pan and the lipstick, somebody you could always talk to and one whose opinions you might better consider because no one knew more than she did about what was going on. She was unselfish, but she never let you get dewy eyed noticing the fact. With a loving hand she had brought you to man's estate and then gently pushed you out of the house and into a job, the army, or the keeping of your best girl, while she turned cheerfully away and picked up the telephone. She was loving. She was responsive. And yet she required from grown-up children just a little wooing. Now that you were out from under her feet she had a life of her own and jolly well meant to live it. The consequence was that a kind of glamour surrounded all her doings. And she had your honest respect. This was mother to whom thousands of boys wrote letters on Mother's Day with a kind of loving, humorous, offhand comradeship.

The young men were able to make their picture of mother pretty clear because, living together, they have been helped to a collective articulateness. But the girls could do quite as well, especially if they were away from home, engaged to be married or earning their own living and suddenly appreciative of the graceful expertness with which mother managed problems which now loomed so large on their own horizons. There was the girl away from home who sent her mother a little book, in script writing, illustrated with colored wash drawings. It was divided into eighteen little chapters, each with a picture recalling mother in some characteristic moment in each of the eighteen years daughter remembered back to her third year. Mother was reading *When We Were Very Young* and *Winnie the Pooh* to an appreciative audience consisting of daughter and her dolls and Teddy bears. Mother was gravely mending the eyes of a doll and telling little daughter about the blind people in the institution, of whose board mother was a member, and how they learned to live happy lives with-

out sight. Mother was gently booting four of daughters' callers out of the house, while the hands of the clock stood at twelve-thirteen. Mother was hearing without flinching, "And he kissed me, mother." Eighteen pictures of mother in eighteen years. It was a kind, sometimes humorous, frank, loving story, with some truly philosophical interludes. From it mother emerged completely minus a halo but very much of a person. A daughter who could write such a tale, knowing that mother would appreciate it and laugh with her over it, has something in her heart. It may not be filial piety. But whatever it is, it is all right.

Mother emerged from the collective appraisals a clear, sharp, lifelike image. With the picture of father the present generation has more difficulty. Our whole idea of a truly manly personality has been unstable for some time. Of late we have been rather hilariously getting rid of the paternal image still so dear to the Germans—the sound of the mailed boot on the doorstep, the gruff voice, the standing to attention or running to cover. We have been tweaking the old man's beard and kicking his shins while snuggling up to mother and joining with her in the laugh on him. Popular opinion as shown in our funny papers goes further. In the comics father is eternally the little man who isn't there. One picture shows father under the bed. Mother, very belligerent, stands with a broom ready to sweep him out. "Come out of there," she says sternly. "I won't," he pipes weakly. "I'm boss in this house." However, in the comics father is well meaning and anxious to please, but he just doesn't know how. When he tries to put his best foot forward, all he does is to put his foot into it. Everybody pulls the wool over his eyes. The price he pays for being allowed to come out of the rain into his own house is eternal defeat.

Just what father really is we have yet to decide. Probably there are two reasons for our sense of insecurity with the dear gentleman. In the first place, fatherhood is in the nature of

things a somewhat vicarious relationship. Mothers are born, but fathers have to be made. There is, in biological fact, something really solid on which to build motherhood—courage and sacrifice in the physical process of giving birth, service in the first nurture of the young at the breast. Hence there is a certain inalienable dignity and inevitability in the relation of mother to child. But nature made fathers unimportant. Only civilization makes them matter. So the degree to which a man is really a father, a coherent, integrated, alive, and functioning personality, impressed on the child's memory in love and reverence, is a test of his civilization. For the only real part he has in this drama of the family is the part he manufactures himself by sympathy and power and understanding.

The other reason why father is such an unstable image is that men really need to do a little more work on their personalities. We have been giving the lady of the house all the breaks for fifty years. We have agitated on the subject of women's education, women's rights, women's economic status, women's hair-do, women's avoirdupois, women's allure, women's household conveniences, and women's management of home, hearth, and children till it is no wonder that the female of our species begins to have fine lines and a high polish. Now we have to do some real bringing up of father. At best the scales of nature are balanced against him. And the more intelligent, active, and adequate mothers are, the more he will have to work for a place in the sun. At present he doesn't work for it at all. He is self-effacing, laborious, unregarded—the something that makes the rest of the family go. At best he is a distinguished stranger—someone to be proud of, only you don't know him very well. As far as his real opinions and reactions are concerned, you mostly take mother's word for them.

To set oneself, as the children grow up, to be a really interesting, sympathetic, somewhat glamorous father, always shrewdly and humorously a jump ahead of one's young

smarties, is quite an adventure. It isn't easy. One reason why men are often at such a disadvantage in their own families is that they cherish the notion that what is easy for women and children is necessarily a pushover for a man. Nothing could be more fallacious. If you want to equal the wife, the son, and the daughter at certain points, you must approach the problem with fear and respect. And after long looking and silent listening, you'd better go behind the garage by yourself and really practice your little act.

However, if a man will put his mighty brain to the task of keeping the little woman in her place and the children more or less stymied, he will have a lot of fun, and maybe a little success, and he will grow in grace and wisdom all the time. After all, the whole of civilization on this globe has grown out of the man's determination to snuggle into that warm nest the mother made for her babies and to stay there!

And withal a man has always before him one great and fundamental image, without which the human race would probably not have the courage to go on. It is the image of a father, wise and benign, who holds up the world. Mother and child, the weak and the helpless, are safe in His mighty hands. He is the court of last appeal, and He is always just. This is the image of God—the Father men must visualize in compensation for the inevitable imperfections of all the dads on earth.

The Fundamental Art of Love

LOVE is a large word. It is something like that tree of life which the Persians and the Indians represent on their rugs and draperies. Its roots are deep in the biological mire, its head is the clouds, and nearly everything man has desired or created or imagined is lodged somewhere in its branches. Love is one of those great over-all conceptions, like the conception of God, at which the thinking of all cultured peoples finally arrives and stops. Beyond it there is nowhere to go.

Under this idea most other conceptions of the good life are grouped. The Christian definition of love by St. Paul, for example, gathers all the more amiable social virtues together 'n one fragrant bouquet and calls it love. Love suffereth long, and is kind. Love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up. Though you speak with the tongues of men and angels, and have not love, your voice shall become as the twanging brass and the tinkling cymbal. Glory and pride and the pomp of great state and achievement shall pass away, but love remains. Now abideth faith, hope, and love, and the greatest of these is love.

Plato describes love in human life as a kind of progressive inclusion. The baby begins by loving his mother's body, which was his first house and which remains for a long time his security against the cold and alien environment of the outer world, his source of food and comfort and safety. He progresses to love of his blood kin—his father and brother and sisters. He takes a long step beyond these at adolescence when

he turns his affections away from home and finds a best friend and various comrades. Thence he comes to the ultimate human love, the supreme choice, the life partner, falling headlong into an incredible experience which transforms life because thereafter the affections are reoriented to this new center instead of to the mother, and around it a new family begins to grow.

From this point, says Plato, one develops the "love of institutions." This sounds difficult and profound, but it is really very simple. For do you not love your home, your country, your kind of government and society—the American flag, the Constitution of the United States, perhaps even the Republican party? From that you ascend to the love of abstractions or ideas, says Plato, or, in other words, you love and will fight and die for democracy, for liberty, for the four freedoms, for peace and the brotherhood of man. And finally you arrive at the idea which crowns and tops and somehow represents all the other loves—the love of God.

Every emotionally healthy person, however inarticulate, has all these kinds of love in his life and tends in developing to go through all these stages. All study of psychology since Freud has tended only to produce clinical detail for the illustration of the general concept of love developed long ago by both Greeks and Christians. One of the latest pronouncements, at a meeting of psychologists called to discuss the emotional maladjustments of wartime, questions whether Freud was right in referring all neuroses to sex and suggests that what is wrong with the neurotic is "unconscious arrogance." In other words, if he had the love that suffers long and is kind and is not puffed up, he would not be heading for a mental hospital. The science of psychiatry, in all its many useful and practical applications, is really the diagnosis and treatment of the disorders of love. Only the truly loving person is truly sane. Mental health depends on keeping, at each stage of life, the record of love straight.

At a time when at least a portion of the world has gone mad, when the very air we breathe is poisoned with murder and the future is black with hatreds which will yet seek revenge, it is the responsibility of every person to see that in his personal life and in all his relations he keeps love strong and healthy.

For if there is still to be for us, the living, any decency of life, if we are yet to see the chaos of the world begin to resolve itself into order, we shall need more than guns in our hands. We shall need people who, in their own personal desires, are patient and serene, who can stay their own lives on something besides the myriad shifting illusions of personal and collective selfishness. We shall need, quite literally some *stout hearts*.

2

Personal love needs an all-round strengthening and guarding now. But there are four points at which we must really do battle for it. The first of these is the relation of the little child to the working mother.

To establish the human soul firmly and harmoniously in life, it is necessary that the child, during its first years, should have the right kind of love. He must feel completely secure at the outset in the faithfulness and power of the mother in whom his life rests, and then he must be carefully and progressively weaned *by her* into personal independence. The people who lacked this in babyhood are the neurotics. Even if by reason of natural strength and later good fortune they achieve a normal social functioning, they bear emotional scars. They carry through life an unresolved weight of anxiety. They have something within which poisons happiness and injects doubts into all their relationships. They are never quite sure of life because at the beginning of it they were not sure of their mothers. More and more psychologists are convinced that nearly every kind of social and moral failure in life goes back to something emotionally unstable in the first years of existence, which usually means in the relation of the child to his mother.

This war is doing some very cruel things to the relations of mothers and young children. One day in March, 1942, for example, a woman boarded a streetcar in Washington, dragging by the hand a tired, fretful, pale little boy of eight. It was two o'clock on one of those bright and balmy but debilitating spring days which visit the national capital—the kind of day that is an inspiration to rest and fun and the first picnic of the year, but which certainly destroys your morale if you have to do anything very strenuous or difficult. Obviously the child and his mother were completely wilted down. "Does this car go to the Social Security Building?" she asked wearily. On being assured that it did, she gave the child the only available seat and stood limply hanging to the rail. The badge on her jacket showed that she worked for the War Department and that her first name was Alma.

This was Alma's story. Throughout the First World War, Alma had been one of the young girls on the switchboard in the War Department. Then she had married and had not looked at a switchboard for twenty years. But after Pearl Harbor the War Department, seeking experienced women of known and tested reliability, located some of the old switchboard girls. They had been young girls in the First World War. They came back as middle-aged women in the Second, leaving their kitchens and their children and taking their old places, often under their old supervisors. Alma's supervisor was the one she had worked under twenty-five years before.

Because of the many administrative difficulties growing out of the sudden expansion of some departments of government following our entrance into the war, new women employees did not receive their first pay for six weeks. This was something they were quite unprepared for. Employees of the Federal government had hitherto been sure of their pay exactly on the dot on the first and the fifteenth of the month. Secure in the known promptness and integrity of Uncle Sam, women who had been hastily summoned from hearth and home would

charge the necessary office and street clothes at the department stores and hire someone to look after house and children. Then the first payday came, and there was no money. The second came, and there was no money. The third came, and maybe there was money and maybe there wasn't. This was a cruel and difficult situation which did not even begin to be remedied till the ministering angel of the White House got after it, and Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt wanted to know why.

Alma had gone through all this and had ultimately collected six weeks' pay which she devoted to back bills. She had then been assured that henceforth all would be well and that on the next payday she would be sure of her money. Meanwhile her household and her little boy had been going from bad to worse. She had not been able at first to make proper arrangements for the child because she had no money, and it took all her husband's pay to meet routine expenses. She had to work overtime and had no Sundays and few evenings in which to straighten out the troubles of home. Poor little Benny grieved and worried over the domestic chaos so much that he began to refuse to eat and whimpered to himself perpetually at night.

Alma did not know much about child psychology. She was a simple, loving woman, terribly overworked. But one night she went into the child's room, gathered him into her arms and tried to explain to him why she must be away and why there was so much trouble. "But now it is all straightened out," she said, confidently. "Next Friday, Mummy is going to have a whole day's vacation, and she is going to get a lot of money. And do you know what we are going to do? We are going to get up bright and early, you and Mummy together, and we'll go into Washington and I'll get my money. And then we'll go and buy you some nice new clothes and a baseball bat so that you can join the ball team, and we'll go up and have you join a nice club for boys where you can play after school while Mummy is busy. And then we'll have lunch

and rest, and we'll go to the zoo and see all the bears that have come out of hiding after the winter. Then Daddy will come in and we'll all have dinner together. We'll just have a wonderful time. It's all fixed up, and you are going to be a brave boy now, and help Mummy win the war."

So she talked and planned. The day came. It was bright and springlike, just the day for fun. How lucky they were that her first day off since she had gone to work should be so beautiful! Confidently she and little Benny went into Washington and to the office in the War Department for her check. It wasn't there. It must be in some other office in the building. She went round and round dragging Benny with her. The day was warm. The child's feet ached. His little heart sank. Her own sank. She boarded a crowded bus with him and went to the Treasury Building, still seeking her check. She couldn't find it. Finally she discovered a sympathetic person behind a desk who called up the Federal Security Agency. The Federal Security Agency put searchers on the trail of Alma's money and ultimately located it. They took no chances about it but had it sent over to them to hold till Alma could reach them.

So at two o'clock Alma and the boy were getting on a car bound for the Social Security Building. "The money is there all right," said Alma. "But what is the use now? Our day is spoiled. Benny is so tired he is sick. And I don't know when I'll ever get another day off. And the worst of it is that I'm sure Benny thinks I lied to him when I talked to him about all the things we were going to do. How will I ever make him believe me again?"

This, multiplied by a million and in a million different and trying forms, is what is happening to mothers and young children in this cockeyed world. If a mother so put upon has any ingenuity and intelligence in love, she has need of it now. Nevertheless, some women are able to work miracles. Of all the remarkable records of personal morale which have come

out of England, the most remarkable are those which tell of the psychic strength of the mothers—the mothers who by sheer faith and quiet staying power and infinite ingenuity in improvising at least a token of home comfort were able to establish for their children under the worst conditions of bombing and homelessness the sense of security, the feeling that the cosmos was still all right because mother was all right. Some women not only did this for their own children. They gathered other children under their wings and did it for them.

Alma had bad luck in her first attempts to reassure her boy, but she will probably come through very well because essentially her attitude is right. The child, robbed of his mother by present circumstances, must be reassured by careful explanations from her own lips. And then she must enlist his efforts to find substitutes for her attention and to get along in a manful way without her. Even very young children can learn to get along with comparatively little personal attention from their mothers and to grow in self-reliance all the time, if there are some periods when their mother's interest and love is wholeheartedly theirs and they are led to feel that she has made proper arrangements for them and will ultimately come back to them.

Sometimes the troubles of the young child of a working mother are intensified by the attitude of the other members of the family. Either they share the child's feeling and fret at the multiple inconveniences of a house without mother, or they try to substitute for mother in relation to the child and are regarded by him as usurpers to be imposed on or disobeyed.

Of course the perfect situation is one in which mother rests secure in the understanding and backing of father. There's no doubt that to be a husband and father of young children in a family in which mother not only works but may be called to do overtime requires a man to be a saint and a hero. To perform this part creditably he needs the wisdom of Solomon and the chivalry of King Arthur. Father has to hold up mother

who holds up the children and get no visible reward for it. He must firmly repress the notion that he'd like just a little consideration and rest and amusement himself in his time off from labor. If his wife is one of those miracle women who can detach herself from maternity and work long enough to give him the illusion for even half an hour that he is her beau and she his sweetheart, he is lucky. Otherwise let love suffer and be kind and wait for something better to do till after the war.

3

Next to working mothers of young children, the furlough brides and bridegrooms need wisdom and technique in love. So many things can go wrong before that happy moment when he can whip out a sword and cut the wedding cake in the old military manner. One night a young soldier came into one of the service club dances in New York City reeling drunk. Drunken servicemen are rare at these clubs. A tactful elder hostess, surmising that there might be something special that was wrong here, took the lad into a corner and plied him with coffee till he began to come to enough to blubber out the truth. It seems that he had got the promise of two weeks' leave so that he might go and be married to his girl in Los Angeles. But at the last minute, when she had everything ready, he was held up at camp and finally told that he could have only thirty-six hours. After that there was nothing to do but go and get drunk.

"And now I'll tell you what you are going to do," said the hostess. "You are going this very minute to telephone to your girl in Los Angeles and to tell her what the trouble is and where you are."

The boy came back beaming. "She says it's all right," he reported, "and that I'm to stay at the party now and have a good time."

That was a girl who knew how to suffer long and be kind! There is need of endless kindness and tolerance and under-

standing and forbearance if you are to escape the pitfalls that are now on the path of true love. Some of the worst of these pitfalls are difficult to discuss in public, and yet they must be understood and faced. One of these is the way in which the leave that the army and navy gives a man fails to coincide properly with the physiological ups and downs of a woman's life. It's just too hard to have him surprise you and come home suddenly and find you not on the crest of the lunar wave but somewhere down in the miserable aching trough! Such a situation takes kindness and patience and grace on his part and something between tact and frankness on hers, together with a little previous and explicit instruction in sex and physiology.

There is also (in these hurried week-end weddings and brief and casual meetings) a very real difficulty in establishing an intimacy which is not for her a fever and a regret and for him a perpetual frustration. One must have a chance to relax and to grow physically and sensuously into marriage, and there is no such chance now. There is no real way out of this except being so good that it hurts. But when one raises a whole crop of jealousies, tears, suspicions, and worries on the fertile soil of thwarted love, it helps a little just to know what the trouble is and to be intelligent enough and instructed enough to admit it to each other. A habit of full honest talk, of complete and self-revealing letter writing is very much to the good, and after that you learn to forgive seventy-seven times seven!

However, a certain number of difficulties and frustrations in the furlough marriage can be avoided by skillful management if bride and groom are carefully and explicitly instructed. Fortunately there is a little book which answers most of the questions that are keeping Betty Jones and her soldier or sailor secretly worried as the great day approaches. This book is fairly easy to get for the price of \$1 because after many printings of the original it was reprinted in the Blue Ribbon books. It is *Happy Marriage* by Margaret Sanger. It does not deal

with the subject so long associated with Mrs. Sanger's name, birth control, or, as they call it now, planned parenthood. It is a simple, clear, kindly, and very practical little book which does for the intimate etiquette of marriage very much what Mrs. Emily Post does for social etiquette and in the same sensible, acceptable way.

There are other questions to which one cannot offer such simple answers. They are going to become more and more grave as the war goes on. Fortunately a certain reticence has fallen on the public press and forum which a few years ago was always ready to discuss subjects like the Case for Chastity and what makes adultery, for those who burst into talk on these matters seem usually to be the ones whose opinions are worth the least. Whether single, or married and separated, the young people of this generation have emotional problems which are colossal. They need all the expert assistance they can get and a decent and sympathetic refusal to meddle or comment on the part of amateurs and outsiders.

By the end of the last war we had developed so many difficulties in squaring personal behavior with inherited prewar mores that we had to have everything of the most intimate and personal nature right out on the mat. Sex, adultery, emotional morbidities of every sort were all talked about with complete frankness; everything that ever had been believed was questioned and every kind of new experiment was tried. The effect for the time was rather noxious, but in the end it was most wholesome. As a result, we have a sounder basis for love and marriage now than has existed for generations, and most of the guides and helpers to whom youth must turn are people who really know something and who will be found sincere, wise, and kind, and blessedly shockproof when faced with a personal problem.

The young people of this war have a much sounder moral background against which to fight out the intimate problems of love and personal rectitude than ever their parents had.

But even so it is better not to try to handle real personal problems alone or with only amateur assistance. Don't depend on your buddy or your girl friend for advice. Somewhere, not too far away, is someone who really knows how to help you both practically and spiritually. It may be the morale officer at camp. It may be the hostess. It may be a Y.W.C.A. secretary. It may be a priest. It may be the doctor. It may be a psychiatrist or a mental health clinic supported by public funds. There is a door to help and knowledge; if you seek you will find, and if you knock it shall be opened for you.

4

And this brings us to the third point at which love needs to be strengthened for battle now. This is the relation of parents to the children who are just emerging from the home into a world at war. By and large, parents have improved since 1914, but a good many of them could still do better.

The rule for all parents of children above fifteen is to stop, look, and listen and then not to say very much about it till tomorrow. Parents are people who rush in where angels or cops would fear to tread. After all, we have not done too well by our children, giving them this kind of world in which to wade through blood. If we were possessed of all wisdom, maybe they would be growing up to something a little easier. We ought to look upon all young people now as those of whom we should ask forgiveness and to whom we should make amends if we could. It may be that we didn't make this war, but the fact that it happened right under our eyes may at least keep us chastened.

The first and most loving thing to do for all children of fifteen plus—and that means well on to thirty—is to listen to them. The world is full of youth just aching to talk. Listen to them. Listen! Listen! and keep listening. If you listen long enough, you won't feel very much like laying down the law. And what you do finally say may be listened to in turn.

The second most loving thing to do is this: Whatever they want to do, help them do it whether you think it is the right thing or not. Of course if it is immediately and visibly disastrous or morally culpable—but usually it is not. The things that parents frequently object to and refuse to cooperate in are often very much a matter of opinion, and time does not always prove the parents right. Youth is rash and sometimes, if what it desires is too foolish, one may helpfully pursue delaying tactics for a while. But beyond that don't try to play God and Providence. Just be another fellow traveler with a cautiously helping hand.

5

The final point at which love needs to be strengthened is another one of those points that are difficult to talk about. It is the relation of the wife to the middle-aged man away from home—the major called back to the training camp, the engineer called to the complex construction job almost anywhere, the expert called to Washington and forced to live there in one room sans bath. It is the relation also of wives who can accompany middle-aged husbands but who must travel with them or exist under some of the other febrile conditions of war.

There are wives, with troubles of their own on their minds, who are taking advantage of this to slip out of a personal intimacy which one would think should be so well established now that they could not live without it. But they do. Some poor, well-meaning, homesick men work and toil to make some arrangement so that their wives may come to them, and then the wives won't come. They protest that they love their husbands, but they are comfortable where they are or they have discovered that they can live alone and like it.

This disposition of the woman past youth to weary of the intimacy of marriage while keeping a fast hold on the pocket-book and the public position of wife is an old problem of men.

And often it is the husband's fault. Your wife is very much what you make her. If you haven't really sold this idea of connubial bliss to her, there has been something a little wrong with your technique. The time when a woman shows a disposition quietly to escape to her own bed is time for a man to wake up and learn something. To read the women's pages one would think that the whole problem of advancing years is how shall a woman hold her husband, whereas anyone who has access to the mail of a reliable public adviser knows that the real problem is how the husband shall hold the wife to the literal interpretation of the marriage bond. One gets sorry for these men. They are kind. They are generous. They are good. They may have been dumb. But really someone should wring her neck!

In peacetime all this was one thing. A man could fight for himself. But now perhaps he is back in uniform, in all the discomforts of trying to live in camp and whip these tiresome young men into shape and discipline his own waistline softened by twenty years of her good feeding. And if he still has the grace to remember his girl and his old sweetheart and to want— But it's a disgrace the way some women try to slip out of what they should be down on their knees thanking God for!

Yet there is something to be said for women too. A woman has to be pretty secure in a man—secure down to the last unconscious cell that she won't be hurt or betrayed or shamed in some obscure way that she doesn't know how to define. After all, this business of making the new generation all by yourself out of the substance of your own body is a pretty heavy responsibility. There are layers and layers and layers of self-protectiveness in women and tremors that go back to the first prehistoric stirrings of life. Men are rough and rash, and life and love are simple to them. Why shouldn't they be? It is pretty easy for the best man in the world to scare the timid bride or the child bearing wife back into her hole. Thereupon she carefully lays her illusions or expectations or sensations

away in cold storage, gives her innermost self a sedative, and proceeds to be a holy martyr or unselfish philanthropist in this matter of sex for as long as she can stand it.

But there comes a time when life gives her a good excuse for thinking that she has now served her term. There is a temporary physical disability or the husband is away or the house is half empty now, with the children gone, and there is an extra room. Anyway she bolts. And the poor man who still dumbly loves her is left to digest some old wives' tales about women at a certain age and sex not being to women what it is to men. He doesn't quite believe them, for he can look around and see that there are wives who surely—but the point is, what can he personally do?

About all he can do is to be a patient suitor and to look back and meditate with humility on the rashness of young men who are so eager and work so fast and think that nature's complicated machinery for transmitting life was invented solely as a leisure-time amusement for their lordly selves. For women there is much more to do. They can really wake up and work on themselves. A woman by instinct knows more about sex than most men are going to learn from a life's experience, if she will only get courage to use her knowledge. Let her really put herself out to rediscover her husband, in middle age, as a man. The fact is that it takes some men about twenty years to grow up to the point where they are really worth a woman's while. Then they begin to mellow and to become unselfish and patient and perhaps a little wistful.

Now that the children are gone, you might really put your mind on the remaking of your old love affair. This requires much more than massage and a new permanent. These time-honored arts of women are mostly wasted except in so far as they act on the woman herself and induce a psychic thaw. The real problem is not whether she shall attract *him*—for Barkis was usually willing long ago—but whether he shall attract *her*. He probably never will unless she gets to work on the problem herself and sees that henceforth both lover and

love present themselves to her in the right light. If she does this, she will do herself a lot of good and make some wonderful though belated discoveries about life.

It would ease the strain on some of the best brains and mature working energies of the nation if some of these matters could really be cleared up. We have finally reached that point in the evolution of civilized society which Plato dreamed of. Men and women, still in the prime of life and with years and years of full vitality ahead of them, now graduate from the cares of the family into what Plato called "the love of institutions" and "the love of ideas." They proceed, as public-spirited and successful citizens of much experience in life, to nurture things like the Democratic party, the economic order, the municipal or state government, the League of Women Voters, the "Four Freedoms," the future of the world after the war, and the hope of a permanent peace. Everywhere now there are the distinguished pairs of men and women who were erstwhile bringing up children together but each of whom is now busily serving an institution or an idea. For them the intimacy of love has spiritual and emotional values quite unknown in the heady days of youth. In an unstable and ruthless world it often seems to them the only human thing left to trust, the only experience in which they can truly come to rest in body and in spirit. Those who surrender it lightly run the risk of surrendering with it youth, health, and beauty, happiness, and social wisdom, and setting themselves prematurely on the frozen path to death.

Now abideth hope, faith, and love. For those who must administer this crashing social order and work against time to build the new order before the old is quite destroyed, hope and faith will often falter out of sheer weariness. What a comfort then is love—love rooted in the nerves and flesh, in habit and memory and all dear associations, but sensitive, intelligent, seeking, ready to go on to any fate of the body or adventure of the spirit. Now abideth hope and faith, but only if love abides. For the greatest of these is love.

The Lusty Art of Keeping Fit

THERE was an old gray Quaker scientist who used to go for long walks in the forest. Every now and then he would pluck a leaf and hold it up to the light and sadly contemplate the jagged pale-green line which showed where a worm had streaked its way across it or the tiny gall on the underside, like a green pimple or the reddish-brown blotches where the last rains had brought spores of the blight. "Alas!" he would say, "it is as hard to find a perfect leaf as to find a perfect man."

Ever since man waked up and began to take over God's work of creation, he has been worrying about the natural imperfection of all living things. He has never been willing to let well enough alone, biologically speaking. He took a hard, green, sourish little fruit that puckered the mouth and bred it up to be a large sweet, red apple. He took the wolf and turned him into a dog. He has worked continually to make flowers more beautiful, fruit more succulent, and animals more amiable, useful, and handsome.

But most of all man has worked on himself. From the dawn of civilized life man has known just what he wanted to see when he looked into the mirror. This idea of a truly fit and handsome human specimen has varied remarkably little from race to race and from time to time, as can be seen by anyone who looks at the artistic remains of any race which could draw, paint, or model with reasonable assurance that the handiwork would match the idea in the mind. Now and then there would

be a brief aberration of fashion, which almost always concerned the proportions of women. For a short period and in a particular locality men might develop a morbid taste for fat ladies, for example. But by and large, every race has admired and represented as an ideal—a slender, upright, flexible figure; slim waist; broad shoulders; abundant, glossy hair; large, luminous eyes; even teeth; regular features; and a clear fine skin which, in relation to the normal racial coloring, tended to be rather fair.

There were Egyptian ladies of 1600 B.C. and Hindu ladies of indefinite antiquity who could put on a modern dress and turn themselves out smartly as a fashion plate in *Vogue*. And if a serviceman in the nude could approximate the figure of Apollo or Hermes in Greek sculpture, we should think he was a credit to the physical training of the army. We now know that adequate vitamins and healthy glands will produce the fine, alive-looking hair, the clear luminous skin, the lustrous large eyes, the even white teeth, and regular features which have always everywhere been admired as human beauty. And we know that some specific kinds of exercise will make human beings able to move and act with the precision and grace with which they appear to be acting and moving in some very old works of art. But thousands of years before men knew anything about vitamins or glands or even about human anatomy, they knew what they wanted the human form divine to be like, and they started, by trial and error, to make it so. If, as is generally believed, the first man who noticed his own reflection in the water saw something that looked like an orangutan, it must be admitted that aesthetically, at least, man has come a long way toward his ideal.

However a few in each civilization might manage to be handsome and strong, the process of breeding and training the human being to physical fitness has been discouragingly slow. Up to now there has never been food enough in this world to go around. There has never been water fit for human con-

sumption is any thickly inhabited area outside of the United States and a few sections of northern Europe. It is within the memory of living man that most of the great scourges and pestilences have been conquered, but some, like pneumonia and cancer, aren't conquered yet.

Yet there are signs that now, in this present great upheaval of the people the world over, another of the ancient dreams of man is going to begin to come true, and we are going to shape the human form divine to some approximation of an age-old ideal and then we are going to try to live forever! A movement for bigger, better, and handsomer people was well under way before the present war, and now that the people are all out in front where we can look at them, we can see how much has been accomplished. If one is accustomed to move about with soldiers on all sides and great masses of people working in one of the many jobs of the war—government girls, workers in defense plants, young people just finishing at the vocational schools—and if one is then invited to some big party which is exclusively upper class, one hundred per cent gilt-edged society, flanked by family pedigrees on one side and bank rolls on the other, one perceives with a start that up out of the ranks there is now coming a new race. These folks of the older order, folks who had the opportunity of good food and careful nurture and the best of the traditions of yesterday, are physically quite inferior to this great, new, strong, blooming mass of men and women coming up from wherever they came from. In superselect social circles there are a few slight, prettyish young girls, a few distinguished-looking old gentlemen. But mainly one is rather shocked to find that in comparison with the new working masses the people to whom men have been accustomed to look up, as representing certain ideals of nurture and living, are rather no-account human beings. They no longer have even the advantage of wearing their clothes well because so many other people are well dressed.

And the reason why this is so is not that the so-called upper class is particularly effete. These people who went to Groton and to Miss Porter's school in Farmington, Connecticut, and to other nurseries of the upper class, then to the best colleges and universities, had the advantages of what was at one time a distinctly superior physical training. They learned a variety of sports which required expensive equipment and trained instructors. They were taught, mostly by example but sometimes by precept, a certain physical bearing. Their social life at country clubs and at summer and winter resorts involved the keeping up of physical skills and exercises.

Even though they maintain their training and customs the well to do no longer have the advantage that they once had. The outspoken opinion of the armed services that the finest looking girls are not in society or even graduating from college but working in department stores and offices and getting their exercise at the Y.W.C.A. reflects an enormous social change. This has come about because people working for wages are now able to do for themselves in large groups what the well to do formerly did as individuals or small cliques, and in many cases to do it better. We have discovered that physical fitness is like the other good things of life. Ten people contributing ten cents each have as much to spend as one man who has a dollar. People who have skills are equal to people who have money. So one learns that 1,600 employees of the General Electric Company in Schenectady, New York, paying \$2 semiannual dues apiece, have a rifle range, tennis courts, running track, and jumping pits; that industrial workers in Hartford, Connecticut, have athletic leagues, baseball diamonds, tennis courts, picnic areas, bowling alleys, and softball courts; that aircraft workers in Buffalo, New York, have 117 bowling teams and basketball, badminton, and indoor tennis; that aircraft workers in Los Angeles have rifle and pistol clubs, ski clubs, and flying clubs; that workers in Northern towns have skating rinks and lighted ski jumps for winter fun at

night; and that workers in Texas have riding clubs. In many places the sports and recreation center for the servicemen is largely provided by the defense workers. Unions, contributing their services after the working shift in the factory, dam streams and make artificial lakes, put up clubhouses and gymnasiums, lay out tennis courts, and make ski jumps. Carpenters do the building, painters do the painting, electricians put in the lighting, and then the musicians' union contributes its services for a gala opening night and a good time is had by all. Who needs to be rich now? All you need is to know something.

2

This very fine job which the more enterprising workers for wages are doing for themselves sets the rest of us right on our toes. We have to look to our own breath and waistline now. Else someone with better wind and greater staying power and the clear mind and strong will which function in a good body is going to push us right out of our jobs. Everywhere you go now, somebody gives you an inferiority complex if you aren't up to an exacting physical standard. A young man who was given a 4F rating in the draft was then called for some desk work in connection with the army. When he was promptly put through a fairly rigorous physical test, he protested, "But why do you make me jump like this when in my job I only have to use my head?" "Because," answered the doctor, "we'd just like to know that if you fall off your swivel chair, you can get up under your own power." This, it seems, is what everyone wants to know now.

Somebody in an office building, in some area that might be bombed, comes around someday and says that all employees are urged to report for some instruction in first aid and the putting out of incendiary bombs. When, rather excited, they gather for lessons, disillusionment, personal and mutual, begins. People who looked smart and adequate moving down

marble corridors look awkward, weak, and silly carrying pails full of sand. They can't handle a shovel. They can't work a stirrup pump. They get tangled in the hose. When they have to kneel by a supposed victim in the resuscitation lessons their joints creak and they need a derrick to heave them to their feet. There's nothing like a civilian defense meeting to show how many of us have been getting through life without any real use of hands, feet, joints, and muscles. And once you have been made to feel thoroughly inadequate physically, no amount of intellectual or social superiority will entirely restore your ego.

Even very pretty young women who have generally been able to count on men to stand between them and anything requiring physical exertion are no longer immune to the universal and growing demand for a physical body that can really function. Clarise, for example, daughter of privilege, trails into the cocktail bar, very happy and proud, at the side of a handsome officer. Clarise is lovely, delicate, highbred, with the flat-chested, malnourished slimness which wears clothes so smartly. She is what every woman wanted to be only yesterday. And what happens to Clarise? She sits there completely humiliated because her young officer's eyes persist in straying with unfeigned admiration over the fine shoulders and rounded bust and strong, dimpled arms of the girl who is playing the accordion! He admires the music and he admires the physical development necessary for the production of such music hour after hour. And so he admires the girl. But he does not at all admire Clarise's expensive dress and practically minus physique.

Nor is there any immunity now for age. There is a sorting out of people at the age of forty-five or fifty very largely on the basis of physical fitness, which is nothing short of cruel. Strong, well-set-up, active, well-groomed people, with normal physical proportions and practically no signs of decrepitude, frequently make a sharp and sudden rise to a higher level of usefulness. They become colonels and brigadier generals.

They have important executive positions and sit behind big desks. If they are mechanics or skilled workmen, they are appointed to responsible supervisory jobs. If they are active matrons with grown-up children, someone calls on them and wonders if they wouldn't take over the organization of this or that community, county, or state service. They are paid in greatly increased amounts of money or honor. The knowledge and experience of years is not only recognized but given every chance to function.

But no matter how much you know or how much experience you have had, if you are visibly going to pieces physically or in the various social characteristics which are associated with a good physique, such as confidence, good temper, and tolerance, you are thrown on the scrap heap. Younger people take the kinds of jobs you used to hold, and no new jobs open for you. As you grow older, it is not enough not to be sick. You have to be visibly, buoyantly young and well. You must carry, for everyone to see, a plus element of vitality. If you do this, you never have to worry about youth getting ahead of you. It simply can't. The few things which youth can do better than you, you won't want to do anyway because you will have so much to do that youth can't touch.

Because there is now such a rigorous application of physical standards and of social standards which depend upon a basic physical discipline, there are two things which most of us ought to do. One is to see that we individually pull ourselves up to par or keep ourselves there. The other is to see that our own communities or working groups have the general means of physical health and fitness which the enterprising citizens of some communities are so effectively providing. Beauty and health are not matters of luck or of fortunate inheritance. They are mainly something that with determination you can get for yourself. If you get them, other things will be added to you. If you don't, the little that you have otherwise is likely to be taken away, or at best it will do you very little good.

3

To be a fine and fit physical specimen means putting your head under a discipline which you can never again shake off until you escape to a white robe and harp in heaven. The human body will not take care of itself. It has to be groomed and exercised and fed and rested as carefully as Alsab or Bosky Bell of the race track. Being handsome and healthy is no job for a lazy man. You just have to make up your mind to do without what you want and to do what you don't want to do.

But once the discipline is accepted, the rewards are many. In the first place, you develop will power. Almost any good physical regime persistently followed makes it comparatively easy for you to buck yourself up to doing anything else you have to do. You become relatively indifferent to hard and disagreeable tasks or to physical discomfort. Weak and indecisive people will get a moral toughening if they are put through a physical toughening. It is true that moral and physical strength are not exactly the same thing. Now and then there is a strong will in a weak or underdeveloped body or a big, muscular toughie who caves in under the first unusual strain on his nerve. But for the average man, the acceptance and practice day after day of the principles of good and temperate eating, emotional control, muscular effort, and grooming necessary to make the most of his body automatically develops the capacity to live well otherwise with order, decision, and care.

Another reward is the ease with which you control or attract other people. Personal magnetism is not exactly the same as physical strength or beauty. Some insignificant people have had the gift of magnetism. Some large, fine-looking people have been negative as ditchwater. What makes the magnetism is not so much the result of your effort to create a physical fitness as the effort itself. The struggle

makes you come alive. It puts you under a certain tension. It makes obvious and effective such personal magnetism as you have.

A third reward is something which you may not feel at the outset of a disciplinary physical regime, when you are weak with starvation—or imagine that you are—and all your muscles ache. But in time the pangs of hunger disappear. The muscles, far from protesting, begin to yearn for action. Then life acquires a certain ease and brightness. You feel fine. Nothing is very much trouble. You do a good deal and aren't very tired. Things that used to ruffle you don't ruffle you any more. People say your temper has improved. Maybe it's your temper. Maybe it's your circulation. But whatever it is, it is all to the good.

The final reward is the reward to vanity. You used to be a pain in the beholder's eyeball. Now you look pretty well. Your suit fits. Your dress hangs. You never were a beauty. But someone remarks that you have a good complexion or fine eyes. Whatever was originally rather superior about your physical endowment begins to stand out and what wasn't very good either disappears or ceases to be obvious. This is a great satisfaction. It is so great a satisfaction that people who couldn't be persuaded to try a diet or a daily dozen for the improvement of their moral nature or their social efficiency will do so persistently when goaded by their vanity.

The discipline that makes one physically fit is many sided. The primary necessity is the habit of right eating. This is simple if you are prepared to take no nonsense from yourself. The first thing to do is to establish a simple ration for yourself covering all the necessary vitamins and food elements, such as is given in Chapter VIII, and to see that you eat this every day before you eat anything else. People who like a hearty breakfast can dispose of most of the ration by having fruit, cereal, an egg, and buttered whole-wheat toast for breakfast, and salad, sandwich, milk, and fruit for lunch. Those who like

a light breakfast or who need to reduce can save part of the ration for dinner at night. After you have disposed of your ration, you add just enough more to reduce you slowly to normal weight or to raise you to normal weight or to keep you there, choosing what you like but counting calories as you go.

Amateurs counting calories with the help of the many food lists that appear in magazines, advertisements, or books on food must be careful and conservative. It is fatally easy to underestimate the amount of calories in what you consume, especially when you are hungry. A good idea is always to assume that there are at least 25 per cent more calories in anything you eat than you think there are. People leading a sedentary life, such as office workers and the like, often cannot reduce unless they cut their daily allowance of food down to 1,000 calories a day and stick there without relaxing for at least ten weeks. Many people will gain some if they eat more than 1,800 calories a day. And 1,800 calories, fairly counted, means three very slim meals, or fruit juice and black coffee for breakfast and two meals that aren't very much.

On this subject there is plenty of advice to be got everywhere, and practically all of it is all right and very much of a muchness. One of the very best advisers is the widely syndicated newspaper columnist, Ida Kains. Ida Kains not only knows her stuff but she herself lives up to it and is, in consequence, as alive and attractive a little figure as you will see in the newspaper world. It is commonly said that one should not undertake to reduce except under the advice of a physician. You shouldn't take reducing pills of any sort or special exercises or special baths except under expert advice, but it is hard to see how anyone could do himself very much harm by a diet including all the protective foods but a little short in calories. Diets such as Miss Kains publishes would be good for almost anyone.

However, what most people do need expert advice about is exercise. Many excellent exercises are given in newspaper and

other popular publications. But few people can exercise properly till they are shown how. Most people should have a physical examination before attempting any new or special physical strain whatsoever. And if you really want to improve your posture or get rid of bulges, somebody who knows anatomy and musculature and gymnastics should go over your own peculiar physical setup and give you exactly what you personally need. So the best thing to do is to go to a gymnasium and let them put you through your paces and give you your physical checkup. Once you have learned posture exercises and daily conditioning exercises properly, you can do them yourself for quite a while. But sooner or later you will fall into bad habits. So you should plan to go back to the gymnasium every few months. The Y.W.C.A. and Y.M.C.A. give such service cheaply and well. The salons of health and beauty and the body contouring salons for women, which have sprung up everywhere, are more expensive than the Y.W.C.A. but they are often delightful resorts. If you can afford them they are quite worth what they cost in rest and amusement, not to mention what they are supposed to do for your figure. Men's gymnasiums of various types seem to offer much the same satisfaction.

Diet and simple posture or body-contouring exercises performed every day, and checked from time to time by experts at a gymnasium, are the basis of a fine appearance and of normal efficiency in daily living. If you start early and right and keep them up regularly, you should never grow old. Of course if you drink like a fish or have a terrible temper or an incurable neurosis or never sleep a wink, you may begin to show signs of age along about sixty. But ten to one, if you have the intelligence and determination to stick to a diet of protective foods and to keep right after this matter of figure exercises, you will have the intelligence and determination to look after your other physical habits. The fact is that a pretty lively neurosis can be sustained on good diet and exercise without doing much physical damage, and a proper

regime is more or less corrective of other faults, such as insomnia or a taste for liquor.

To a good diet, which leans in the direction of starvation, and a daily dozen of general conditioning exercises, a sedentary person who leads an intellectual life or is doomed to stay mostly behind a desk needs to make only a few additions in order to live about as long as did Benjamin Franklin, Have-lock Ellis, or John Ruskin, and stay about as well—unless he happens to have very bad luck and is bumped off by a speeding car or something. The additions are a respect for the daily bath and other rites of personal care, a habit of being reasonably active about one's own personal affairs, and a sustaining philosophy of life. Even before modern scientific discoveries, an astonishing number of distinguished but naturally frugal persons lived a physically not very active life and fruitfully pursued an intellectual career which went on and on through the best part of a century. Sometimes they cherished an ailment too, such as nervous indigestion or a disposition to lung trouble. Something that is a little wrong with you, so that you must continually look after yourself, seems to be a great help in getting to ripe old age without much sign of physical decay.

The distinguished and long-lived chairwarmers of literature and philosophy should be an inspiration to the many nowadays who must spend practically all their waking hours at desks, busy with administrative tasks. If they eat little enough, and all of that little of the right foods, and are restless enough in conducting their ordinary affairs, always inclined to walk instead of waiting for a taxi, to jump up and get things for themselves instead of calling the secretary, such people can do very well and can wait till the end of the war to take up golf.

However, they are missing something. The fault of a certain kind of mild, stationary life led by spare, self-preserving persons who earn their living by their brains is not that it is bad for the body. The body, what there is of it, seems to do well enough. The fault is that it is bad for the soul, for the whole being, for the social personality. To live mainly in the

mind is to lead a ghostly sort of existence. You are always on the outside of the real experiences of men, like one only looking at them through a window. You see them. You share them sympathetically. But they are not your experiences. To an extent beyond anything you can dream of, you probably don't know what real living is.

The people who belong to teams and go smashing after a football on a muddy field while eighty thousand spectators roar themselves hoarse in the rain; the people who jump up and down on hot tennis courts in the sun while you collapse weakly in the shade; the people who swoop down ski trails, or climb mountain peaks or start to walk the Appalachian trail for no reason in particular—these people know something about life that was never written into a desk man's philosophy. Minutes spent in active sport are full, round, juicy minutes. They have more in them than one can put into a day behind a desk. Most sports are a living drama with oneself as hero. They have a beginning, a middle, and an end—suspense, conflict, denouement, triumph. There's something about a bloody nose, a bruised shin, a sprained back, or a large crop of mosquito bites, achieved in the pursuit of a favorite sport that makes the ordinary comforts and luxuries of life look a little pale. You learn about life in sports—risk, pain, struggle, courage, daring, and what it takes to survive a beating. You come out of them on top of the world. If you were beaten, better luck next time. It was worth it all the same. If you were victorious—strike up the band. We have no better phrase to describe the man who knows how to meet life than that he is a good sport. The more we find life hard in days like these the more we need that physical and moral momentum which sports create.

4

Real physical fitness does not grow wild like the daisies—least of all in the towns and cities and industrial centers. It

requires sound instruction, skilled supervision, and, in some cases, expensive equipment. A good community program for physical fitness will provide the most acceptable recreation and the most democratic and interesting social life for the majority of people. The model for this has been well set, in some cases by small communities. It consists first in getting together everyone who has a professional or business interest in physical fitness and working out a common plan which pools all local resources. There are the doctor and the high-school teacher who coaches basketball and the private little capitalist who runs the bowling alley. There are the owners or managers of the big factory and representatives of the labor unions and of the municipal department which controls the town park. All sorts of people and interests may cooperate. In Morgantown, West Virginia, for example, they have a softball field made possible by the cooperation of the employers and the State Highway Department.

Several different types of people stand to gain something from a physical fitness program. The doctor will pick up a little trade in the way of physical examinations. The bowling alley will prosper because once you interest people in physical well-being, a bowling club or a regular patronage of the bowling alley is something they immediately think of. Besides, the bowling-alley man has taken a lot of trouble with his place lately. There is a lounge for the ladies and a nice social atmosphere. You couldn't find a better place to drop in. Moreover, he is keeping it open till 2 A.M. so that the men on the shift that ends at 11 P.M. will have a little amusement after working hours.

The manager of the factory will find his workmen more contented if they develop some sports organizations of their own. There may be a decrease in accidents and time lost through illness. The labor unions will find life beginning to pick up for them all around and may even begin to wonder what the rich guys have that they haven't got.

Since all these people stand to gain something, they can afford to cooperate. But they can't afford to be selfish. Private doctors can't afford to stand in the way of inexpensive medical supervision by qualified persons. Bowling-alley owners can't afford to work against the proposal to have lighted skating rinks at night, lest these draw off some of the bowling-alley patrons. Employers who take the initiative in starting a sports or recreation organization among their workmen and endow it with some cash or property can't afford to turn this into a company union, working against the regular unions. Some employers have done this and have been very properly rebuked by the National Labor Relations Board. Where people work with reasonable generosity there is an increment of benefit all around, and beyond that who wants special privilege? He just gives what he can.

Communities which find good leadership and develop reasonable cooperation among different groups are having a wonderful time these busy days making sports and other recreation centers not only for themselves but for the visiting servicemen. Contractors and unions, contributing materials and labor, put up buildings, grade the grounds, make all sorts of playing fields. Interested citizens get busy and see that the beautiful creek on the edge of town, which has been spoiled these many years by the fact that its banks were used as a town dump, is now cleaned and protected as a swimming pool. Picnic tables even appear among the trees on the banks and somebody dams in a safe wading pool for children. Other interested citizens in winter make arrangements to have the country-club tennis courts flooded for skating. With so many people on night shifts, there is an agitation to repeal municipal ordinances forbidding public gatherings or use of some public places after a certain hour at night. And then the electricians' union volunteers its services and lights the ski jump and skating rink or the swimming hole and picnic ground or the baseball field.

Similarly talents are pooled. There are an astonishing number of people around who are ex-athletes of repute and can help organize sports and games and even offer some training. There are many others who can cooperate with one skilled director. There are always women who can organize dancing classes. For occasions requiring music the musicians' unions everywhere have been extremely generous.

Indeed it is one of the characteristics of these days, when so many workers are making large wages in the defense industries, that the union in many places is the local philanthropist. It takes the place formerly occupied by the capitalist or industrialist as local benefactor, especially in relation to the servicemen. In Seattle, Washington, the Teamsters' Union, Local 174, purchased 3,500 tickets for servicemen for all home football games of the University of Washington at Seattle. The teamsters have also provided trucks with recreation equipment for servicemen to be sent to lonely outposts, some of them even to Alaska.

Thus the concern for physical fitness which has been stimulated by the demands of the war on nerve and muscle and staying power, even among civilians, becomes a means of general social culture. At their best all such efforts are a kind of grading down and grading up of the groups which have been isolated in the community. The more friendly and receptive of the well-to-do groups become interested in the social concourse of the people and learn to prefer them because they are more alive and interesting. On the other hand, the people, acquiring the means of good living, developing their riding clubs and ski clubs and recreation halls, begin to impose on themselves personal disciplines in the way of neatness and manners. Hence people who but recently were "factory hands" begin to demonstrate that they are good company for anybody. While the older people may stay apart like fossils, each hard and fast in his own social rock, an abundance of sports facilities and community playing grounds stirs the

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younger ones as with a silver spoon into one rich social mixture. They say that the British Empire was won on the playing fields of Eton. Perhaps if the battle for democracy is ever to be won, it will be won on the community baseball diamonds of Middletown or in the community horseshoe-pitching contests which the enterprising city neighborhood is staging in a vacant lot. .

CHAPTER XIII

The Debonair Art of Throwing a Party

THE most of party to be found in these states, or maybe in this crosseyed world at present, is in New York City in a hideout under the street a few doors westward from Broadway.

This party is a church supper and a Broadway night club all in one. It resembles a college stunt party and a meeting of the gang in Josie's corner shop down the street. It is a glamorous first cousin of a drugstore counter, a cafeteria, a Hollywood set, a modernistic art exhibit, and a reunion of all the folks from home. It is the American Theater Wing Stage Door Canteen, where all the greatest artists of stage and screen play host night after night to about two thousand men of the armed services.

You can't get down the narrow stairs that lead to the Canteen for love or money. Either you are in the armed services or you are on the stage, or you are out in the street. But if you wear a uniform—"Oh boy!" Katharine Cornell greets you like a sister. Carl Van Vechten checks your overcoat. Lynn Fontanne hastens to pour you coffee. And Alfred Lunt washes your dishes. And it doesn't matter who you are, if you wear a uniform. One night a colored soldier came in. Jane Cowl got him coffee, got him sandwiches, got him cake dripping with icing, and found him a girl to talk to and dance with. As she hovered about in the

sisterly manner of the Canteen, she noticed that his face looked strained. "Is there anything else you'd like?" she asked kindly.

"No," he answered. "It's only that—well, I guess it's that there is a lump in my throat."

The Stage Door Canteen is the American Theater's idea of the quintessence of all parties. It aims to do just what mothers, sisters, sweethearts, wives, fathers, friends, and neighbors would do for the boys if they could. It treats every guest the way he has always dreamed of being treated by the folks he loves best. When all the great actors of America pool their talents to act out the idea of love, hospitality, and generosity as practiced among just folks, it's really something to see.

One theme runs through the party. It is this: "I just love to do this for you with my own hands." Though some of the largest incomes in America are represented among the hosts and hostesses of the Canteen, nothing is bought. All is made or contributed out of personal stores. Every night million-dollar hands scrub out the sink and wipe off the tables. People who have performed in two shows on Broadway—the matinee and night show—come in there and stand on their feet for hours, pouring endless coffee. The greatest personages compete for the grubbiest jobs. The idea is: Mother would do this for you. Father would do it for you. Your neighbors would do it for you. We are proud and honored to do as they do.

So everything is contributed. The quarters are in a night club of glamorous but unholy memory, formerly called The Little Club, which was given to the Canteen by Lee Schubert. Through the combined talents of the various theater crafts it has been repainted and redecorated in a loud and wonderful way till it looks like something that the curtain is just going up on. The photomurals at the entrance were supervised by Bob Golby and executed by Willy Paden, the Merit Studios, the Apeda studios, and Henry Marcus. Panels in the canteen were executed by a host of great stage artists, among them

Lee Simonson, Johannes Larsen, Donald Oenslager, Jo Mielziner, Irene Sharaff, and Walter Walden. Foyer murals were painted by Irma Selz, Don Freeman, Abe Birnbaum, and Al Hirshfield. Food, electrical supplies, building materials, paints, services, equipment were all given by the labor unions and others who minister to the theater. Every day twenty-five women bring cakes and pies of their own baking. All food served at the Canteen looks and tastes as if mother made it. It is honest and hearty and has that something which a loving woman puts into it when she is fixing some dear fellow just the kind of meal he likes best. The ham in the sandwiches is juicy and thick. The frosting not only covers the cake but spills over on all sides on the plate. Playwright Rachel Crothers says, "The canteen is the pool into which the entertainment world will pour its gifts for the men who are going to fight for us. It is the most direct way we can give our pride, our gratitude, and our Godspeed to the boys."

While, in perky red, white, and blue aprons, the stars make endless coffee, wash endless dishes, and act just like folks putting on the church supper at home, 1,100 young women of the stage at different times act as hostesses, chatting and dancing with the boys. Each night a different Broadway show sends its cast over to put on a streamline version of its performance. They do it in a hearty, folksy way so that the most polished and sophisticated play takes on the friendly simplicity of a school play in the town hall or a college stunt.

No liquor is dispensed at the canteen, but cigarettes stand around in yellow mixing bowls—all you want to smoke, and coffee flows like a flood. There are milk and cider and apples.

A social party should be glamorous, and certainly there is the quintessence of all that we call glamour here—the greatest bands and orchestras, decorations by great scene designers, the most beautiful women. But you don't think of that because you are so caught up by the fact that it is honestly loving. A current of loving memory runs through all that is done here,

love of all the things that all of us have done at some time. There is love of home and school and church and the village drugstore. There is love of Aunt Jane and Uncle John and their dear kind homely ways. There is love of apples and mother's pies and cider in autumn. There is love of fun and romping and showing off and sitting in a corner and talking and talking. There is love of jazz and cacophonous orchestras and dancing cheek to cheek in a dim light. These hosts and hostesses are actors, and there is no greater act for any talent than love.

2

The example set by the stage is the pattern for everyone who gives a party in wartime. The first rule of the party is that it must be loving. The second is that it must be folksy. And the third is that it should remember the stranger within the gates.

In a wartime party love must be substituted for pride. To do this is quite a delicate operation, because in normal circumstances pride has an important and quite proper place in our social affairs. The chief value of a party in peacetime is that it permits us all to pretend. One dresses the rooms in flowers and candles and gets out the wedding silver and hires an extra maid or a butler, and pretends that life at one's house is always like that. It is a good act. It makes it much easier to return to the daily grind of housework and office and marketing and bill paying. But one can't pretend socially under conditions of wartime work and scarcity without putting oneself in the way of ostracism. A man who tries to impress you with his liquor or his limousine or his idle hours is somebody you don't want to know.

Hence we have voluntarily surrendered pride for the duration. John, who in former times would have blushed not to be able to produce corsage and taxi for his girl, can now walk out with her in his private's uniform and taking out a five-

cent piece from his pocket can say, "It's all I have. I'll toss you for a coke." If you haven't a car to take you to a party, no one else has either. If a hostess pours tea, she may very properly ask you to bring your own lumps.

But if nobody can pretend, how do we get glamour into a wartime party? And what is the good of a party without glamour? That's the question to which the Stage Door Canteen gives the answer. You make glamour when you give love. Love is always a glamour. It can put a shine on anything. And the people at the Stage Door Canteen give a lot of lessons in expressing love. Love, as they express it, is a personal giving, a sharing of anything you have, a running around and putting yourself to unlimited trouble to do anything for the other person—to do it, really, with your own hands and feet. Love is a listening. Over and over the boys say of the hostesses at the Canteen, "She got me to tell her everything"; "She was so interested." When Bette Davis, for instance, can so listen to a lonesome boy from Hardtack that he goes away completely forgetting to report that he has talked to a great artist but says "She was the nicest woman. I told her all about Laura, and how we wanted to get married. And she gave me some good points. Gee, she was swell," that is the kind of love that makes a party nowadays. And love, as the stage people express it, is a kind of pressed-down, heaped-up, and running-over measure in all the simple things you can do to make another comfortable and at ease. Even the dishwashing is done with a kind of generous flourish, with a sort of double polishing gesture, as if under the circumstances you just couldn't shine the cup for your honorable guest too brightly.

If you give a party lovingly, you get everybody into the mood in which he begins to produce his own private little dream and to revel in it. This is usually a threefold process. It means putting everybody at ease and making them happy in some obvious, sensuous way, according to the circumstances. It means just enough of a program—a game, or danc-

ing, or somebody doing something special—to make everyone forget his inhibitions or limitations. And then it means letting the whole party break up and simmer down so that each one finds the heart to which he may open his own or the person to sit in a dark corner with or a game or romp or argument or what have you in some small group of his own.

Since we must substitute love for pride in making our parties glamorous, maybe we shall learn a few things about giving parties which will carry over even into the Vanity Fairs of future years. One is a certain frankness and explicitness in the practical advices we give along with the invitation, especially as regards transportation. No guest is going to arrive happy if he has a lot of trouble finding your place. In all the better-class real-estate developments nowadays the first idea seems to be to hide the house where you can't find it. Though our streets are supposed to be named or numbered, there is not one street in six whose name you can see while passing through it in an automobile or a streetcar, and there is not one house in a hundred whose number is adequately lighted at night. Hence hospitality of any sort should begin with some plain geographic instructions, helped out as necessary by maps, escorts, and couriers. Now that we are using all sorts of prehistoric modes of conveyance and are entertaining so many strangers, maybe we shall really get our minds on some of these mundane problems. And if that means moving the rambler rose so that it does not completely obliterate your house number, that may be something to the good too.

Another thing we may learn is to recognize and make better use of those elements which are the common denominator of all happy social experience. There are some things that all guests like. And some things that only some guests like. And there are some things which no guests like but which seem to give some kind of satisfaction to the hostess and which therefore appear and reappear at parties despite universal distaste for them.

All guests like to come in out of the cold or the wet and to find a fire blazing on the hearth. All guests like to come in out of the heat of a summer day and find a tall, frosted glass of something with ice clinking in it. But while all guests like a cold drink when the weather is hot and a hot drink when the weather is cold, only some guests like alcoholic liquor. All guests like hot home-baked biscuits with crispy crusts and soft interiors and plenty of butter, but not all guests like fancy cakes. No guests, however, like large floral centerpieces that you can't see over, and practically no guests like small guest towels very heavily embroidered.

If everyone who aspires to give a party would keep a list of things all guests like, some guests like, and no guests like, adding items from time to time based on personal observation or suffering, we should probably have better and happier parties—but perhaps not so many of them!

3

Parties in the present mode should be not only loving but definitely folksy. Perhaps the taste for folksiness really antedated the war. It was something which was quietly developing in many and many a small town, where common life was more comfortable than it had ever been before and was being made graceful by many inexpensive gadgets. Most young people were growing up with a high-school education. People were happy and satisfied and were quietly developing a new folk life based on old folkways and were paying much less attention to smart magazines and urban fashionableness than one would have supposed. Now when the army camps bring them all out in public, we begin to be told something about what is really fun in social life.

Take, for example, the present predicament of those many people in large cities who still give parties to show off. They want guests, and under present circumstances guests for their parties are few. This guest is away and that guest hasn't time.

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Some hosts and hostesses would particularly like to entertain the servicemen. There is Mrs. Wycherley-Dubois, for example, who will entertain one serviceman at dinner as partner for her visiting debutante niece. Her secretary calls up the service center and gives the invitation and the specifications that go with it. He must be tall, handsome, of excellent family and good education, and an officer. The service center says it will do what it can, but it proves to be difficult to do anything. Mrs. Wycherley-Dubois lives five miles from town, and no transportation is offered. She has invited one man to face alone an unknown young lady, unassisted and unattended by a brother male. This is not done in the army. No fighting man is equal to it. Men who are ordered to advance against debutantes have to go in pairs if not in platoons and battalions. Besides, who likes this idea of Mrs. Wycherley-Dubois and her double name and her big house anyway?

After this sumptuous invitation has been turned down by five tall, handsome officers of excellent family and education, the fifth ventures to explain: "Well, you know, some of the officers are entertained a lot, and they have their ideas about when it really is a party."

"When is it a party?"

"When the man of the house thinks maybe you are too broke to order a taxi, and have no other way of getting there, and so he gets in touch with you in a friendly way and tells you what to do about it. And when the lady of the house greets you at the door, instead of a maid or manservant. When you sit down to the table, and there's one knife, and one fork, and one spoon, and not a whole fancy row of them stretching to right and left. And when there's good hot homemade biscuits and not some fancy flapdoodle. And when you pass your plate in an easy way, instead of having somebody at your elbow spirit it out from under you. And when you are to meet people for the first time, you do it in bunches—a bunch of men meeting a bunch of girls, and not a twosome with a dame you never

saw before. And when there isn't too much program, but just enough to get everybody going, and then things happen naturally."

When it comes to the program that makes things happen naturally, present taste favors some old folk customs. Square dancing, which seemed for so long only an academic revival, is undoubtedly popular now. It is a bracing and hearty mixer. The Paul Jones and modern dances with a folk quality, like the Conga, are also in favor. They provide an intermediate exercise between bowing to a strange lady and dancing two and two. Dancing cheek to cheek is undoubtedly as much of the ultimate terpsichorean experience as ever, but you have to have a chance to pick the right cheek! Pianos and piano parties are popular. A much larger number of people than one would suppose can play something on a piano, and the rest can cheerfully yell. On the other hand, a very much smaller number than one would suppose can play bridge. Though bridge is an admirable icebreaker and serves the need which is often felt for a quiet game, a large number of people won't put themselves out to learn it.

With the sudden removal of motor transportation, the folksy good times are being multiplied by the high-school generation who always tend to set the coming social styles. There are porch dances and back-yard dances and "block parties," to which you invite every body in your block. There are wiener roasts in vacant lots. There is a revival of the hammock and a dragging out and mending of the lawn swing. There is a revival of the horsecart, the hayrick, and the canoe as means of getting to parties. Canoes on the water, all carrying colored lanterns and some carrying banjos and ukeleles, are a party in themselves. There is already talk of winter sleigh rides, ending with a dance in some roadhouse which has been opened for the occasion and heated by roaring wood fires. If we keep on, we may find that electricity is rationed and then we shall rediscover the *lunada*. The *lunada* is a moonlight party, sometimes given in Mexico and other Latin-American countries. In the

old days, before there was street lighting and when even lights in the houses were few, the Mexicans used to give their parties on moonlight nights. To this day a *lunada* in a Mexican patio is something to see.

4

Parties that are loving and folksy should also be parties that remember the stranger within the gates. This does not mean servicemen only. Our towns are full of people whom no one is noticing and who have no place to go. There are, in many places, the engineers, technical men, and skilled workmen who have come to town on specific construction jobs, leaving their families behind. There are families who have just moved in—often into uncomfortable quarters of a quite different class from those which they had at home. There are people who have to take what they can get in the way of housing on the outskirts. There are the industrial girls, many of whom have never worked in a factory before but who have patriotically volunteered to make munitions. In Washington, D.C., there are 1,000 British people who are said to be very lonely. Some of them stay here for a year and never step inside an American home or club. There is need in every town of hospitality committees, with members in every organized group and in every neighborhood, who make some effort to find the stranger and to introduce him to some group with whom he will find friends and recreation.

There is another need. This is to break down the social barriers which have arisen in many communities because of old racial or cultural differences which, under modern conditions and the present war feeling, have become anachronisms. The attempt to meet this problem in neighborhoods in which there are many racial stocks and different culture patterns, as in New York City and in the industrial towns of northern New Jersey, has stimulated the invention of a very interesting kind of social party, officially called the American Unity Home

Festival. This is perhaps the first social party ever worked out on psychological principles. It is extraordinarily interesting and very good fun. The Home Festival was devised by Dr. Rachel Davis Dubois, specialist in interracial education in New York University, and has been developed with the help of psychologists and artists. Parties of this type have been given so many times in New York City, Philadelphia, and New Jersey in the last two or three years that they are accumulating quite a social tradition.

The best way to explain an American Unity Home Festival is to describe the Thanksgiving party given by Mrs. Vanderbeek of Plainfield, New Jersey, on the last Friday evening of November, 1941. Mrs. Vanderbeek was the first of nine hostesses who volunteered to introduce the idea in New Jersey under the auspices of the Society of Friends.

As fifty of Mrs. Vanderbeek's friends and neighbors crowded into the comfortable, unpretentious social rooms of the Vanderbeek house that Friday evening, they eyed each other curiously. They lived in the same neighborhood. Some of them knew each other by sight or had done business with each other. But they had never met socially.

It was not that socially they were very different from each other. They were all well-dressed, well-educated, well-mannered people, quite at home on Mrs. Vanderbeek's own level of comfortable, cultured family and social life. One of them, a Polish dancing master, had seated himself at the piano and kept up a running stream of music. Others looked with appreciation at the Chinese curios, relics of fifteen years which the Vanderbeeks had spent in China, at portraits painted by Mrs. Vanderbeek, at Mr. Vanderbeek's technical books, and at the signs all about the house of the various avocations of the four Vanderbeek children.

But among these fifty New Jersey neighbors, fourteen different races and cultures were represented. There were two Chinese girls who were students at Mount Holyoke College.

There were three young Zionists studying agriculture at Rutgers University in the hope of someday farming in Palestine. There was the Polish dancing master. There were people of Dutch, Austrian, Swedish, German, French, and Italian ancestry. There were Quakers and "old-stock Americans." There was a Negro. And this difference in racial origin had thus far been a secret wall which kept them socially apart from each other.

Mrs. Vanderbeek introduced a guest from New York who explained the simple and invariable form of the home festival, or interracial party. It is always keyed to one of the four great festival seasons—to Thanksgiving, or the harvest festival; to Christmas, or the midwinter festival; to Easter, May Day, or perhaps Memorial Day, the festival of spring; and to the midsummer festival, which we often celebrate as Fourth of July but which can be extended to cover all the associations with the coming of midsummer. It has a threefold program: first, a period of reminiscence in which they all tell stories about what they did in childhood at this season of the year; second, an impromptu dramatic performance in which they dramatize the most interesting things they have talked about; and third, refreshments, games, dancing, and talk.

Divided into three groups, these fifty New Jersey neighbors discovered an amazing number of colorful incidents connected with their childhood memories of autumn. The Chinese girls told about the autumn moon festival in China; the Zionists explained the Biblical Feast of the Tabernacle, still celebrated as the Jewish Thanksgiving. Others remembered street fairs in France, wine harvesting in Italy, old Scottish songs, New England Thanksgiving hymns, and Negro spirituals. A selection of these they dramatized very entertainingly for each other, different groups taking turns in putting on the show, while the others served as audience and applauded. The result was not only social exhilaration and fun, but a sense of mutual discovery.

There were social reverberations of this party for weeks afterwards. One of the guests, meeting Mrs. Vanderbeek on the street a few days later, said, "Do you know, since that party at your house, I have a different feeling toward people—all people."

It would be strange if one of the most really effective answers to that question of race which has been used as an excuse to plunge the world into destruction should eventually be found in these simple folk parties, spreading from one neighborhood group to another. In the past great social oaks have grown from smaller acorns than these.

The Democratic Art of the Fiesta

A FIESTA, or festival, is a spectacle which has no audience because the audience is all in the show. If there is any large number of slackers who sit on the side lines and pay other people to be happy for them, the performance may be a pageant, a masque, or a drama, but it is not a festival.

Festivals are normal to simple and poor societies where fun must be rationed and where excitement, if you have it, is homemade. But rich and sophisticated societies rapidly outgrow the festival for two good reasons. The first reason is that the fun of a festival is something you earn by the sweat of your brow. You toil up the hill with a heavy life-sized image of a saint or a god on your head, or you dance under a smother of feathers in the hot sun, when the thermometer—if you had one—would register eighty. You labor for weeks to earn your holiday and then you take the money which you and your children need for food and get blissfully drunk at the fiesta on pulque or *chicha* or what have you. For people to whom festivals are indispensable, like the Peruvians and the Mexicans, a fiesta is a headache before it is celebrated and a stomach-ache afterwards.

Yet these folks could not survive without their festivals. If you are low enough in your luck, a festival is all that will keep you going. You may get along without clothes, but you must

have a flower or a plume to stick in your hair. Your feet may be blistered with walking, but the only way to forget that is to dance. You may not be able to afford nourishment, but you must afford a sweetmeat. But as people become comfortable, the need for matching pain with a positive counterirritant in the form of hard-won joy disappears. They'd rather sit where they are than put themselves out to get excitement which they really don't need. If there is to be whoopee, they'd just as soon pay someone else to make it for them.

Another reason why festivals tend to disappear among rich and sophisticated societies is that, as people grow in wealth and comfort, they grow in taste—or at least in taste of a sort. They begin to like a fine finish and effects which can only be obtained by special skill and long labor, especially labor by somebody else. They find the old festivals pretty crude because the primary rule of the festival—that everybody should take part—naturally involves a good deal of ham acting and singing off key. Homemade community exhilaration is pretty much like other homemade articles. At its best it is difficult to match, but the best is very rare, and the average is terrible. So in the end, sophisticated societies separate the singing and dancing and drama and spectacle from the festival and encourage the perfection and demonstration of each by people who give a lifetime to the job, while the rest of the citizens sit comfortable in their seats and look and listen.

However, the desire for festival giving can never be completely suppressed. Just as the highest development of scientific agriculture cannot take the place of digging for yourself in the garden, so no art, however magnificent, is a substitute for putting on your own show. And in times of stress and denial and collective uneasiness, as at present, there begins to be a general seeking for the age-old medicine for collective pain—the people's festival.

And so, in the spring of 1942, there was an outbreak in the American industrial towns of performances which quite

recaptured the old spirit of the festival. Outwardly they did not greatly differ from shows or parades put on by the chamber of commerce in former years to advertise the local industries and to attract tourists. But inwardly they were very different. Such were the Victory parades in towns like Hartford and Milwaukee, and all through the harassed and work-weary industrial North.

Here, for example, is an overcrowded factory town in which practically everybody is uncomfortable. Here, while the nation argues about a forty-hour week, a fifty-six-hour week, with time and overtime, is the rule, week in and week out—with never a Sunday or a holiday. Here labor and management rasp each other continually. Here the white-collar workers in the offices, teetering on the edge of losing their jobs, look askance at the fat pay of the grimy factory workers. And the grimy factory workers look askance at the lily-fingered ease of the office workers. In this Northern city winter has been hard, and everything is getting on your nerves from the chill spring rains to the editorial on wages and hours in the morning paper.

So what do they all do, come spring? They put on a Victory parade. Everybody is in it. There is the National Manufacturers' Association coming down from its tower of ease and ready to march side by side with the C.I.O. There are the local unions, all forgetting their gripes and working with wives and daughters to prepare the most stupendous floats showing what big boys they are when it comes to making things to fight with. And there are at least half the citizens of the town, appearing with the paraphernalia of the civilian defense—with shovels, sand pails, and stirrup pumps, smoke bombs, air-raid-warden insignia, Red Cross ambulances, and Women's Voluntary Services uniforms, all ready to meet the menace of an air raid. There are the boy scouts and the girl scouts and all the little cub scouts. There are posters designed by the students at the art school. There is a patriotic song written

by the editor of the union paper. There are all the bands and orchestras in town.

On the appointed day, joy and good will reign supreme. Bloated capitalists buy buttonhole flowers sold for the Russian relief by pretty young women who yesterday were suspected of being communists. The workmen at the arsenal go by on a float, which displays the gun they have made, in the immediate act of annihilating Hitler. It is the first time that most of these workers have seen the finished gun on whose various parts they work day after day. Now standing behind it, they have a real moment of glory, and all their daily grind at bolts and levers is turned to pride of craftsmanship and patriotism. The airplane factories display their planes and feel almost as if they were flying them. They aren't putting on this show to impress other people. They are putting it on to impress themselves. The town had reached a point where it had to explode somehow. And this is a colossal explosion, with flags and music and civic pride all over the place.

And after it is over, how do they feel? How does anything feel after it has exploded? If it is still there, it feels a great deal better.

2

A real festival is one of the most truly democratic institutions of man and on that account the people's festivals have often served as the rallying point of the people's liberties. There is stirring at present a tremendous new desire for mass expression in festivals. It is stimulated by many forces. Radio and the motion pictures create a new articulateness, a new conception of large-scale drama, of crowds in action, of effective ceremony. Propaganda is acting on great masses of men to make them think and feel in unison. Large-scale business and industry are employing many men in almost identical tasks and making them conscious of problems which they share with many others. Against the great new need for festival expres-

sion, most of our inherited techniques for parades, public ceremonials, and the like are pretty feeble. They will have to be altered or strengthened, for the rising tide of popular imagination and feeling is beginning to beat against them like a stormy sea against old and rotten piers.

There was a demonstration of the conflict between the feeling of the people and the dead, stupid way in which we traditionally hold public celebrations in the Easter sunrise service at the tomb of the Unknown Soldier, in Arlington National Cemetery, on Easter, 1942. If ever a great city woke to a true festival spirit, it was the national capital on that first Easter morning after our entrance into the universal war. Washington had become the center of a world at war. On hundreds of thousands of workers in its government there hung the weight of the consciousness that what they did now might determine the fate of the whole human race. The city was crowded to the cellars and the attics with lonesome people far from home, eager, patriotic, confused, putting up with unutterable and unceasing inconvenience in order to be of service in this crisis—believing, hoping, but desperately wanting reassurance.

When it was announced in the papers that there would be a sunrise service at the tomb of the Unknown Soldier, the hearts of thousands answered. A ceremony—a great national ceremony—something that would reach back to the most sacred memories of their childhood in other towns and villages and upward to the God of their fathers. Was not Arlington Cemetery their cemetery—the place where the great war dead of America lie buried, the resting place to which every American soldier prays that he may come home? And was not the tomb of the Unknown Soldier the symbol of all the humble men and women who faithfully live and die for their country, known only to God?

So people weary with much overtime work, who would gladly have slept on Sunday morning, set their alarm clocks

for an hour before sunrise. They stole out of their dark houses into the balmy dawn of that sweet spring morning, down the long streets, beneath trees just feathering into green, and past forsythia and crocuses in the dooryards, gold in the gray dusk. Seen from the bus or the private car, the city that newcomers knew only as one continuous traffic problem, lay gracious, serene, and still. But the Army and Navy buildings were ablaze with light, and a tier of lights shone in the State Department. Somebody was working there. Somebody had worked all night.

At the cemetery the cars were met by pleasant young soldiers acting as traffic cops, who directed them to parking places and guided the people from the busses up the hill. That was as it should be. People exchanged kind smiles with the soldiers and thought of a John or Jim or Bob of their own in camp somewhere. Then came a fine blare of music. *Onward, Christian Soldiers*. And behind the band were men in very remarkable regalia marching—the Knights Templars. Who are the Knights Templars? Probably they were the ones who were managing it all. Somebody must manage a ceremony. And how splendid they looked. By hundreds, the people followed, trustingly, with high hearts, walking under the flowering trees—people from Indiana, Ohio, California, and Texas, pressing against each other, happy to be with each other, all folks from back home, folks with one heart, walking to lift up their souls in prayer at the tomb of the Unknown Soldier.

They approached the tomb. They were stopped by ropes. No admission! But some people, pushing through the crowd, were being admitted. People with tickets. "Tickets! Tickets! Who had said anything about tickets?" No mention of tickets had been made in the papers. Who had the right to give Americans tickets to the tomb of the Unknown Soldier? If there must be tickets, why weren't they thrown open to all—first come, first served? "Maybe congressmen or senators have tickets." "But

who gave them the right?" We didn't elect them to take special rights to the tomb of the Unknown Soldier on Easter morning in a world at war.

So the troubled murmur ran through the crowd. "Seems to be roped off for the benefit of the gang who are running the thing," said one man, in supreme disgust, turning and striding away. But the others refused to believe this. They pressed close to the rope, trusting it would all be explained. Finally some were let in. Standing room only. The amphitheater was full. People were seated—somebody had had first chance. But why? This is ours. Did we choose these people to be there? Some fretted. But others silenced them. Then a sweet-voiced woman said reverently, "Look, the sun!"

Up out of the clouds it rolled, in sudden and golden glory. It shone in a great shaft of light straight down on the tomb of the Unknown Soldier. It rebuked the ill humor of those who stood, aggrieved, beyond the inner circle of the privileged. It lifted the hearts of all to thanksgiving and dedication. There was warmth, reassurance, a glowing beneficence in that Easter light upon the tomb below. More than one person remembered some old Bible words—what were they? Thy sacrifice is acceptable to the Lord. It was a moment for music, for some old hymn which they all knew, for the Doxology, for "Our Father Who Art in Heaven." Silence. The people's hearts swelled. Then a pompous voice spoke. "It—er—er [cough]—gives me—ah—er—great pleasure er—to welcome here—"

At that point hundreds turned quietly away and took their cars and rolled down the hill. But others stopped outside and spoke angrily. "Easter service—bah. It sounds like an Elks convention." "Just some stuffed shirts inside there showing off." They hardly knew what they had expected. But this was all wrong. God, their country—something had let them down. Their sense of personal rebuff, of being shamed and wounded was not less keen because they really did not know why they felt so.

This criticism may not be wholly just to the good people who have been managing this Easter service for several years. But they have to know the truth because someday some well-intentioned but uninspired and unobservant committee in charge of a public ceremony in Washington is going to make this kind of mistake once too often. For some reason it has not yet dawned on committees who plan public events in our capital city that at any time when the national mind is exercised, Washington, D.C., ceases to be just another American town. What happens there, at high national moments, is national. It is symbolic. The imagination of the whole people will take hold of it, and when this happens the gentlemen of the committee had just better get out of the way.

But of course not all ceremonies in Washington are such tragic failures as the Easter morning sunrise service on our first Easter after entering the war. Sometimes the result achieved is magnificent. So it was on another Easter Sunday when the Negro singer, Marian Anderson, sang at the feet of the statue of Lincoln. This was nobly conceived and graciously executed, and some who came to scoff remained to pray. And so it usually is with the ceremony of lighting the nation's Christmas tree on Christmas Eve. This is simple, American, and adequate. So it must be with public celebrations in the coming years of war and peace as we go forward to such collective anxiety and fear and joy and triumph as the human race has never known.

3

What we are struggling with in our festivals is a latent sense of a new beauty and dignity in a common life lived on such a large and sumptuous scale as now obtains on our continent. There is a kind of majesty in the experience common to so many men, dwelling on so great and rich a stretch of the earth, in such comfort and leisure and grace as only a few wealthy persons could command in the past. And against this majesty,

inherent in any circumstance that moves the hearts of many men, the self-importance and self-seeking of little groups following procedures which have seemed quite proper in the past may seem suddenly trivial and ridiculous. There is, for example, a certain discordance between the ballyhoo of local chambers of commerce and the truly festival way in which spring comes to our country, beginning in Florida and sweeping northward from village to village, from orchard to orchard, from valley to valley. This discordance does not always exist. It is quite possible for a local association of businessmen or a hotel or a newspaper to further a festival if it will only do so in the spirit of the Scriptures. "Seek ye first the Kingdom of Heaven, and all these things [including plenty of tourists and profitable sales for local merchants] will be added unto you."

Suppose, for example, that you had driven north from the Mexican border in the spring of 1941. War hung over the land, but we were not yet completely involved and people were still free to move in their cars and to follow spring from one point to another where it was loveliest. You would have come north through all those areas of the South where army tents were going up and trailers were moving in to house rapidly assembled defense workers, and quiet old country centers were being turned into raucous boom towns. But Beaumont, Louisiana, was advertising its azalea trail, and dreamy Natchez was grooming its gardens. You would have been able to drive for seventeen miles through the residential streets of Mobile and to see, under a weeping pall of Spanish moss dripping with spring rain, the azaleas blossoming in the gardens.

Before great white-pillared old houses, before little cottages with sun-parlor wings financed by the Federal housing loans, up one tree-shaded street and down another, the azaleas bloomed. They made a still, rosy light in the gray gloom. They spread an atmosphere of domestic serenity and order

which even the cars rushing by could not disturb. To see them you drove along quietly with purring engine. Even through the somewhat blatant advertisements of the azalea trail on hotel bulletin boards, there spoke the quiet voice of hundreds of civilized householders saying, "In our city, our flowers represent our true life."

Then you would have driven east to Georgia, past the crystal beaches of western Florida, and you would have come to Savannah. There, under skies still gray, a garden pilgrimage was in progress. Visitors were moving quietly past daffodils that were like avenues of light and among crocuses which starred the grass of old lawns. The privileged of the city were keeping open house for the day in their gardens, and Savannah was proudly saying, "See, this is our best." If you had asked the hotel clerk what was the most interesting place to see, he might have answered, "Have you seen the old Bonaventura Cemetery?" For there, where the most honored dead of early Georgia lie in the mourning shade of the moss-hung cypress trees, spring had come and the solemn darkness was lit, as it were, with the myriad candles of spring flowers.

And so you would have gone on, past the cypress gardens of Charleston, past the army camps, through the rush and roar of coming war, to Richmond. There the *Richmond Times* was getting out an enormous special edition of the paper to remind the passer-by that Virginia gardens were now at their best. Englishmen, coming to Virginia, said the *Richmond Times*, had brought English gardens. In Williamsburg, on the old estates along the James River, up out of the ground, was coming the most obvious and touching symbol of the common social heritage of the embattled men across the seas and the Americans who were coming to their aid.

Finally you would have come to the capital city. It was distracted, crowded to the doors, with new government workers roaming around in cars, with no place to lay their heads, knocking at one tourist camp after another, seeking a

night's lodging. A cyclone seemed to have swept through Washington, destroying all the old debonair grace of living. Distinguished persons with whom one formerly dined with dignity were harassed, rude, and tired, apparently ripe for retreat to a hospital for mental health. Yet the city was serenely preparing for the Cherry Blossom fete. Businessmen looking for defense contracts might cool their heels where they could, but cherry blossom guests were going to be housed. Hotels would turn away important persons saying, "Between April 10 and April 19 all our rooms are reserved for the cherry blossom guests."

This may have been good business, for a war may come to an end but cherry blossoms go on forever. It may even be admitted that the passion for cherry blossoms would not have been what it is without the enthusiasm engendered by the commercial go-getters. But anyone who has ever tried to advertise anything knows that you cannot sell even cherry blossoms in spring unless people really want them.

So far as the hotel advertising and the drawing of tourist crowds and the general ballyhoo about local flowers from Florida northward is concerned, all this is now ancient history. But as we remove the commercial plugs from this annual program of spring, we uncover the true festival. "Never did spring blossoming through our land mean so much to us," said President Roosevelt.

Though wartime rationing stopped the commercial excitement about blossoming azaleas and historic flower pieces, it seemed only to intensify the quiet activity of the garden clubs. For what people do to comfort and please themselves and even to feel pride in themselves, they will do even more wholeheartedly in war than in peace. And so when the hotels and chambers of commerce were silenced, one suddenly perceived that in so far as there had been an authentic and organized festival spirit in this progress of spring northward, it had been created by the garden clubs. They had seen to the opening of

old estates and the planting of waste places and the propagation of one type of flower after another. And they had somehow created a true festival spirit despite the chambers of commerce, because what they had done they had done for love of the flowers and not for love of the tourist and his dollars. And the moral of that is that, while the chamber of commerce is bound to profit by the spring festivals, it is better to confine the talents of the high-priced advertising man to the selling of soap and soup and to leave the selling of spring to old Mrs. Bartlet of the garden club who does it for you for nothing.

4

Everybody must be in a festival, except the people who expect to make money by it—and they should, of course, be given a far back seat under a sign marked *Silence*. But somebody must plan it, and somebody must provide adequate training, costume, equipment, organization, and discipline. When we go to some land like Mexico, where every day in three is a fiesta day, we like to think that all these gay and amusing performances are purely spontaneous—that these people have some kind of joy of life which just naturally expresses itself in the wild cacophony of church bells on festival morning and the imminent danger of setting fire to the town with fireworks on festival night. No such thing. All these festival traditions were carefully worked out and drilled into the heads of the poor Indians by their ancient kindergarten teachers—the friars. The Mexicans learned them just the way your Johnny learns to make bright-colored decorations for Easter with bunnies and daffodils or to dance in a ring and sing, “I see you. I see you. Tra la la la la.”

To this day fiestas are good in Mexico just in proportion as someone sees that the performers really know their lessons. Even when rites and traditions are well known, there is a great difference between the spirit and sparkle of a festival

which has been adequately prepared for and one that depends only on spontaneous combustion.

We shall never have real festivals in our country till the public schools or the folk societies or other organizations do the same kind of work that the friars did and provide an abundance of festival material in the way of dances and ceremonials, which are known to most of the population from childhood. And no one is going to do all this work till there is a real social motive for it. Such a motive does now exist. The attempt of Axis propaganda to split us asunder on old historical lines—the attempt of the Germans to appeal to German people of German ancestry and the Vichy French to appeal to the French of Louisiana or French Canada—has brought home vividly the need of positive efforts to bring all the folk customs latent in the American tradition out into the open, to give each its place of honor, and to reconcile them in local and national festivals.

In the local folk societies and the Washington Folk Festival, given annually under the auspices of the *Washington Post*, in the work of the Intercultural Work Shop of New York City and of the public schools, people are being trained in old folk dances and customs adapted to present social tastes. In some social meetings arranged for soldiers, one begins to see the result of this in the way in which a crowd of young people from different parts of the country can spontaneously burst into really spirited mutual entertainment. There was the amusing fellow from Denver who had developed quite a style of his own in calling country dances. After a long series of instructions to a roomful of square-dancing sailors and soldiers with regard to the disposition of girl-partners, whom he called their "honeys," he ended the dance by calling out nonchalantly,

Put your honey—you know where,
Put your honey in the frigidaire.

The folk-dance specialists and the revivers of different kinds of folklore are now doing pretty well. But we also need to

turn the attention of some of our great artists and writers to adequate public ceremonial. We have some emerging festivals now which simply cry out for a little artistic help. There is, for example, the annual New Year's Eve celebration in Times Square, in New York City. We start it in the proper spirit with private parties in homes or restaurants and pour out into the snowy streets at midnight in a mood of high expectation. We wait, pressed close together, the white lights of Broadway on thousands of upturned faces. The mystery of time and eternity seems to hang on the lighted hand of the great clock on the Times tower as slowly it approaches twelve. One minute before twelve—59 seconds, 57 seconds, 10 seconds. Twelve.

And then what happens? Well, we blow some horns. We do pretty well at it. We throw our hearts into it. Some people recently from Europe even venture to turn and kiss the stranger, in the old fashion. The spirit is there. We do all we can. But we have no art or program or ceremony equal to what we really want. Somebody like Walt Disney or Cecil De Mille or Deems Taylor or Kate Smith or Irving Berlin or the Hollywood Caravan ought to help us out. We keep developing artists with the stuff in them to be leaders and devisers of national festivals, and then we don't use them. However, under the stress of wartime need, the Treasury of the United States has discovered the artists who have the true festival touch and has used them with great effect to extract war bonds, taxes, and other funds. A radio commentator recently remarked that the only department of government which knows how to get the right response from the people is the Treasury. There is a good reason why. Look how they go about it and whom they get to do their work for them! The magic that works on our dollars will work on our souls and hearts to weld us into one people and lead us forward with spirit and rejoicing on the path along which we have to go.

What we, in our democracy, may have to do more and more is already being done in our hemisphere in the greatest people's festival ever devised. This is the annual carnival in Brazil. Its roots are far back in the traditions of the country, but within recent years it has been magnificently developed, with the backing of Federal, state, and local governments, as a means of welding the diverse elements of the Brazilian population into one people and giving a yearly and nationwide demonstration of what Brazilian democracy really means.

The word "carnival" means "farewell to meat." The carnival grew out of the custom which developed in Catholic countries of giving parties and feasts during the few days preceding the beginning of the Lenten fast during which meat was forbidden. These were somewhat like the "farewell to gas" parties, celebrated, more or less, in fashionable suburbs of some of our cities before the gas rationing went into effect. These private parties usually culminated in some public spectacle or parade on Tuesday, the last day before Lent, when all the individual and private celebrants poured out into the streets and joined in a final whoopee. The nearest parallel to the whole carnival season is our celebration of Christmas, culminating in the public celebration of New Year's Eve.

This festival season, which is a natural festival time for the Brazilians,¹ has been tactfully intensified and directed in Brazil with the full and enthusiastic cooperation of all the people. Carnival season opens on the Saturday night before Ash Wednesday. For weeks before the event the air is humming with the songs which the song writers of Brazil are producing, in competition, for the occasion. Artists and dramatists are

¹ The description of the Brazilian carnival is contributed by Sydney Greenbie. I have slightly rewritten a description originally intended for inclusion in his book "Brazil, the Happy Land," one of the eight books of his Good Neighbor Series.

at work on spectacles and plays. Every club, organization, and social group, from lowest to highest, is intent on working up its own act. Hundreds of thousands of women are stitching on costumes.

Two weeks before the beginning of carnival the country blossoms out in decorations. Houses are wreathed in plants and flowers. Strings of colored lights festoon the fronts of restaurants, churches, and clubhouses. Shop windows display samples of gorgeous old Portuguese and Spanish costumes. It is a little like our Christmas season, only more so, for behind the gay front there is an intense artistic preparation—people practicing parts, learning songs and dances, cherishing secrets and mysteries.

Meanwhile teachers, preachers, public officials, and editors talk about the meaning of the coming festival. It is, they say, the expression of national unity, of the spirit of a nation which truly recognizes the brotherhood of all men, which neither in social life, in neighborhood relationships, nor in law will tolerate discrimination based on race, creed, or color. It represents a democratic tradition older by a hundred years than the democratic tradition of our great sister nation of the North, the United States of America, which, like the United States of Brazil, has built a nation out of immigrants from all lands. The carnival, the Brazilians say, combines in one multi-colored and brilliant national, social, and artistic expression the traditions of the many people who have come to our shores. It recognizes and welcomes each separate thread of social culture, weaving them together into one shining national fabric. Black and white, Indian and Caucasian, Portuguese, Spanish, British, Germans—all have contributed to our people. All traditions and backgrounds contribute to our common culture—the true Brazilian culture—and we celebrate and honor all in our festival. So, also, Brazil recognizes and honors every honest employment. The hod carrier and the great public official, the poor farm laborer and the great

landowner—each is a man and a citizen, and each by his labors contributes to our common well-being and so all are equal. And that equality we celebrate.

Similarly the public leaders—teachers, editors, preachers—discuss the tradition of personal behavior at the festival. No liquor is sold. There should be the greatest exuberance and fun. No one must resent any honest expression of friendliness, any good sport. But there must be no roughness, no rudeness, no reflection in any skit or drama or spectacle upon any race or occupation. We all know this, say the teachers. We know that we hardly have to increase the police force because every Brazilian makes himself responsible for keeping order in the midst of gaiety. We know that even thieves and pickpockets celebrate carnival and refrain from their wicked trade at this time.

On Saturday night before Ash Wednesday the whole country seems to explode. The streets are full of laughing, singing, dancing people, swaying up and down in a rhythm that would be barbaric if their personal manners were not so civilized. Brightly costumed people issue from clubrooms and private homes and swing into street dances and go along with them for a while and then disappear. Cars full of girls in jeweled caps push slowly along through the crowds. Everyone chatters and plays with his neighbors. Strangers squirt perfumed ether at each other in passing. All classes and races mingle without reserve. So it goes on for three days, with a round of private celebrations in clubs and homes, but with a constant excursion of the participants in these parties into the great throng on the streets. And all the time there is a general program running through it—an enormous and sumptuous spectacle and drama in which the greatest artists of Brazil have pooled their talents.

This is festival making in the grand manner. It is keyed to the social needs of the New World. It celebrates our attempt on this continent to solve that problem of conflicting national

and racial ideals that has baffled the Old World and resulted in one war after another down to the present universal destruction. It combines mature, artistic, and national sophistication with the naïveté of the primitive festival spirit and turns the spirit of play into the instrument of national unity and human brotherhood. If and when other American nations in this hemisphere may deem it wise to encourage the creation of great national festivals, it may seem good to know that the pattern has already been so well set.

The Indispensable Arts of Beauty

WHAT a limited world we all lived in but a short while ago. It was small and intimate and encompassed by a great silence. One heard only the voice of one's friend or neighbor or the stranger on the street. Once in a while a traveler or a lecturer came to town with news of great events and far-off places. When and if one came face to face with him, it was a great adventure. One heard music only when someone visibly played an instrument or sang. The use of one's ears involved physical or social effort. You went to see someone or someone came to see you. Only thus could you talk with each other.

Now within a few years, within the lifetime of children yet in college, all this has been changed, and the world has been incredibly opened to the ear and the eye and the mind. The arts of beauty are not to us what they were even to our fathers in their youth. They are at once more fantastic and more practical. They introduce into the common life an element which would once have been regarded as the wildest dream stuff and make of it a daily necessity like bread. There is, for example, the radio. Think of what history might have been if in the past men had had the radio!

Imagine Prudence Ames and her husband, Josiah, and their three children bouncing in a prairie schooner through the thick, high, tawny grass of Nebraska on July 4, 1863. Al

about, the yellow, glowing landscape spreads to the blazing sky. The grass ripples like yellow satin upon a moving body. The sunny air quivers and shimmers with heat.

"Josiah," says Prudence, pushing back the damp hair from her forehead, "you aren't forgetting the clock, are you?"

Josiah turns to look at the kitchen clock which has been set up in the corner of the wagon, next to the radio. "No, I'm not forgetting," he said. "It's pretty near time. Hi, Dobbin! Hi, Robbin!" he calls, drawing up the lead horses sharply and stopping the great wagon. "Sit close, children. And be quiet. There's something our President is going to say."

As they huddle around the machine, there comes from it a voice, "Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty . . ."

Or imagine October 12, 1492. In a palace room in Seville, Spain, a slender, upright, determined little woman with head held high walks up to the radio, and waving aside the ladies in waiting who spring to her assistance, she turns it on herself. There is no sound. Only rough knocking and sputtering noises. Static. A lady in waiting whispers to another pityingly, "So it has been now every day for a week, since the last message came from him, out in the sea where there was never a sight of land but only water, water, water, going on forever."

The other answers sadly "Yes, she listens so, all day long. But she will never hear from him, save from the shores of paradise."

There is a voice. Isabel's face blanches, then glows. "Hello, Spain! Hello, Seville! Hello! Hello! Columbus calling their Majesties, from the shores of a new world which I take to be India."

Or suppose that 1,900 years ago men had been able to make such sound recordings as the British made of the landings on the English coast of the survivors from Dunkerque. Imagine, then, an evening in the suburbs of Rome in the third century

A.D. A man in a long mantle comes to the gate of a suburban home, knocks, whispers a password to the porter, and steals into the garden. It is very quiet there, the low domestic buildings, barely lighted within, encompassing a cool space where myrtle and ivy but almost no flowers grow around a little pool that quietly reflects the stars. The man kneels and, lifting a mass of ivy, uncovers a trap door and stealthily lowers himself through it into the earth.

Descending narrow rough stairs, like one going down into a cellar, he is in a damp, dripping passageway along which he slowly finds his way in the dark, guiding himself by feeling with his fingers for familiar marks on the walls. Finally he emerges in a large cave, vaulted somewhat like a church, lighted by candles, with an altar on one end. Here people are kneeling before a machine set up like a relic on the altar. "Kyrie eleison. Kyrie eleison," they murmur. Then the dial is turned and out of it comes The Voice. "Fear not. Neither be afraid. Ye believe in God. Believe also in me."

Fantastic? Yet it is necessary to take the details of our life and to set them backward or forward in time, or otherwise to isolate them, before we can realize how incredible, how fantastic, how grandiose the life of man has suddenly become. As Robert Frost says, the trouble with the present is that it is too present for a man to be able to imagine it!

2

The arts of beauty are our spiritual security in this world of woe because they offer us a legitimate means of escape from what we don't like. In a timelike this, when so many of us don't like very much of what we have to put up with, these arts of beauty have more meaning for us than ever before, if only we know how to use them for our relief and comfort and delight and are not too confused by the many fantastic novelties which modern inventions have obtruded upon the life of the imagination.

The arts of beauty enable one to deal with life in one of three ways. They help one, at almost any moment, to walk right out of life into a dream. Or else they help one to stand by and like life as it is, either because they interpret it to us and make it important or because they adorn it and make it pleasant. Escape, understanding, and delight—these are the three functions of all the fine arts. And never at any time in the past did a man need more of all three.

The easiest way of dealing with life is to escape from it, and in many cases this is also the wisest. We don't have to stay and face everything. If we face our share, that is enough. And the way of escape is always open because our life is encompassed with magic and with dream. We have but to lift our eyes at any moment to look into beauty so vast, so timeless, so impervious to all our little irritations and heart-breaks that we are shamed to patience and to fortitude. Among the ten suggestions which Mrs. Roosevelt offered the mothers and fathers of the armed services as help to endure the strains, the anxieties, and the bereavements of these times was this: Look upon some beauty every day. Beauty is everywhere. It blooms with the narcissus in a bowl by the window and riots among the roses in the garden. It laughs with the baby in a sun suit in the park below. It purrs with the cat lying so sleek and graceful on the doorstep.

One has only to step back a little from any scene and instantly beauty steps between that scene and you and lays over it a transfiguring veil. Here, for example, is the city square, in a poor section of the town, on a hot summer afternoon. Some almost naked babies, black and white, are dabbling in the fountain and shrieking as a boy throws water at them, dipping it up with a tin tomato can. Near by, on the dusty dry grass, a crowd has gathered around a man who has fallen prostrate there, overcome perhaps by the heat. He is a thin young man, well dressed in new clothes, but utterly emaciated. The policeman, holding the crowds back, stands

guard over what seems to be the young man's property, a bag containing five cents' worth of white baker's rolls. The big red ambulance comes clattering in but can't draw up near enough because a number of cars are parked in the way. A squad of policeman thunder in on motorcycles to clear the crowds and deal with the cars. But some distance away, quite indifferent, a sketch artist, under a sign which says that he draws ordinary people for one dollar, servicemen for fifty cents, is making a picture of a soldier, flanked on both sides by admiring crowds.

Down on the ground, among these people, you find them saddening. This is the melancholy fringe of the hopeless, the unemployable, the discards from current civilization, outside of and untouched by the full shining current of work and earning which flows through the other city streets. There is hardly anything here or in the wretched tenements around which ought to be, which every right-minded person is not trying to get rid of. But suppose you stand in the upper window of one of the surrounding city buildings and look down on the park. The fountains flash in the sun; the children are miniature prancing little figures of joy; the artist sketching the soldier, people lying in the shade of the trees, their summer clothes making rich, flowerlike splashes of color, are sylvan figures of rest. And all the to-do of the big red ambulance clanging in and the police on motor bicycles and the procession of moving figures who carry the young man to the ambulance has a romantic dignity. Between that shabby playground of the slums and you, beauty has stepped. And who shall say what is the truth of it all—the scene as you see it on the ground or as you see it from above when beauty has touched your seeing with her noble and quiet hand?

For sensitive people this retreat to beauty is always open. In one of the last great battles of the Civil War, fought in the mountains of Tennessee, General Sherman said that he stopped several times in the very heat of conflict to look with

awe upon the sublimity of the scene. What will men remember of wartime Washington in the superheated, supercrowded summer of 1942? Will it be hot, murky bedrooms to which girls came dragging home at the end of a sweltering day, while other girls turned out of those same rooms to go on the night shift in the Munitions Building? Will it be the busses that were like pressure cookers and the temporary war structures that were broilers and the struggle of thousands against thousands for whatever ice, air-cooled space, and iced tea without sugar there might be? Or will it be the roselit clouds of humid heat that hung over the city and the gleaming pattern of searchlights in the night sky and the way the trees of Washington everywhere environed the most feverish moments in woodland shade, and the roses bloomed for miles and miles in the dooryards? Or will it be the beauty of girls—girls who somehow managed to look crisp and fresh when everything else wilted, though Heaven knows how they did it, girls of whom one out of every six would look out from bus or street or office with a kind of haunting loveliness? Will it be the unconscious gaiety of girlhood in tired young eyes above typewriters or a kind of impersonal dearness in the clusters of curly heads in any crowd, reminding fathers of daughters and young men of their sweethearts at home?

Susie Jones, government typist from Four Corners, is from one point of view a nitwit. She was late this morning. She made four mistakes in a letter. She never remembers anything. From another point of view she is an overburdened and rather cruelly treated child, and just now her spectator pumps are killing her, her government check is late, she doesn't know when she can get more comfortable footgear or how, if the government doesn't pay her, she is going to eat tomorrow. And yet there are moments when Susie pushes back her curls and lifts her dreamy eyes or makes some pretty, eager gesture. Then she becomes all the nymphs that artists have ever painted or poets imagined, and one is grateful to her for that.

way she can cast even upon the more tiresome aspects of this business of war the immemorial grace of girlhood.

It is this environing dream which men try to paint in pictures and to record in poetry and story. The overtones of consciousness which introduce even into discomfort and pain a certain element of self-forgetful joy are preserved in music. Even if they do nothing more than to enable us to escape for a while, the arts have great value. They lead us by a flowery path into that earthly paradise where, as Dante says, there flow two streams—Lethe and Nepenthe—Lethe, the river of forgetfulness of things evil, and Nepenthe, the river of remembrance of things good. They are a kind of gorgeous super-sleep, during which body and soul recuperate. Watch the crowds as they go past the ticket window into the motion-picture palace or thron the busses on their way to the Sunset Symphonies out of doors by the Watergate on the Potomac or stand at the entrance to the night's performance of Camp Shows Incorporated. Here are people about to be released. Here is where they lay their burdens down and joyously go free.

3

The effect of modern mechanisms is greatly to expand the means of escape through new and gaudy magics that persons trained in the older forms of culture as yet hardly dare to trust. They do not seem quite respectable. In the popular presentations of any art, the ancient masterpiece becomes but the core and excuse for a new and monstrous creation. Or is it monstrous? Or merely something so great and strange and new that persons of old-fashioned culture have not yet caught up with it? The new people, coming up from below, with strong nerves and untrammelled imaginations find it the natural expression of a consciousness bred to radio and air travel and cradled to sleep in electric light. For example, there are the summer performances of the National Symphony Orchestra

of Washington, under the direction of Hans Kindler. It is a good orchestra. Kindler is a careful and scholarly musician. He offers a bill of the classics of music well played. But the orchestra plays in a barge on the Potomac, which has been converted into a theater stage, and the music is amplified across the twinkling, intervening water to 15,000 people who line the banks and listen from canoes and from the bridges. Strange is that well of colored lights and shadowy distances, afloat on the water, in which miniature figures go through motions, while, borne on the night air, the amplified tones come to you not as so many violins or wood winds but as the emanation of some great machine. It is wonderful, fantastic, dreamlike, and the music is but a thread of something old and familiar in a new and strange fabric of sensations.

The most remarkable example of what we can do now in expanding, with mechanisms, the dream consciousness which is the stuff of art is the work of Walt Disney. Walt Disney has taken some of the oldest and simplest forms of artistic imagination—the animal story, the fairy tale, and the fable. And he has done to them more than all the folk artists before him combined have ever managed to do. His is a real and authentic mythology. It belongs to us. It represents the common denominator of artistic pleasure. The child and the parent, the uneducated and the educated, all enjoy it together. It sums up the most ancient folk wisdom and the knowledge born of today's mishaps in one sympathetic laugh. And it is touched with a kind of cosmic tenderness and rises at moments to transcendental beauty.

Everything that was a tendency in our art before the war is now immensely stimulated because it is something directed to and growing out of the experience and tastes of modern crowds, and there are now bigger and better crowds with more money to spend and a great need of getting away from it all. Sometimes, working on a twelve-hour schedule, without holidays, their only chance to escape is the few moments

in which they eat, and they are willing to spend anything they have to make eating an excursion into a place where there is nothing that they have to live with the rest of the time. And so in some highly populated areas it is now possible to buy for a dollar what the ancient Pharaohs of Luxor, the great Moguls of Delhi, Kubla Khan in Peking, and the mysterious vanished potentates of Angkor once attempted in vain to wring from a million slaves and the concentrated treasure of a nation.

At eleven o'clock at night the young fellow who has been rust-proofing submarines on the "graveyard shift" and his girl who works for Western Union dive underground into the "Neptune Room." Here, in a dim, undersea light of green, purple, gold, and blue, amidst tinkling waters and a perpetual wash of music which seems to emanate from mermaids and fish and sea monsters on the shadowy walls, one can sit down at a table and melt away into fairyland, minimum charge one dollar. And for the dollar one can also get something really substantial to eat. Eat! Sultan Al-Raschid never supped like this. A naiad in green, with a little cap on her head which looks like a seashell, places before the two day laborers a large gold-and-green portfolio containing suggestions for a gourmand's feast. The young lady daintily picks lobster Newburg, \$1.00. The naiad suggests, "We are offering a glass of sauterne with this, as a special, for only twenty cents extra." The young lady from Western Union looks doubtful but eager. It all sounds too elegant. She is a princess in a fairy tale. She is Lady Geraldine Goldplate, dining as they dine in old novels. She orders sauterne. The worker on submarines and the telegraph girl eat slowly; music swells around them, cool breezes blow over them, waters tinkle, some phosphorescent mermaids appear in a green glow on the circle in the center and weave dances. Does one buy food in a place like this? The food is good, abundant, and relatively inexpensive considering all that goes with it. But it is unimportant compared with the

enchantment, the complete removal from work and daylight into the glamorous halls of dream.

Of course places like the Neptune Room are still not very common. They develop where very large numbers of people have each a little surplus to spend and want to spend it on the quickest way out from where they have always been. In some industrial centers and in Florida, wherever people are thronging with pennies to buy dreams, there spring up restaurants, movie palaces, swimming resorts, and dance halls that create out of color, light, mechanical music, and manipulation of the heating and air-cooling system, a grandiose enchantment. Probably they are but a crude foretaste of what we shall have in a few years. Then we shall eat, shop, and have our hair clipped or waved in a perpetual round of splendors moving to soft music.

4

One wonders what the simple and laborious handicraft of drawing your own picture, strumming on your own piano, and maybe writing your own poem has to offer to people exposed continually to effects like these. But the fact is that it is still a pleasure to walk on your own two feet into the land of your dreams instead of boarding a stratoliner. And so, though enchantment is on the bargain counter and you can buy dreams now at the ten-cent store, people still like to make their own. In every group of people in any walk of life, there will be one or more who would rather paint and draw than eat, one or more who are looking around for something to make music with, and at least one who is secretly working on a poem or a story. The more they get the courage to live their own lives the more these people find each other out. In some industrial centers fairly large artistic projects now flourish among the workers. In Wichita, Kansas, there is an eighty-piece band made up of workers in the airplane factory, which is going to play in the Wichita symphony concert. In other

large factories there are choral clubs. Some hospitable communities even take pity on the soldier who doesn't want to drag a dame to the dance half so much as he wants to be let alone in a corner with a drawing pad. The Museum of Fine Arts in Houston, Texas, opens studios on Saturday and Sunday afternoons to servicemen who wish to draw, paint, or model in clay. Some materials are available free, and members of the educational staff are there to offer criticism and instruction.

After they have been entertained for a while at a town's theaters and motion-picture houses, soldiers are frequently seized with a desire to put on a show of their own. In Brownwood, Texas, the talent of the 31st Division of Camp Bowie on March 14, 1942, put on a handsome performance entitled "Regiments on Parade" to the delight of some 3,000 spectators. In other places there are little theater productions which servicemen delightedly join. In other towns the industrial workers like to show that they have souls above nuts and bolts. In Richmond, California, there was recently a musical review put on entirely by shipworkers and their families.

Such performances tend to slip over into festivals, with everybody who might be audience participating. This happens particularly around Christmastime, which is our natural festival season. With all the work that was done to light skating rinks and to build lighted ski slopes and to put up recreation centers, Christmas, 1942, managed to be something truly gaudy, with skating carnivals, Mistletoe Promenades, carol singing from house to house, and out-of-door barbecues in the frosty air.

In all excursions into dreamland on your own power what matters is mainly the fun you have en route. This is a case when it is truly better to travel hopefully than to arrive. No mechanical magic will ever take the place of the simple glow with which one surveys one's own picture or turns from the execution of one's own piece on the piano or sees one's own

writing in print. This, compared with the stupendous playing with the imagination by high-powered machinery, is what a woodfire on your own hearth is to the central heating system, what a cool breeze from over the water is to the air-cooling system. And when we have carried to the last limit our mechanisms for escape and are flanked on all sides by dream-lands of electric light and amplified music, we may in the end be happy to escape from our own escapes and settle down in a completely bare and unadorned corner, with something blessedly real like a paintbrush or a pen or a homemade shepherd's pipe on which to blow a tune.

5

Withal, the greatest escape is escape from oneself. The difference between the escape of the arts and the escape which the psychologists condemn is that in artistic escape one sheds one's own carcass. You drop this phantasm of self which is so much trouble to you—keeping you so busy feeding its face and clothing its body and worrying about its future and suffering over its silly troubles. In all artistic preoccupation something that is not yourself possesses you. And just to go away from yourself is the most profound rest for the soul.

Dream life is healthy only if you don't take yourself along with you. The dreamers whom the psychologists condemn, the evaders of reality, the lovers of reverie, are the centers of their own fantasy. This kind of dreaming is the habit not of people who have real escapes through the arts, even through our cheap mechanical mass enchantments. It is the recourse of drab, gray, cramped lives from which real beauty is often absent, of people whose minds and imaginations have never been trained to step forth and take their real heritage of fancy.

While the arts of escape exist in their own right and do so much good simply in the release from self, most people seek even more. When they go away into the world of the imagination they want to bring back with them something useful for

the ordering of their own lives. They want to understand themselves better, to be uplifted with new purpose or reconciled to what life offers them by seeing it as part of the pattern of a larger whole. True popular art is always ethical. It is a commonplace that a popular audience always wants to see the villain punished and the good man rewarded. People of sophisticated taste have always laughed at this. But it is profoundly wholesome.

At present the success of the arts in really interpreting our lives to ourselves is much less than their success in letting us get away from it all. Along with the bloody confusion of our material world, we have inherited intellectual and artistic confusion. For more than a century the whole tendency of all the arts has been to disintegrate experience, to break down accepted ideas, to dissipate natural illusions, to express idiosyncrasies or at least intensely personal experience. Within the past few decades some of the personages in the arts who have been most admired by the cultivated have been producing what simply does not make sense to the average healthy citizen. The real ethical consciousness of the people, the laws by which men in families and communities and in great masses *must* live have been struggling with a kind of paper ethics imposed on them by *littérateurs* who have often been rather special kinds of persons, living in considerable isolation from the ordinary activities of life and sometimes relieved, by their very talents, from the full impact of normal experience. James Bennett, Private, graduate of high school and two years of college, is now left to square his contact with a post-First World War-pre-Second World War literature and art, that was one-third humanitarianism, one-third bunk, and one-third cowardice—with the simple and stark demands on him as a soldier.

At this point government intervenes. Practically every artist, writer, musician, and intellectual leader is now working for government, if not directly on government pay rolls at

least indirectly as a volunteer. Used as we are to the idea that the artist is a special sort of person who works all by himself in an attic or an ivory tower and whose purely personal experience is something rare and precious and to be accepted humbly whether you like it or not, we find this tendency to put all serious interpretations of our current life under the hand of government very disturbing. Yet it must be admitted that this has happened before and that the results at certain times in the past were pretty good. The greatest single age in the history of the arts of beauty was that of Pericles in Greece, and Periclean literature, art, music, architecture, sculpture, drama, and philosophy were all government propaganda, publicly subsidized and strictly censored. Next to the Periclean age, perhaps the greatest age in the arts was that of the thirteenth century in Europe. That was all under the control of government. It was church government, to be sure, but the church was at that time a superstate with the characteristics and the power of a supreme governing body. There was behind the individual artist the force of organized social leadership, controlling the dominant social resources and needing and using the arts as social instruments without which the people could not be saved. The leaders of the people then earnestly believed that there was something that men must know about their past and about the conduct of life in the present, and they intended that everyone should know it.

Where there is no leadership, the people perish. We know that now, when they are perishing in Europe by the millions. The frightful debacle in European civilization was preceded by an intellectual and artistic debacle. One can see this plainly in the magazine edited by the European writers in exile, who represent the best of the old free spirit of Europe. There are some fine things in this publication—some remarkable individual sentences, penetrating observations, descriptions of special moods. But as a whole it is a junk pile—of no more real use in thinking life through in this tormented world than

so much broken crockery. If this is the way the best minds and imaginations of Europe were working, no wonder we have such a mess on our hands.

James Bennett, Private, must have somebody to help him imagine what it is he is living for—as long as he can live—and dying for, at that moment, which may come any time, when he must die. For him and his peers by the millions, the arts have become not private amusements but public utilities. Fortunately, there already exists in our large-scale entertainment business a means of reaching the people collectively without too seriously infringing on the artist's right to produce what he thinks best and the consumer's right to enjoy what he pleases. For before the war the motion picture had already developed into a great collective art, with an epic reach and long experience. It dealt with relative freedom with the stuff of experience, but it was ethically so censored by the people that it was forced to keep to themes which had some real meaning to ordinary people in living their lives.

A certain amount of ethical or public censorship improves any artistic product. It makes the artist think twice. It develops his ingenuity. People who really have something to say can say it right under the nose of censorship, for censors are always stupid people and the people who talk are bright or ought to be. There are a hundred and one ways of saying anything. Even if the censor catches the hundred, he is sure to miss the one.

So the motion pictures, being periodically hounded to decency and meeting the needs of the people who could not always afford to pay 35 cents plus tax at the box office just for escape alone, have become a great popular art. It is a poor week indeed in which there is not somewhere on the screens of a medium-sized American city a picture which truly illumines our current life or our backgrounds and leaves us understanding the world we live in a little better. And practically all forms of art—music, stage drama, imaginative

literature, pictorial art and stage design—are now integrated in the motion-picture business and more or less supported by the money that flows in at the box office.

So when government lays its hand on the motion-picture business, or as government publicity says, "the stars of stage, screen, and radio," it is drafting people who ought to know how to assert leadership in the kind of art which we now need, even when they appear to be led.

For there must be some means of visualizing to the imagination what we are fighting for and of finding a moral justification for the soldier's life in a world which should be civilized. As Robert Frost says, "a sordid peace" has broken down into an "outrageous war." Without art that will idealize the power of the human spirit and the mission on which we have embarked, we cannot find the courage which we must have to go on. And so the artists, poets, script writers, musicians, and actors are all trying now to produce something for the Treasury to help sell war bonds and something for the information services to help explain facts and figures and something in the way of films to make Mr. and Mrs. Brown in the motion-picture audience feel that it is good and right that Johnny should be way off there in Australia. The best that can be said is that everyone is proceeding with admirable caution, with a chastened and even tormented consciousness that talent of every sort went utterly astray in "selling" the last war to the people and in the literary and artistic heyday of all the crack-pots and sissies after the war. Actors, writers, and poets seem weighed down with the gravity of their assignment. When they do produce something in the way of a government-sponsored radio program, for example, it is better in its moral intention than in its artistic inspiration. But at least it can be said that we are honestly trying, that we aren't glib and silly and cocksure and hysterical and sentimental as, when we were articulate at all, we were in the last war.

The fact is, however, that the interpretation of our life

today, our broken and tragic life with nothing but murky clouds upon the future, is the responsibility of all of us. We can choose what our leaders will tell us if only we will be firm and downright enough in our reactions, switching the radio off on programs we don't choose to listen to, walking out on the motion picture which offends or bores, letting alone the book which is a best seller when we don't "see anything in it." We can't afford intellectual and artistic luxuries now. We have to have something that really sustains. And if that means, as it well may, that we shall be calling for some old platitudes about courage and freedom and the glory of dying and home sentiment so sweet that it drips, we have to have the courage of our moral needs and not let the sophisticates laugh us out of it. For in the years which preceded what we have now, the sophisticates laughed once too often. Those who still survive and have some real brains and perceptions are now in a fair way to become as earnest and simple as the rest of us will have to be both in our lives and in our tastes.

6

The arts of beauty make life possible not only by interpreting it but by adorning it. Before we began to go on rations we had arrived at the stupendous notion that everything ought to be as beautiful as possible for everybody and that everybody ought to be beautiful too. There was practically nothing which we weren't glamorizing. Even the floor mop had a bright pretty handle and the garbage pail had funny little figures painted on it. Every woman was being lifted to the rank of belle, and some enterprising artists with razor, lotion, and hair clipper were even beginning cautiously to take down the old sign "Barber" and to put up instead the sign, "Men's Beauty Parlor." There was almost no historic beauty which you could not purchase and make a household possession of for a dollar. For a dollar you could get a version of any one of innumerable literary classics or a musical classic on a record

or a reproduction of a great painting so excellent that side by side with the original in the art gallery, it was still something to look at. And if you added ten cents for tax et cetera, your dollar would let you sit in on almost any dramatic or operatic classic available. Our domestic industries were keyed to make your house beautiful, your garden beautiful, your car beautiful, and your whole life one grand sweet song.

It may be that bit by bit the prettiness of life will vanish, that a certain drabness will settle on us as it has on England, and that we shall not really be able to rebuild our world till all our dollhouses are dust. But at least we have the ideal, and with taste, with determination, with a little polishing here and a little ingenuity there, we can keep the pattern and the hope until in the future there comes to us a day when we can say that "the past was prologue."

The Thankless Art of Doing One's Bit

DOING your bit means working for no money and no thanks and working ten times as hard as most people work for love or salary. It means that in circumstances where a union would go on strike or a businessman shut up shop, you keep on going. There are neither wage nor hour laws nor surpluses and profits in doing your bit. The rewards are wholly invisible except to yourself and God.

Doing your bit is hard because you keep at it so long without getting anywhere, and at any moment what you are doing isn't very much. This is particularly discouraging in wartime when so many people, who yesterday were no greater and wiser than you, are performing heroic deeds. In times of war heroes come a dime a dozen. The human being is a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. His moral nature was born in agony. What has been known everywhere, always, by all men, is a philosophy of behavior in pain and in death. And when pain and death meet him, even suddenly and without preparation, he remembers his age-old lesson and faces it again like a man. What is difficult is not the great effort made once and sustained in the face of the storm till it passes or one is struck down, but the monotony of little efforts that must go on and on regular as the ticking of a clock and with no hope of finish in sight. But it is on such efforts that armies march and civilization endures.

It has become obvious in this war that the real quality of a society is to be measured by the way in which the lowliest people go about their business, for these are the people who really maintain life. It was the sheer spunk and staying power of busmen and fishermen, of mothers and children, of grandmothers and boys and girls that kept England going when her armies were defeated and her leaders had misjudged or mismanaged. It was boys, green to war, who redeemed the first American disasters in the Pacific. In this war we have changed democracy from a political to an ethical concept. A democracy is not a given type of government. It is a people who, however they are governed, will not individually knuckle under whatever the cost of resistance may be to themselves or whatever their leaders may do.

The virtues of a free society are learned in the cradle and practiced in the kitchen. You can't do your bit as a man unless you learned to do your bit as a baby when a bit was all you could do. In many circumstances of public distress or danger, the best that a grown-up person can do is to return promptly to the status of a child and to be a good baby. You then do your bit by doing what your mamma taught you before you were five, though you pay for your kindergarten virtues with your life. When told to mind, you mind. When told to run and play, you play instead of hanging on to the skirts of the government or trying to climb into the lap of the nearest official, boss, or comforting female. You can put on your own shoes, gas mask, or bandage. You don't forget to wash your dirty hands, throw out the wash water, and leave things tidy. You are on all occasions neat, cheerful, helpful in doing bits—fun to have around in moments of relaxation and pleasantly inconspicuous in circumstances in which you can do nothing. Where you can't help, you do your bit by not being a bother. If other persons must carry the burden of you, you can at least be pleasant, grateful, cooperative, and worth loving, serving, and perhaps saving. You can be a good baby.

A person who can do more, but still only a bit, can be a good scout. You can obey orders willingly, positively, and with respectful initiative. You can think for yourself and make suggestions. But you make them only at the proper time and to the proper persons and if they aren't accepted, you shut up. But you don't necessarily give up. You wait for a more receptive ear, or a growth in wisdom on the part of your benighted chief.

You learn each skill thoroughly and progress in competence from merit to merit. You are not only healthy but tough. You can take it. On occasion, if necessity warrants, you can give it. Every civilization has had some system of toughening its youth. There was the Spartan system. There was the training of the young knights. Ours is the boy-scout standard—simple, homely, operating within the family and the community. For the run-of-the-mine routine workers, the rank and file that do most of the jobs—the private, the able-bodied seaman, the stenographer, the file clerk, the assistant chief of something at a government desk—the standard is the boy-and girl-scout standard. One must be ready, prompt, neat, careful, responsible, obedient, but with enough initiative and personal resourcefulness to act freely within a framework of established "policy." On this simple attitude our success as a nation depends. Wherever one is in a routine position, free to act within limits but bound to take orders, one does one's bit by being a good scout.

2

The highest standard for doing your bit is the standard of father and mother. Wherever persons are in positions of responsibility, they take on the attributes of father and mother. The young second lieutenant must care for his men like a father, at any cost to himself. He must see that they learn what they are supposed to learn, do what they are supposed to do, are comfortably billeted and looked after, and as individually

and collectively well off and even happy as untiring effort or his part can make them. The nurse and even the amateur who administers first aid learns that a patient or victim is to be kept warm. If you have nothing else, she is told, take off your own coat and put it around him. If you have no coat, shield the victim from cold with your own body. This is the standard of mother.

The essence of this highest standard of doing your bit is complete unselfishness. The child is loved; the parent loves. The child is served; the parent serves. For everyone else but mother there are standard hours of work, but mother is a person who will work in defiance of all wage and hour standards if necessary. The essence of the maternal attitude is that the mother is ready to die that the child may live. The mother goes down to death for the new life, simply, unfalteringly. Soft young women do it every day. What nature requires of mother, society requires of father. What she does for the child, he does for her, interposing his body and his strength between the family and the world. Whether a man keeps off the big bad wolf or the enemy, his function as father is the same.

The simple heroism of father and mother is being taught now as a matter of course in all training courses for civilian defense. The air-raid warden cares for his sector as the father cares for his home. The nurse ministers to the victim as a mother to the child. A warden, says the instructor in civilian defense, must be a reliable person with a detailed knowledge of his sector and unwearied interest in looking after its security, one who has the trust of his neighbors, is tactful, firm, and sensible and able to secure ready obedience. All this is a perfect picture of father or mother, as the case may be.

There are always eager persons who are impressed by badges, uniforms, titles, and other outward marks which must be given to persons in authority in order to single them out and who would like to be dressed up themselves and saluted by fancy names. And there are the persons with ideas or energy

who think that they have executive ability and are in a hurry to have it recognized. When life is easy and social conditions are secure, positions of responsibility or honor may go to those whose principal function is to decorate them. But when times are hard and nothing much except grief awaits anyone in responsibility, the only sure way to show executive ability is to sacrifice till it hurts and to work till you drop.

In civilian services and in the armed services alike there is a premium now on the man who neither seeks a lot nor even proposes to do a lot but who settles down quietly where he can to do his bit. A lean stranger stood in the midst of the swirling crowds of Washington. He was so obviously a stray from the Southern mountains that a lady who recognized his type said, "Can I help you?"

"Why, yes, Lady. I have kinfolk in Washington. They've been working for the government for two years, and I was wondering if there was any place where I could go to find what offices they were in."

Having directed him to the United States Information Building, the Lady received his gentle thanks. "You see," he said. "I'm going to be here a month, training for field combat service. I have just got an officer's commission."

An officer! The Lady surveyed him with slight surprise. Nothing more unmilitary could possibly be imagined. He was extremely thin, and he was not young. "I guess I don't look much like a soldier," he said, with a shy little laugh. "I've been kinda sticking to desks for a long time. I'm an expert accountant and an auditor. But they told me to report. So I did."

"And you will have only a month's training before you go into active service?"

"Well, you see," he said, diffidently, "I was all through the last war. I saw quite a bit of fighting. I've got seven wound stripes. I didn't think they'd want me now—I'm pretty old. But they said report. So I did. Then they said, 'Well, do you

expect to be an officer?" 'I don't expect anything,' I said. 'I'm glad to be of use any place you want to put me.' I kinda thought they'd make me corporal, since they said officer, because naturally they'd want the smart young fellows for higher-up officers. They said, 'But haven't you any idea what you ought to have? Don't you count on a certain amount of pay?' I said, 'I don't count on pay to fight for my country. I just do what has to be done the best I can. When I was sent for I came. And that's all the idea I have.' Then they said, 'You have already been commissioned. You are a major.' Gosh! A major. I stopped right here in the street to kinda turn it over in my mind. A major! I never thought to see myself a major in any war!"

So, too, in civilian life, when dangers threaten, there appear the people who are ready to do their bit. In every community in the United States, these people have already appeared and are known. Quietly they contribute their cars and their four gallons of gas to the motor corps; quietly they take on unpaid executive work till all hours of the night; quietly, carefully, and persistently they study and practice one new set of skills after another. Steadily they inculcate a philosophy of complete unselfishness, unwearied care, and a readiness to stand by your post till death. Sometimes one is astonished to see which of one's former neighbors or social friends is able to qualify in the face of the new demand on character that the Office of Civilian Defense makes. The true leaders appear from all walks of life. They are the natural fathers and mothers of the community and on their steadfastness and strength all others depend.

3

There is a new saga of American life now being written in thousands of communities all through the land and a multitude of new personages known only to local lore.

There are Anne and Alfred, for example. Anne is a writer.

Alfred is an artist. During the past years they have been making a lovely country home out of an old farmhouse on a rocky peninsula in Maine which juts far out into the North Atlantic, nearer than most parts of the United States to bombers and submarines from Europe. Here they have spent happy summers in their studios and gardens, writing their books, painting their pictures, and entertaining a succession of friends with boating and seaside picnics. A black servant imported from New York served cocktails on the terrace amid the flowers at five o'clock in the afternoon. They rode the blue waves in smart sport costumes and swim suits. Altogether they presented to the eyes of the native-born citizens the glamorous picture of the Maine summer visitor.

Immediately after Pearl Harbor, in the bitter winter of that Northern shore, Anne and Alfred went to work. Through sleet and snow and storm they organized the sixty-four square miles of their peninsula to meet the war. Alfred established along the shore a series of rescue stations, with Maine fishermen ready day and night to put out to sea and bring in survivors of torpedoed boats. He set up an air-raid and counterespionage system and trained local men and boys to man it. Anne, who had had a nurse's training course but had not used it professionally, created twelve medical stations on the peninsula equipped with all necessary supplies, with the local doctors and housewives prepared to provide everything from surgery to hot soup.

The difficulty with work like this is that what is done heroically to meet a crisis may have to be sustained patiently when days and months go by and no crisis appears. But among the many extraordinary qualities one now discovers in the most unlikely citizens is a capacity not to weary in well-doing. For nothing is easy in this organization of civilian effort. People are edgy or apathetic. They don't want to get together. Mrs. Jones just won't be saved from incendiary bombs if she must be saved along with Mrs. Brown. There are chips on

people's shoulders that mustn't be knocked off and tender toes that mustn't be stepped on. "Just make up your minds," said one director of voluntary services to young women trainees, "that in practically every crowd there's one person who throws tomatoes, maybe two. Just learn to spot those persons and make up your mind how to deal with them. Either you come right out and tell them off or you completely ignore them. But you don't let them get under your skin."

One wonders sometimes just why some people should work so hard for other people who evidently don't deserve it. But they do, and they keep at it against all discouragement and even find in it an anodyne for personal pain. There is, for example, the little town of Port Clinton, Ohio. Virtually every resident of this community of 4,500 has a relative in the 192nd tank battalion surrendered to the Japanese on Bataan. One mother spoke for the town when she said, "What we can't do for our own boys we will do for other boys who may some day be in the same situation."

4

The unselfishness which comes out of hiding in a war and expends on the community what it has been quietly keeping for family and friends is very beautiful. But what will happen to all these good citizens when the war is over? We had our moment of emotional glory in the last war too. We saw human brotherhood dawning on a chastened earth, and the world safe for democracy, and the human race redeemed for all time by the war that should end war. There was fun and gaiety and laughter and courage in the First World War. We watched the boys go by singing "The Yanks Are Coming," and the bands played and we stood on the side and cheered till the tears ran down our cheeks. We chortled over Bruce Bairnsfather and we shouted, "There's a silver lining neath the dark cloud shining," and we swallowed our tears and kept the home fires burning till the boys came home.

But we used up the fun and courage of a generation in a few mad years. Peace found us sour and tired, personally reckless, and collectively without valor and without faith. After the spree of gaiety and chivalry that sent the young men of England and France and finally of America singing to their doom, we were left with a hangover which lasted for ten years. Seldom has a bleaker negativism fallen on the world than in the relatively busy and prosperous years which followed the peace of 1918. Personal and business morality decayed. Through literature and art there ran a carping, sarcastic, cynical spirit. Using methods by which they believed that it could be maintained, the best people held on to enough of their wartime idealism to work steadily for what they believed to be peace. And now we know, even if we were among them, that this best was small and cowardly and animated by a weak determination not to look facts in the face.

Now that most of us are so busy with public ills that we don't know that we have any private pains, now that we are borne up by the age-old excitement of public disaster, are we merely building up to another letdown, personal and social? Is there anything that we can do, any way of life that will enable us to keep in peace a few of the moral gains of war? Is there any way of achieving a carry-over of the disciplines and the attitudes which, if they make murder tolerable, should make of peace something only a little this side paradise?

If there is any hope at all, it is with the people who are now learning to do their bit. Two forces—radio and the airplane with its threat to civilian safety and the consequent organization of civilian defense—have made this war everybody's business as no war ever was before. In doing so it has reached down more universally than ever before to the solid substratum of unselfishness and willingness to do what you can and keep on doing it till you drop, on which the life of the world rests. And in the schools of civilian defense it has provided a machinery of training and a social organization for an

enormous number of civilians. Ten million people are enrolled as volunteers in civilian defense. Ten million is a lot of people. With the addition of the servicemen returned to civil life and the millions of defense workers who cannot volunteer for civilian defense because their hours are too long in the factory but who through their unions and otherwise have been subjected to systematic social training in wartime, this makes a very sizable nucleus of persons who know how to do their bit and have the machinery for carrying on in peacetime for years and years till the world is really secure.

But what can they do? We were willing after the last war. But we were ignorant. And even with our best efforts we never learned. How can we hope to do more than the American Legion or the League of Nations Association or the various associations to promote peace?

There is no one thing to do. There are only different bits of things. The only hope is that if, as accomplished doers of our bit, we can stand by and keep on doing the bits that obviously need doing as from this moment, we may progressively see light. For if there is one thing that most people learn in civilian defense it is that you can't do everything in this world all at once. But if you do first one little thing and then the next little thing, and never get tired, or persist whether you are tired or not, you will be able some day to look back and to see that you have done a great deal. There is no use talking about large things like permanent peace or the organization of the world after the war. That was one trouble with us in the last war. Our ideals were just too colossal. But there are a lot of social and political precautions to be taken now and a lot of preparations to be made. And perhaps if we will see to them, we shall be ready to go on from there to the next step.

5

It is impossible to mention all that ought to be done now in the way of precaution and preparation for the future. But one

may mention just a few and dedicate them to all the doers of their bit in all our communities, in the sure knowledge that if anyone does anything worth while, they will be the ones to do it.

The first thing to do is to see that the new vitality which has developed in local government through civilian defense activities and the great extension of political and social knowledge and experience among the people in consequence does not stop on Main Street but is forced right upward into the Federal government. The wartime Federal government is a monstrosity. It is rank with a kind of fungoid growth—shapeless, amorphous, without real roots—like the puffballs that spring up in a rainy night in August. This is nobody's fault. It is not for Republicans to say "I told you so." The Republicans could probably not have done better, and they might have done worse. Besides, they really have plenty to say now, and not everything that is temporary and more or less phony in war administration is done by the dominant party. Nevertheless, a structure has been built up that, if we go to sleep after the war, will be a temptation to every kind of selfish interest. The political and economic scandals that followed the Civil War, when government similarly expanded, and the Teapot Dome scandals and other operations leading finally to the panic of 1929 after the First World War are Sunday school compared with what could be done to our lives, our property, and our sacred honor after this war.

For this situation the people have two kinds of control. They can control the actual personnel of government and they can control public opinion. Every unselfish doer of his bit should wake up and stay awake and understand just what he can do to protect his country against disasters that might be more serious than air raids. The people control the personnel of government through Congress and through the Civil Service Commission. These are the people's own instruments. They are mutually complementary and each is necessary to

keep the other in order. Congress determines in detail what is to be done by government by appropriating the funds to do it. And the Civil Service Commission determines who is to do it by throwing the job open by competition to the public and letting the best man win.

It is of the utmost importance that Congress should not have the assignment of jobs. We don't have to argue that. We have been all through this matter of the spoils system. On the other hand, it is of almost equal importance that Congress should continue to be a thorn in the flesh, a pain in the neck, and an everlasting sick headache to the bureaucrat.

Most persons who do the detailed work of government are humble, well-meaning people who work very hard for relatively little pay and who serve your interests to the best of their knowledge—which, in their particular little fields, is usually considerably better than anybody else's knowledge. Nevertheless, the bureaucrat exists in a vacuum. He knows nothing about the country as a whole except at the one point where the country touches him through his work, and no matter how small that point may be he usually thinks it is all there is. Since he can't make much money or get much fame, all his natural ambition and energy goes into an endless refinement, elaboration, and expansion of his one little job. The result is that a bureaucracy just naturally grows like a jungle. There's always a new mass of sappy growth. To keep it healthy at all, someone has to keep going over it with pruning shears and taking out three-quarters of it. Congress is, and ought to be, those shears.

All this question of the congressman versus the government expert was brought to the attention of the humble volunteer for civilian defense when Congress got after the Office of Civilian Defense and threw out the physical fitness program, which was a perfect example of the fancy way in which experts will work up an idea if you let them. And the people forthwith reminded the congressmen that spoiling jobs for the experts

was all very well, but they must have clean hands themselves. And so there was a nationwide protest against the pensions for congressmen. Nearly everything said and done in these periodic upheavals has been crazy, and much of it is based on misconception and misinformation all around. But the idea is right.

The result of all this is that it has occurred to people who never thought much about it before that we must have bigger and better congressmen. In the spring of 1942 the League of Women Voters and the League of Women Shoppers—consisting very largely of persons who were either training as volunteers in civilian defense or were the wives of men who were doing so—offered to furnish each member with the full voting record of her congressmen. Not content with this the girls started cultivating congressmen, not protesting against the way the poor gentlemen had voted or behaved but just asking them sweetly all about it over lunch tables and in little personal calls on them. "They really don't know why they did it," the girls reported confidentially. And the next thing one heard was that Mr. Oliver of Maine, for example, and others had lost in the primaries. All this is hard on congressmen. But it is a good idea just the same. It represents a determined taking hold of the reins of government by the people who now have to do the real work of keeping life orderly and decent against all odds.

It would be a good idea similarly to cultivate the various Federal agents and representatives in your community and all persons appointed on a fifty-fifty basis, that is, with a salary divided between the state and the Federal government. Most of them are very nice persons indeed. They could do with a little local hospitality and help and would be extremely grateful for it. And meanwhile you would know all about them and might learn something about yourselves through them. And then when your congressman bursts a blood vessel in congress over the Reds and crackpots in the new phony gov-

ernment agencies or starts voting NYA or the CCC camps out of existence, you will know what it is all about.

This is quite different from the "Write to your congressman," "Telegraph your congressman" campaigns which have become such an abuse. A good idea is never to write to your congressman or to telegraph him because somebody tells you to. The thing is to find out all about it by the use of your own eyes and by putting yourself in the way of a little real experience, and then to do just as you please.

6

But if we are to use our own judgment much more actively than hitherto in this matter of government, we have to make sure that we have good judgment. We can't see everything with our own eyes. We need some help. There are three helps which are the people's own. They are the natural instruments of the thousands of unselfish persons who are now ready to do their bit and to keep on doing it till we and the whole world are out of the mess that we are in. They are the citizens' associations, the forums, and the radio commentators.

The citizens' associations include all the many great organizations in which men have banded together less for personal advantage than for general social counsel and cooperation in informing themselves and doing something for the community as a whole. They are the Grange, the American Legion, the National Federation of Women's Clubs, the Rotary and other men's service clubs, the League of Women Voters, the League of Women Shoppers, the Parent-Teacher Association, the Foreign Policy Association, and many others. There are so many of them and they have such really potent machinery that they should all be strengthened and revitalized to meet the demands which the future will put on our judgment and our good will at home and abroad. Through them the great masses of people who thanklessly but earnestly and even enthusiastically do their bit can pool

their information and their experience and formulate their real ideals. Each person who wishes to do his bit should belong to enough associations of this sort to keep him informed about everything that matters to him as a patriotic citizen and as one who prays to see genuine peace in our time. And he should work hard enough in his associations to see that they stay healthy and do what they should.

Public forums are another matter. They are not like many of the associations, old and settled and even a little mossy, needing some streamlining and setting-up exercises and a change of diet against the demands of a new day. The forums, in their present form, are a rather new creation which are just beginning to get some real life of their own and which still need some artificial respiration. A few years before the war, the United States Office of Education undertook to meet the challenge of the European propaganda ministries by setting up, with combined Federal and state funds, some demonstration forums all over the country to show citizens how they might proceed to do their own talking for themselves. The idea was this. "As a democracy we can't tell you what to think and to say. But we can encourage you to think and talk for yourself, and give you a few demonstrations of the way to do it."

These demonstration forums of the United States Office of Education were short lived but they are a project near to President Roosevelt's heart. He still hopes to revive them as a means of establishing citizen morale, with schoolhouses as centers. But Congress has not yet seen fit to find the money. However, the forums of a few years ago, cut loose from government apron strings, have kept on of their own momentum. Enough people in most larger communities like to meet and talk to keep alive all sorts of discussion meetings calling themselves forums, more or less manned by the local intelligentsia. They are in competition with and are partly hampered by a commercial lecture system which hastened to take on the

name of "forum" and to sell the community the services of speakers. With all the practical difficulties of really establishing the forum for public discussion, the idea suits a democracy and has its roots in old American village life. And it ought to be encouraged and developed with the help of every local citizen of good will, for in the years to come we shall need to do some real talking.

The only way to keep our privilege of free speech is to exercise it continuously and with increasing point and intelligence. In connection with local offices of civilian defense, speakers' bureaus have been organized to route qualified citizens with tongues in their heads through the community. There are speakers' courses now given in connection with the Red Cross, the American Women's Voluntary Services, the various defense schools, and other citizens' agencies which have assumed some responsibilities in the war. With all this polishing up of manner, vocabulary, and subject matter and this acquaintance with audiences, we should begin to do something really good with local talkfests. And now it is up to us to talk.

For talk we must if we want to be free. On free speech much more than on the vote the true liberty of a people rests. Dictatorships are able to keep a travesty of the vote, holding elections and having people say that they willingly accept such and such persons and measures—or else! But no dictatorship has dared to keep even a show of free speech.

The third means of organizing and training public opinion and really bringing it to bear is the radio commentator. The radio commentator at his best has established himself as the true people's spokesmen—independent, shrewd, and indefatigable in seeking information. The highest officers of government listen to him and in some cases get their opinions from him. He talks directly to the people in their family circles. He becomes a necessary domestic institution. He is the recipient of an enormous mail. If the people don't like what Kalten-

born says about labor unions, they jump right on him and try to make him take it back. And then he comes out in front and says he won't take it back. He'll take some back, but nevertheless, and at the same time . . . And his listeners like that. They expect their spokesman to have some guts. A radio commentator makes a mistake and before the word is cold on his lips, the U.S.A. is on the telephone telling him so. And then he makes a handsome apology.

While the people more or less maul their commentator and boss him and tell him what to say, no one else can. Entrenched in the popular belief that he is an honest man, that he tells the truth, and that his predictions and judgments have been verified by experience, the radio commentator can snap his fingers at practically all attempts of special interests to control him, and it is as much as anyone's life is worth to try to take him off the air. This is wonderful. It is the most hopeful thing that has come out of the mechanical inventions which have otherwise come so near to wrecking the world. All we need to do is to keep it up, with earnest and universal participation by all unselfish, hard-working citizens. With bigger and better radio commentators and bigger and better congressmen, and all the people behind them both, our future would probably be secure.

7

To strengthen ourselves and prepare ourselves against a much larger and more difficult role than we Americans have ever played as a People is about all we can do at the moment toward the securing in the future of the purposes for which we now work and fight and pay taxes and do without cars. A final and perfect world society, and peace without end, will never be obtained in the lifetime of us, the living. A moderately feasible world economy, a little more prosperous and just world society, and a relative absence of war may conceivably be obtained by degrees, with constant effort and watchfulness.

THE THANKLESS ART OF DOING ONE'S BIT

We shall not be able to go to sleep on the day after the armistice and then wake up and find a perfect world. We can only make it slowly, with blood and sweat and tears. And the people who will bleed and sweat for it in the future must mainly be those who are bleeding and sweating now. The measure of what you are now able to assume is the measure of what you had better make up your mind to keep on carrying for ten years, twenty years, thirty years after these current guns are stilled. For this there will be no personal prize, no honor, no gain, no thanks from anyone. When the work to be done reaches a certain importance, the only people worth having on the job are those who will work for nothing. All a man can ask today is so to live out his life that he may say with a now almost forgotten poet: "I know not if I deserve that a laurel wreath should one day be laid on my tomb. . . . But lay on my tomb a *sword*, for I was a brave soldier in the war for the liberation of humanity."

If I Had Patience

If I were only patient like the spring
In melting ice, and coaxing ground to thaw,
And nursing backward buds to flowering,
If I had patience, under Nature's law;

If I had fortitude, like ocean pines,
Who dig their heels into the rock—No seas
Can wash them loose. No groundswell undermines
Their clutch on life. They flourish as they please—;

Or if, like these perennial flowers that died
Down to their roots within the frozen earth,
I had the faith in quiet to abide
The call of April to another birth;

With patience, fortitude, and faith—with these
I could out-wear the war, and win the peace.

M. B. G.

